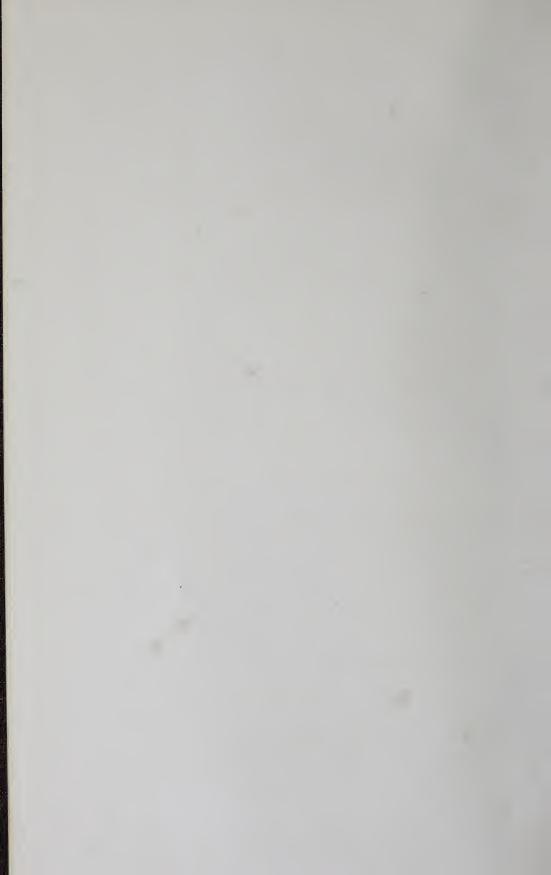




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CONTENTS of VOL. CCLXIII.

Abbey The and Palace of Dunfermline, By E. WALFORD, M.A.	86
Abbey, The, and Palace of Dunfermline. By E. WALFORD, M.A. Adelphi, The, and the "Brothers Adam." By Percy Fitzgerald.	113
Agustino, San. By A. C. de EORRING	153
Algeria, Notes on. By Major E. GAMBIER PARRY	585
Anti-Jacobins and Reformers. By H. R. FOX BOURNE	559
Aquatic Theatre, An. By H. BARTON BAKER	137
Autumn Chamois-Hunting. By A. S. MARSHALL-HALL	270
Belgian Holiday, A	398
Bishopric, Mr. Busby's. By HARDRESS LUTTRELL	313
Bride, The, of Lammermoor. By H. SCHÜTZ WILSON	529
Brotherhood, The Rosicrucian By A. E. WAITE	598
Cain Patraic, The, or Law of Patrick. By E. M. LYNCH	181
Candide at the Jubilee. By JAMES ANSON FARRER	I
Case, The, of Mary of Scots. By B. Montgomerie Ranking . Chamois-Hunting, Autumn. By A. S. Marshall-Hall	392
Chamois-Hunting, Autumn. By A. S. MARSHALL-HALL	270
Chaucer Tombs, Ewelme and the. By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A. Coleridge among the Journalists. By H. R. FOX BOURNE.	488
Collectors The Birel Berly E Appril	472
Constantinople, Down the Danube to. By THEODORE CHILD	521
Continuity The of Collular Vitality By H M COODMAN	245
Continuity, The, of Cellular Vitality. By H. M. GOODMAN Corneille's "Cid" before the French Academy. By HENRY M.	343
TROLLOPE	78
Crickets, Grasshoppers, and Locusts. By PHIL ROBINSON	11
Day-Dream, A. By the Author of "Miss Molly"	209
Devouter Sex, The, and Jenny Geddes. By JAMES HUTTON .	129
Diary, Leaves from an Old. By ALEX. C. EWALD, F.S.A	257
Down the Danube to Constantinople. By THEODORE CHILD .	245
Dr. Gladman: A Sketch of Colonial Life. By E. HARRISON	-45
Clubbe	105
Dunfermline, The Abbey and Palace of. By E. WALFORD, M.A.	86
Ewelme and the Chaucer Tombs. By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A.	488
Execution, A Japanese. By Frank Abell	189
Experiments, Two. By CAROLINE HOLROYD	463
French Academy, Corneille's "Cid" before the. By HENRY M.	
TROLLOPE	78
Genius, Universal. By JAMES SULLY, M.A	34
Ghosts, Stage. By W. J. LAWRENCE	545
Holiday, A Belgian	11
Japanese Execution, A. By Frank Abell	398
Jenny Geddes and the Devouter Sex. By JAMES HUTTON	189
Journalists, Coleridge among the. By H. R. FOX BOURNE	472
Jubilee, Candide at the. By JAMES ANSON FARRER	4/ Z
"Julian and Maddalo," Shelley's. By ARABELLA SHORE	329
Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson. By ALEX. H. JAPP, LL.D.	497
Lammermoor, The Bride of. By H. SCHUTZ WILSON Leaves from an Old Diary. By ALEX. C. EWALD, F.S.A	529
Leaves from an Old Diary. By ALEX. C. EWALD, F.S.A	257
"Locrine," Mr. Swinburne's. By R. HERNE SHEPHERD	608
Love Story, Sylvester Magrath's. By DENIS DESMOND	417
Lucifers and the Poets. By PHIL ROBINSON	170
Marie-Antoinette: a Vindication. By C. J. WALLIS	20
Mary of Scots, The Case of. By B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.	392
Mithra, The Religion of. By J. A. FARRER	436
Mr. Busby's Bishopric. By HARDRESS LUTTRELL	313

	PAGE
Mystica Vannus. By J. W. SHERER, C.S.I	71
Newspaper Pioneers, Some. By H. R. FOX BOURNE	224
Night-Prowlers. By Rev. M. G. WATKINS, M.A	123
Notes on Algeria. By Major E. GAMBIER PARRY	585
'Number Forty-five." By H. R. FOX BOURNE	48
Patrick, The Law of, or Cain Patraic. By E. M. LYNCH	181
Poets, The, and Lucifers. By PHIL ROBINSON	170
Prefaces, On. By GEORGE HOLMES	352
Reformers and Anti-Jacobins. By H. R. FOX BOURNE	559
Religion, The, of Mithra. By J. A. FARRER	436
Rival Collectors, The. By H. F. ABELL	521
Rosicrucian Brotherhood, The. By A. E. WAITE	598
San Agustino. By A. C. DE BORRING	153
Science Notes. By W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS, F.R.A.S.:—	
The Philosophy of Bedsteads—Electro-plating the Dead—Water	
from the Chalk—The Respiration of Pure Oxygen—Newspaper	
Science—Thunderbolts	94
Disease and Microbia—Sparrow Slaying—Borates in the Dis-	
secting Room—Borates and our Milk Supplies—Other Applica-	
tions of Boric Acid—Tender Beef and Vivisection—Electric	
Light and Vegetation—Lightning and Birds	196
What is a Pound?—Decimal Coinage—Oil on the Troubled	
Waters	306
Explosions of Natural Gas—Ship Resistance	407
Changes in Drinking Water—Extract of Whale—Variations of	
Body Weight—A Strange Omission—Chlorophyll	512
Human Progress—The Degeneration of Towns-people	615
Season, The, of the Twelve Days. By J. THEODORE BENT Shelley's "Julian and Maddolo." By ARABELLA SHORE	380
Shelley's "Julian and Maddolo." By ARABELLA SHORE	329
Some Newspaper Pioneers. By H. R. FOX BOURNE	224
Stage Ghosts. By W. J. LAWRENCE	545
Swinburne's, Mr., "Locrine." By R. HERNE SHEPHERD	6c8
Sylvester Magrath's Love Story. By DENIS DESMOND	417
TABLE TALK. By SYLVANUS URBAN:—	
Fires at a Theatre—The Remedy—The New Garden at Rich-	
mond—Byron's "Werner"—Macready and Mr. Irving—The	
Remuneration of Painters	101
The Jubilee Rejoicings—A Model Jubilee Accomplishment—	
The Enlarged National Gallery—The Vitality of Clubs—	
Revival of the Masque—The Masque of Flowers—The Faust	
Legend in Germany	203
English Actors Abroad—Modern Writers on their Predecessors	
-Tercentenary Exhibition of Relics of Mary Stuart	310
Memorials to Charles Reade and D. G. Rossetti-The Exeter	
Theatre—What are the Best Passages in English Poetry?—	
Mr. Stevenson's "Underwoods"	413
A Commission on Modern Spiritualism—Three Claimants for a	
Skull—Spiritual Materialisation	518
Realism in Art—Mr. Irving and M. Coquelin—Two Opposite	
Schools for Acting—Christmas Cards	618
Theatre, An Aquatic. By H. BARTON BAKER	137
Tintagel. By the Hon. RODEN NOEL	446
Twelve Days, The Season of the. By I. THEODORE BENT.	380
Two Experiments. By CAROLINE HOLROYD	463
Universal Genius. By JAMES SULLY, M.A	34
Up in the Morning Early. By ALEX. H. JAPP, LL.D	294
Vitality, The Continuity of Cellular. By H. M. GOODMAN	343
Water Lore. By JAMES ANSON FARRER	285

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

July 1887.

CANDIDE AT THE JUBILEE.

By James Anson Farrer.

"ET us go this year to England," said Candide to his old friend and fellow-adventurer, Martin. "There, if anywhere, shall we see human happiness at its height, for it is not every year that a whole nation celebrates a Jubilee and gives itself up to delight and enjoyment."

"By all means let us go," replied the philosopher, with his sad dissentient smile; "but I have heard that the English are not habitually a happy people."

"All the more reason for their being happy this year, you incorrigible old Manichæan," said Candide.

"Possibly," said Martin.

The first impressions of London fully confirmed Candide in the absolute correctness of his anticipations. The streets, bright in the warm sunlight, the brisk traffic, the rush of life, all seemed to betoken a joy-intoxicated population. There was no doubt about the Jubilee, for the whole English language seemed to be reduced to that one word. In the shop windows, everything, from diamond tiaras to scrubbing brushes, was ticketed Jubilee.

Candide was in ecstasies. "What more delightful proof," he said, "of the happiness of this sublime people? Or do you still doubt in the possibility of human happiness with all this ocular demonstration of its reality?"

"I simply reserve my judgment," replied Martin: an answer given with such imperturbable philosophy that it provoked Candide highly, causing the discussion to become louder and louder as they advanced down Piccadilly, to the consternation of all orderly citizens and the strong disapproval of the police, who, taking them for foreign Socialists of a dangerous type, marched them straight off to

prison on the charge of obstructing the traffic of the Queen's highways.

This first taste of the sweets of English liberty they found no pleasant experience, but it led them indirectly to the acquisition of some curious knowledge and some useful insight into English customs.

"I had always understood," said Candide to an English gentleman, whose acquaintance they made soon after their restoration to liberty, "that no one could be imprisoned in England without a fair trial at the hands of a jury of his peers."

The gentleman smiled at his innocence, and replied: "That is true for some offences. But there is also our summary jurisdiction, which any magistrate can apply as despotically as any Turkish pasha. Besides, the law, always assuming a man to be guilty until he is proved innocent, condemns a man suspected of crime, if he is too poor to give bail, to rot for months in a pestilential prison, where he is as badly fed as he is foully kept, till the assizes come on, when of course, if innocent, he is acquitted."

"After being punished with several months' imprisonment for a crime he never committed!" exclaimed Candide.

"Oh! free and happy people!" ejaculated Martin.

"Is it true," asked Candide, "that there is to be a general release of prisoners this year in honour of the Jubilee? Truly there could be no fitter recognition of the people's loyalty than the proclamation by the Crown of a general amnesty."

"General fiddlesticks!" replied the Englishman, with contempt. "You might as well talk of an amnesty to all the tigers and snakes in the Zoological Gardens because of the Jubilee."

"But if in India, why not in England?" asked Candide in his simplicity.

"Because England is a free country," said the Englishman, "and India is a subject dependency. That makes all the difference."

"Oh! marvellous liberty! Oh, thrice-blessed British freedom!" exclaimed Martin.

Soon afterwards they parted with that Englishman, and saw him no more. The Jubilee was now at its height. Illuminations and fireworks turned night into day; oxen were roasted whole; seas of beer and wine were drunk by all classes; and the military paraded in all directions, looking vastly important and making a never-ending din. Candide and Martin received invitations to a State Ball at Buckingham Palace, where they were introduced to, among other celebrities, a distinguished general, to whom Candide thus spoke in winged words:—

"This Jubilee must be a time of unalloyed satisfaction to you men-of-arms, when you recall all your victorious campaigns, and all the territories you have added to your Queen's dominions during the last fifty years."

"Satisfaction!" cried the general, almost as if he had been shot. "Do you call it a satisfaction to have lived to see the decline of the country from a first-rate to a fourth-rate power; to see the services starved, the army reduced to a mob of boys, the purchase of commissions abolished, the Royal Artillery cut down; a satisfaction to see a coaling-station, like Port Hamilton, tamely surrendered, to see New Guinea, or the best part of it, annexed by Germany, and the country afraid to have it out, once for all, with France and Russia? No, sir, I assure you I never rise from my bed without a burning sense of shame, nor spend a day without a fit of indignation. We may talk of Jubilees, sir, and play at Jubilees, but you may take my word for it, that the universal feeling of the services is one of unmitigated disgust, mingled with most serious apprehensions for the safety of our shores in the contingency—the almost certain contingency—of foreign invasion."

"That," said Martin, "is precisely what they say in France."

"And I can vouch," said Candide, "for their language not being very different in Germany."

But the general had worked himself up into such a state of passion that it seemed as if all his blood-vessels were about to burst, which rendered further conversation with him impossible, and our two foreigners were only too glad to find close to them a famous author whom they knew a little. But his looks certainly belied him, if his heart was more jubilant than that of the general, whom, as a military man, despondency of course became as black becomes a mute at a funeral.

"Literature," said the man of letters, "has almost ceased to exist. Books of any sort are out of fashion, and the rich vie with one another as much now in selling their libraries as their ancestors did in collecting them. Our only writers of account are those who pander to the morbid tastes of the multitude, or tickle their fancy with childish and impossible romances."

"But surely," observed Candide, "your own success and popularity militates against the absolute accuracy of your theory?"

"I do not aim at absolute accuracy," said the writer.

"And, indeed, you are right," said Martin; "for truth in this world I hold to be as unattainable as felicity."

"At all events," said the man of letters, "it counts for nothing in

contemporary literature; it is, as we say, below par. The preference of the reading world for fiction has caused the latter to invade and occupy the world of fact and history. Unreality, in short, in all its forms, is one of the causes and symptoms of our national decline."

"National decline!" exclaimed Candide. "You talk of national

decline in the very year of your Jubilee!"

"My dear sir," answered the oracle, "I have talked of nothing else for the last forty years, nor do I see any feature in the Jubilee calculated to make me talk differently. It does not put an end to parliamentary government, nor confer upon us our only chance of salvation—namely, the government of a single capable ruler. England is honeycombed with sedition and socialism. And why? Because of our political institutions, which cause our policy to be the sport of rival parties, and therefore as unstable and uncertain as the weathercock."

"Well!" said Candide afterwards to Martin. "These English are truly a marvellous folk! If there was one thing more than another wherein I assumed that all Englishmen were agreed to be happy, it was in the freedom of their political institutions."

"You did not know the English," said Martin; "now you are

getting to know them."

"Perhaps so," said Candide; "but it was this very parliamentary government that, having been once the despair, and latterly the model, of all other countries under the sun, now threatens to invade Asia itself."

"Possibly," said the philosopher of the pessimist persuasion, "only don't suppose it will make Asia any happier than it has made Europe. Are wars fewer, or the danger of them less in Europe, or are taxes lighter, under the representative than they were under the monarchical régime? Depend upon it, evil will always be uppermost in the affairs of mortals, and you only crush it in one direction to make it crop up more vigorously in another."

"But the moral of your doctrine," said Candide indignantly, "is

quiescence, despair, stagnation."

"I have nothing to do with morals," quoth Martin. "My only concern is with facts."

"If only Pangloss were here," replied Candide, "he would prove, in spite of appearances, that all was for the best."

"And the moral of that belief," quoth Martin, "would be quiescence, contentment, stagnation. Surely the daily life of the world is answer enough to that. A fig for your Pangloss!"

Meantime the Jubilee progressed apace. It tended to become

one vast carousal, a sort of glorified and prolonged Christmas. It was common to see crowds reeling about the streets, intoxicated with loyalty, and sometimes with something stronger. Multitudes, who had never heard of Schopenhauer, exemplified the Will to Live with every manifestation of ephemeral delight. Candide took it all for sober earnest, but Martin was more critical. "What!" he said, "you would have me call these people happy, two thirds of whom at least have no notion how they will meet the next quarter's rent, and more still have before them every week the prospect of immediate expulsion from some feverish den they are pleased to call their homes, or from some slavish employment that only gives them bread for the day! The gaunt spectre of starvation is the only prospect that never fails them, and yet they dance and sing as if they were the favourites of fortune, and wages and rents and taxes were nothing but some far-off fiction of the novelists and poets."

Candide was proceeding to urge something in favour of the stimulus of starvation, when he was interrupted by an appeal for alms by a man who had not the appearance of an ordinary mendicant. In return for half-a-crown, he promised to relate his story, and on a seat in Hyde Park thus delivered himself:—

"Not so long ago I was among the richest bankers of London, as much courted as I am now shunned by the highest in the land; I was a member of Parliament, and my position seemed unassailable. I deemed myself proof against the shafts of Fortune. I regarded myself as only a spectator of the struggles in the arena of life where less privileged mortals were doomed to fight and fall. Yet my ruin came about from so exceptional and incalculable an incident that my case is a signal proof of the way in which things are so maliciously concatenated in this world that, do what you will, evil and misfortune always get the upper hand at last."

"I must really protest," interrupted Candide, "against the expression of sentiments which the great Pangloss would have sternly reprobated to the last hour of his miserable existence."

"I know nothing about Pangloss," continued the banker, "but I know this, that had not an old woman, in one of these Jubilee crowds, slipped down on a piece of orange-peel just outside the bank, and broken her arm, I should have been still a power in the land instead of a mendicant. The connection of events was simple enough. A crowd of idlers gathered round the old woman, and this giving rise to the rumour that there was a run on the bank, and that we had stopped payment, the fictitious run became a real one, and the steps from that to total ruin are too obvious to be worth detailing."

The banker paused, shrugged his shoulders, and looked from Candide to Martin, and from Martin to Candide, as if in demand of some explanation of the trick Fate had played him, and with the air of a man who seemed to hold them personally responsible. Candide kept a discreet silence, but Martin assured the banker that, after all, it was only what he ought to have expected; that if ruin had not come to him through an old woman and a piece of orange-peel, it would have come some other way; and that he ought to be thankful to have satisfied the malevolence of Fate without any impeachment of his honour.

"Alas!" said the banker, "how much better it is to console than to be consoled."

"It is undoubtedly easier," said Martin, as the poor man rose sorrowfully, and left them to their meditations.

"Poor man!" remarked Candide, "he must feel strangely out of sympathy with the universal hilarity; there can be no lot worse than his."

Martin smiled at his simplicity, and still maintained that the English with their Jubilee were no happier than those without one; a position which Candide was loth to accept, and refused to accept, till they had brought the question to the test of further experience. Towards the close of the London season, when they had been (as it is said) "everywhere," and seen (as it is said) "every one," they were invited to the country seat of a baronet of very old family, who had a beautiful property in Hertfordshire. Sir John himself showed them all over his domain, and they duly admired in turn his gardens, stables, vineries, and kennels. The signs of wealth and the facilities for enjoyment seemed to Candide a certain indication of assured happiness.

"I can conceive, Sir John," he said at last, "no position on earth more enviable than yours in this beautiful county, and with all these delightful surroundings."

"My position enviable!" exclaimed Sir John, in a tone that was almost indignant. "My dear sir, you little know! Do you see a mark for envy in a man whose rental has fallen some 70 per cent. in the last ten years? who sees ruin approaching as inevitably as winter succeeds summer, as each year India and Canada reduce the value of his wheat to the value of nettles; and whose expenses in connection with land that has become unsaleable increase in inverse ratio to his ability to meet them? They may talk of a Jubilee and an Imperial Institute, and our wonderful colonies; but it is just these latter, curse them! which are driving me and such as me post-haste to the workhouse."

Martin smiled significantly at Candide during this speech, but the latter only said: "What you tell us, Sir John, distresses as much as it astounds me; nevertheless, I shall hope that in your home life you have compensations for passing troubles of finance which still render your lot more felicitous than that of other mortals."

"God protect other mortals then," exclaimed the baronet, "if their lots are less tolerable than mine! The tricks of nature are beyond my comprehension. There is my agent with only his salary to depend on; he has a family of twelve sons; and here am I, to whom it was essential to have just one son for my heir, blessed with a grown-up family of nine daughters, not one of whom came into the world without a club foot or a squinting eye. My dear wife left me alone with them five years ago, and it devolves on me to provide them either with husbands or a future. Does such a position as that constitute felicity?"

Candide was obliged to admit that it could hardly be said to do so, but he consoled the baronet with such maxims of Leibnitz and Pangloss, as that no doubt all was for the best, and that bad as it was to have club-footed or squinting daughters, it would have been worse had they been born as dwarfs or lunatics, as of course they might have been.

"But there is another alternative," said Martin; "for they might not have been born at all."

"Not much to choose," he said afterwards to Candide, "between the banker and the baronet!" and his friend was obliged to admit that there was not. He still maintained, however, that if England did not come up to the idea of absolute perfection, it was still the best of all possible countries.

"Then what do you say," said Martin, "to this fact, that during the Queen's reign more than a million souls have died of actual starvation in that small portion of her dominions called Ireland, and nearly four millions have been turned adrift from their homes?"

Candide appealed to a bishop, who happened to be dining in the same house on the occasion of this conversation, for an explanation.

"No doubt," replied the bishop, "it was necessary, for ulterior benefits, for that million to die of starvation. Our limited vision cannot grasp the scheme of things as a whole. It may have been the only way to insure a higher standard of life for the diminished remainder. As for the four million rendered homeless, their forcible eviction, cruel as it may have been, was perhaps the only stimulus that would have sufficed to make them emigrate to a land where prosperity and decent homes were destined to be the portion of their posterity. Good in this way very often comes out of evil."

"But it is evil none the less," replied Martin, who had a poor opinion of the reasoning power of ecclesiastics. "That is the thing to explain."

"What a splendid moon!" said the bishop, as he helped himself to another glass of claret, and changed the conversation.

The bishop seemed to Candide the nearest approach to happiness and contentment he had yet met with in England, and, thinking so, he one day said to Martin: "If there is one thing in England that seems to me more satisfactory than another, it is the condition of the English clergy. So sensible are the English of this, that they are this year, in honour of the Jubilee, about to present that body with a Church House. I am told that all classes contribute as eagerly to that object as they contribute reluctantly to the Imperial Institute."

"Let us ask this clergyman," said Martin, as they saw advancing a man who, after a few preliminaries, entered readily enough into conversation.

"What I say to you," said the clergyman, "must be taken to be said under the rose, but there is hardly one of my cloth who does not in his heart regard the Church House as the most unnecessary extravagance. There are thousands of clergy who are at this moment in a state bordering on starvation from the failure or fall of the rents of the glebe lands; they have families, many of them large ones, like my own, to support, and the gleam of brightness which the prospect of the Jubilee afforded them has given place to feelings of positive despair, since the help that might have flowed to them has been diverted into the channel of a club-house for the use of the fashionable clergy of London."

"Yet I have always," observed Candide, "thought of the life of an English clergyman as among the most enviable positions upon earth. There may not always be riches, but there must be a tranquillity of life, an absence of care, a field of utility, a freedom from jealousy and discord, such as must surely make up in happiness for all deficiencies in the point of affluence."

The clergyman was so taken aback by this speech that he seemed to be deprived of the power of articulation, and stared so stupidly at Candide that each began to think the other was demented. At last he found utterance: "Freedom from care and jealousy! A happy life, the life of a man who not only has his own cares, the provision and education of his own family, but the cares of every hapless or silly soul that chooses to make him the sharer of the consequences of his or her folly; who must perforce please his congregation as well as his bishop, under pain of dismissal or perhaps imprisonment for heresy; who at every turn finds himself in conflict or at compromise

with his conscience; who belongs to a Church which has as many sects as Joseph's coat had colours, and who, to whichever sect he belongs, is hated more than a heathen by his fellow-Christians of another sect: if you call such a man's lot happy, your notions of happiness must be so different from mine that there can be little use in continuing the discussion."

"Well," said Candide, as soon as the clergyman was gone, "at all events I have learnt one thing; and that is, that the most unpardonable offence you can offer to an Englishman is to express your belief in the happiness of his lot. The general, the baronet, and lastly this clergyman, have all displayed the greatest resentment at any insinuation of the sort. Their own, or their country's calamities, they seem to hug as their most precious heirlooms."

"Did I not warn you," said Martin, "that the English were not by nature a happy people?"

"Yet I still believe," said Candide, "that happiness is to be found among them, if not in consequence, then in spite of, their Jubilee. It has been our misfortune to fall in with exceptional cases of misfortune. It is my belief that to find real happiness we should look below the surface, and seek in some humble cottage for that contentment to which the higher classes are strangers."

"Let us seek for it, then," said Martin, "in this thatched cottage, where the honeysuckle and clematis outside seem to hold out some promise of the contentment you imagine within."

"We don't want no more Jubilee collectors here," grumbled a good-looking woman, as she opened the door to them. "This is the sixth time they've been to-day. We poor folks bear as good a will to the Queen, God bless her! as any in the land, but the way we're worried about this Jubilee is not to be borne. They do say an Englishman's home is his castle, but we poor folks are obliged to be at home for all the world, and can't say Not at home, like you rich people, when you don't want to see a body. I often say to my husband, what with Jubilee and Primrose extortioners coming to us morning, noon, and night, we might as well dispense with doors altogether."

On being assured, however, that her visitors had no Jubilee or Primrose designs, she became more friendly, and offered them a glass of milk apiece. This they accepted, expressing the hope that they would not thereby be robbing the children.

"Ah! no," said the woman with a sigh, "the time's gone by for that. My husband, he can't say he had not his quiverful. But they are most of them flown. The eldest enlisted, and was killed in the Soudan. The second went to service, but has been out of a place for nearly two years. The third is dying of drink somewhere in

London. Of the girls, three slave the livelong day in stifling shops, and one has made a miserable marriage. For children in our rank of life, it would be better for most of them never to be born. I sometimes think the happiest of my children were the four that died in one week of diphtheria."

"But if you have had trouble with your family," said Candide, "your husband and your home have, I hope, made up for much?"

"Ah! yes," replied the woman tearfully. "My husband has been a good one to me, but as for the home there is nothing before us soon but the workhouse. Tom has worked early and worked late, summer and winter, for the last forty years, on his lordship's farms; but now times are bad, and wages have been reduced, and they talk of letting the farms go back out of cultivation. When that comes, we must go on the parish, for our only claim on our native soil is to so much of it as will cover our bones."

"Well," asked Martin of Candide after this conversation, "what think you now of English rural felicity? Do you still believe in the pre-established harmony, or lean, like me, to the theory of a pre-established discord?"

"Pangloss," replied Candide, "was certainly a great philosopher, but I own to disappointment in not having found his theory of human felicity more completely illustrated in England during this Jubilee. Whether it would be possible to find in the whole of England one man or woman, rich or poor, old or young, who either is or would avow himself or herself to be happy and contented, I now begin seriously to doubt. The Jubilee, instead of enhancing the national happiness, seems somehow to have done the very reverse. But this does not disturb my belief that all is really for the best, and that if the Jubilee is an evil in itself, it is one that flows necessarily (since every effect has a cause) from some far-off pre-established harmony. Still, I shall now be only too thankful to flee out of its reach, and to seek in Europe countries where we shall not perhaps find perfect happiness, but where at least the causes for the reverse will only be of the normal character and not incidental to, or intensified by, the celebration of a Tubilee."

"Let us go back this very night," said Martin, "though I ought to leave with more reluctance than I shall a country which bears such ample testimony to the truth of my philosophy, and so thoroughly discredits the foolish ideas instilled into you by Pangloss. Let us hurry to Switzerland, and among the mountains, where ice and snow and flowers and sunlight keep their everlasting Jubilee, forget the brave struggle of these English millions to rise superior for a season alike to their nature and their circumstances."

GRASSHOPPERS, CRICKETS, AND LOCUSTS.

(A NOTE ON THE POETS.)

IKE the nightingale or the frog, the grasshopper lives in verse chiefly from its "song." It is the minstrel among the insects; the "piping" one. Not that all admire it, for it is called "tiresome," "shrill," "creaking"; while Marvel speaks of its note as a "squeaking laugh." Nor is this, on occasion, a bad description; for I remember once, when puzzled for my way on the Wiltshire Downs, fancying the cricket's voice derisive. I was listening with both my ears to catch if I could the sounds from some neighbouring sheepfold; but all I heard was the jeering of the insect. But, like church bells, grasshoppers say just what the listener chooses to hear. So its speech would work in well into fairy-tale as a substitute for the ambiguous directions given to straying heroes and heroines by mischievous elves, or that old man's nod of the head, which in Red Indian stories means yes or no, just as the inquirer wishes the answer to be the one or the other.

"Twittering" is more than once the poet's epithet for the sound (Leyden has "pittering," which, I suppose, is a phonetic rendering), and, as a rule, it is amiably accepted as after the manner of "singing." Mackay is original—

By the clink that sounds among the grass, Like tempered steel on greaves of brass, As the mail-clad grasshoppers chirp and pass.

Byron has it "carolling," and others call it a "blithe singer" cheering the mower and the rustic at their tasks. Both Leyden and Lovelace are worth quoting:—

And pittering grasshoppers, confusedly shrill, Pipe giddily along the glowing hill; Sweet grasshopper, who lov'st at noon to lie Serenely in the green-ribbed clover's eye, To sun thy filmy wings and emerald vest, Unseen thy form, and undisturbed thy rest! Oft have I, listening, mused the sultry day, And wondered what thy chirping song might say; When nought was heard along the blossomed lea To join thy music, save the listless bee.

LEYDEN.

Oh! thou that swing'st upon the waving hair Of some well-filled oaten beard, Drunk ev'ry night with a delicious tear Dropp'd thee from heaven.

The joys of earth and air are thine entire, That with thy wings and feet dost hop and fly, And when thy poppy works thou dost retire To thy carved acorn bed to lie.

LOVELACE.

"Hoarse" is an epithet frequently applied, but, as a rule—for instance Southey's

Hoarse grasshoppers their evening song Sang ceaseless as the dews of night descended,

and Leyden's

The tuneful birds suppress the cheerful lay, And to hourse grasshoppers resign the day,

in relation to the insect at nightfall. Is there really any change in its tone, as in that of frogs? I have myself thought that its vespers differed from its matins in being deeper and less sprightly. At any rate, it is certain that the creature constantly modulates its tones, and, listening to it, it seems as if the small scraper got tired or inattentive; its "voice" becomes irresolute, flat, false in quantity; then it pulls itself together and starts afresh clear, firm, and true. It is very easy, if you have the whim to do so, to guess at some of the grasshopper's moods from the way it sings.

It is worth, perhaps, saying that the grasshopper makes its music by scraping the inner edge of its long hind legs against the ridges of the wings, and the cricket by rubbing the wing-covers against the wings. Why they should make these noises is not obvious; but as it is only the male that is harmonious, the presumption is that the music serves the same purpose as analogous accomplishments in birds—as being an ornament to the "stronger" sex and an attraction to the "weaker." The poets, by the way, almost invariably address the chirping grasshopper as "she," just as they always transfer the male nightingale's song to the hen-bird.

Among the oddities of zoological folklore I find the grasshopper written down as an idle and thoughtless person. It is of a loquacious kind, a chatterer, and therefore flighty, irresponsible, a ne'er-do-weel. It starves when hard times come; begs its bread in winter. So it figures as the opposite of the ant; a contrast to the silent and industrious emmet. How old the idea may be no one can say; but, at any rate, it is as venerable as the most ancient Sanskrit legends. For there we find the grasshopper spoken of as an improvident individual

and an unreliable. It runs a race with the ant, but after taking some astonishing leaps takes a nap, just as the hare does when racing the tortoise, and of course the ant plods in first. Again, it neglects to store its larder, and the ant—a detestable little prig in folklore—gives it a good lecturing when it ought instead to help the poor mendicant to a grain of wheat. Æsop reproduced the idea, and the first of La Fontaine's fables is a version of the Phrygian's

A grasshopper gay
Sang the summer away,

and, having nothing to eat in winter,

A begging she went To her neighbour the ant,

who asks her what did she all the rest of the year that she now finds herself in such wretched case. The grasshopper confesses she sang for all comers. "Sang indeed!" is the emmet's unsympathetic reply, "Then now you must dance."

In the poets the same fable frequently recurs. Spenser starts it in the "Shepherd's Calendar"—

And my poor muse hath spent her spare store, Yet little good hath got, and much less gain, Such pleasance makes the grasshopper so poor, And beg for bread, when winter doth her strain.

and others repeat it both of the grasshopper and the cricket.

Now this fancy is more curious than at first appears; for this reason. There is actually a grasshopper which lives with ants, and shares their home with them, under some such queer arrangement for reciprocity as makes it possible for owls and snakes to share the marmot's dwelling. Upon what terms the ant tolerates the grasshopper does not appear, or how the grasshopper justifies its partnership. Yet there it is. The modus vivendi has been found; and incongruous as the association seems, it must evidently have some recommendations that satisfy both parties, or else it could not exist. And failing fact, why not let fancy suggest an explanation? The ants find life dull, the ceaseless round of silent and prosaic drudgery intolerable. So they pay with board and lodging the minnesingers of the meadows, the troubadours of the stubble, to live with them and cheer the toilers of their austere republic with music. Thus too do we see men of monotonous labour sitting at their work with singing-birds hanging overhead. In the old sailing-ship days the fiddler fiddled to the crew when at work. Music always lightens labour of a mechanical kind. What new life the band puts into the legs of marching soldiers! In every country in the world you will find the coolies, the porters, and those who perform

tedious and unvarying work, invariably chanting as they toil. Overseers of all kinds encourage it. The fact is as old as the hills—as ant-hills. And so too (there is no harm in such imaginings) the industrious emmet may perhaps, after all, not be such a fanatic in the unwisdom of perpetual slaving as has been thought. "Thou miserable ant," says Lovelace,

Austere and cynic, not one hour t' allow, To lose with pleasure what thou gett'st with pain.

Nor all thy life one poor minute live, And thy o'erlaboured bulk with mirth relieve.

Cease, large example of wise thrift, awhile (So thy example is become our law), And teach thy frowns a seasonable smile, So Cato sometimes naked Florals saw.

But if my fancy be allowable, that the ants (do they not keep wood-lice as housemaids?) entertain musicians for the brightening of their daily lives, the poet is at fault, and the cricket's scraping "relieves the o'erlaboured bulk" and teaches a "seasonable smile." All of which would be very engaging—for I consider the ceaseless moiling of ants abominable.

Let this be as it may, the fact remains that grasshopper-folk and ants do live together, and so the bottom falls delightfully out of the fable which makes the one intolerant of the other's idle habits. The grasshopper, the singer of an idle hour, finds his friends in the appreciative citizens of the little hills, and the pismire is no longer an unsympathetic little prig.

Curious, too, is the notion that grasshoppers are short-lived: is it from these creatures that the phrase "a short life and a merry one" is taken?—

Wisely the ant against poor winter hoards, The stock which summer's wealth affords; For grasshoppers that must at autumn die, How vain were such an industry!

Of course it is pre-eminently a summer insect. Who does not remember the day in July when, out in the meadow, or among the heather, or on cliffs that overlook the sea, or in some woodland corner in the country, the grasshopper's voice "filled every pause"? How the little creature's chirrup-chirrup reinforces the idea of a sultry midsummer day! What drowsiness it lends to it!

The forest deep,

That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;

And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;

Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.— Castle of Indolence.

In poetry this small lyrist is a favourite figure in nearly every description of hot midday, whether the poet be one who is faithful to fact from familiarity—like a Bloomfield, Clare, or Grahame—or one who, like Marvel, Keats, or Shelley, are always in fancy so delightfully in sympathy with the spirit, if not always the letter, of Nature's doings—

The poetry of earth is never dead;
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury—he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

KEATS.

Come, be happy! lie thee down, On the fresh grass newly mown, Where the grasshopper doth sing Merrily—one joyous thing In a world of sorrowing.

SHELLEY.

Marvel too, among his meadows, is just as sympathetic. Or the more naturalistic poets:—

It is high noon,
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.

THOMSON.

Intense the viewless flood of heat descends On hill and vale and wood and tangled brake, And to the chirping grasshopper the broom With crackling pod responds.

GRAHAME.

Granted, then, that it is a summer insect—that it is in the days of heat one hears it most loquacious—how odd it is that the fable should have survived that it "died in October"! It does not, of course, do anything of the kind, but simply withdraws into its place and sleeps through the winter. As every one knows, it is a rule of nature every winged insect shall die within the year (the occasional individuals that survive the twelvemonth only proving the rule), for the stage of wings is the last third of the creature's life. After all, it would be very absurd if we did not recognise among ourselves the stages of childhood, youth, middle age, and old age, which together cover the span of our "three score years and ten." An insect's stages proceed in a far smaller compass, and the winged one is the last. It is really the old age of the caterpillar or grub. Thus a grasshopper may be for two or

three years a grub, for another six months a hobbledehoy—that is, a wingless thing, half grub, half grasshopper—and then for a further space a winged grasshopper. In the last stage it marries, and there is an end of its purpose. Nature has no further need for it, and does not care whether it dies or not. The slender fragility of the insect's appearance may have suggested a feeble hold of life; some grasshoppers look like the mere spectres of insects. About others too there is a vegetable, perishable look, as of thin grass-blades that a frost would kill or heat shrivel up; a suspicion about their sere and faded edges that they are already beginning to wither. But the grasshopper has nothing to complain of as to its length of life. It sings the summer in and the autumn out, and goes to sleep with the year.

The cricket differs but little from the grasshopper—

Beside yon pool as smooth as glass, Reflecting every cloud, Securely hid among the grass, The crickets chirrup loud.

And again—

In mid-wood silence, thus, how sweet to be,
Where all the noises that on peace intrude
Come from the chittering cricket, bird, and bee,
Whose songs have charms to sweeten solitude.

As a matter of fact this insect is, I fancy, only the grasshopper over again, but used under another name for the sake of variety, for it not only "pipes," sings, "chirps" (in Clare), "twitters," and (in Leyden) even "pitters," exactly like the grasshopper, but has all other points in common with it. (There is no very common out-of-doors cricket in England.) Cowper calls it a "locust" in his appeal to the swallow—

Arctic maid! with honey fed,
Bearest thou to thy callow brood
Yonder locust from the mead,
Destined their delicious food?

Ye have kindred voices clear, Ye alike unfold the wing, Migrate hither, sojourn here, Both attendant on the Spring.

Ah! for pity drop the prize; Let it not with truth be said That a songster gasps and dies That a songster may be fed.

The domestic cricket that "by the fireside unmolested sings"-

Blithe as the lark, as crickets gay, That chirrup on the hearthfinds more distinctive notice, and is universally a favourite. The poet is "blest with the lowly cricket's drowsy dirge." The idea—and one not altogether without foundation—that the superior comforts of fireside life lengthen the insect's life is often hinted at, and in the following explicitly set forth:—

Little inmate full of mirth,
Chirping on my humble hearth,
Whereso'er be thy abode,
Always harbinger of good.
Though in voice and shape may be,
Form'd as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far,
Happiest grasshoppers that are;
Theirs is but a Summer song,
Thine endures the Winter long,
Unimpair'd, and shrill, and clear,
Melody throughout the year.
Neither night nor dawn of day,
Puts a period to thy lay.

Underlying this, of course, is that pathetic main idea of the poets that "life's a short summer." Men and women are mere insects, "the summer swarm." So the poets, whenever they meet with a beauty—the song of birds, the butterfly's colours, the glowworm's spark, a flower in its prime—see in it that which is transient, futile, doomed. Both gaiety and merriment have in verse melancholy significances; night, winter, death, hold them in reversion. Let the grass-hopper chirp: it will die soon.

A very different creature is the locust, "the scourge of Allah," "the army of the One God."

A fire devoureth before them; and behind them a flame burneth: the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them.

Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains shall they leap, like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble, as a strong people set in battle array.

Just as Job exhausted for all time to come the poetry of the impregnable majesty of an individual strength in his -picture of Leviathan, so Joel, in the chapter of which I have quoted two verses, exhausts the poetry of the irresistible might of multitudes. No poet has ever bettered by a single thought the verses of Job, nor any after him added a force or a beauty to the lines of Joel.

The locust has but one aspect in poetry—that of a multitudinous evil—

As, borne by winds along, in baleful cloud, Embody'd locusts from the wing descend, On herb, fruit, flow'r, and kill the rip'ning year, While waste behind, destruction in their track, And ghastly famine wait.

MALLET.

They serve, therefore, as a simile for anything that desolates or devours—"Gaul's locust host," or any other enemy of Britain or of "Freedom"; armies of all kinds; the minions of tyranny; corrupt courtiers; Jesuits. They are "tree-blasting," "sky-clouding," "blackening all the ground," "in darksome clouds," "hosts that desolate the earth and dim the day," "barb'rous millions," "greedy troops," "endless legions on sounding wings," "thick-phalanxed as when plaguing Samarcand," "dire with horrid swarms." Nearly every poet at one time or another has told "what deeds of woe the locust can perform"; but their language toils in vain after the consuming, overwhelming reality such as the prophet saw it from the mountain side in Palestine—"a day of clouds and thick darkness—a great people and a strong."

Milton's passage on the Plague is noble :-

As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile.

And Heber too rises to the theme:-

The dreadful wand, whose godlike sway Could lure the locust from her airy way, With reptile war assail their proud abodes, And mar the giant pomps of Egypt's gods.

But I do not know where else in poetry to look for an adequate reference to this terrific phenomenon of the locust, the little insect which the Arabs grind up to make flour for cakes, yet compared with which the devastating armies of man are benevolent agencies.

I have myself followed both. Where the army had passed, the villages were empty shells, the green crops had been cut down lest they should ripen, the melon-fields hacked to bits lest they should bear fruit, the wells befouled with the carcasses of dead beasts. Fire had been there, and the fury of swords. And yet there was greenness left, and, though of a poor sort, gleanings for animals. The injury done was not intolerable; the land was habitable. In the other case there had been neither brand nor blade, and no malevolence. And yet there was nothing left, neither for the camel searching the tops of the mimosas nor for the mule sniffing for

herbage between the stones on the ground. The earth was shaved close The bushes were more bare than in mid-winter. The only well we found stank to the skies with a fathom's depth of dead locusts. It was the difference between discomfort and starvation, mischief and ruin. And Joel says, "The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses; and as horsemen, so shall they run." The translation probably is in error, and, I should think, should read, "and their coming is as the coming of horsemen" &c. Their passing was like the rush of infinite cavalry at a distance, the air all rattling with harness and glinting with sparks of silver and steel and scarlet. "And the Lord shall utter his voice before his army"—that voice of the whirlwind with which Jehovah spoke in the desert to Moses; the voice of nature is real, earnest, indisputable, and authentic.

PHIL ROBINSON.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE. A VINDICATION.

MONG the unofficial, though not altogether irresponsible, personages who influenced the course of public affairs during the last feeble struggles of the old French Monarchy, and who. without warrant from the character of their acts, were sacrificed to the malicious and implacable passions of the Revolution, no one, it will surely be admitted, appeals more strongly to our interest and sympathy than the unfortunate queen, Marie-Antoinette. dominant classes of society, absorbed in the pursuit of petty intrigues and of grossly selfish objects, came suddenly into direct conflict both with the bulk of the nation-goaded by long oppression into unappeasable disaffection—and with the inexperienced but confident advocates of impracticable, if not altogether visionary, schemes of government, she is seen inextricably immersed in that perplexing vortex, vainly stretching out her hand for trusty support and guidance. Even to this day her character and her acts have remained unnoticed except from standpoints wide as the poles asunder. By her friends and the partisans of the Monarchy Marie-Antoinette has been very injudiciously and extravagantly belauded: and by her enemies and the advocates of the Revolution she has been most unjustly, maliciously, and even grossly, assailed.

Until very recently such distorted views had found an excuse in the barrenness of authentic and unquestionable materials wherewith to portray the reality. The numerous works professing to describe "The Life of Marie-Antoinette" are based upon chronicles, pamphlets, memoirs, correspondence, and other documents, whose spirit, when not palpably hostile, springs from a suspicious source, being evoked either by feelings of friendship or by sentimental pity, so that in every case the reader's judgment is led more or less astray. To the latter category must be assigned the "Mémoires sur la vie de Marie-Antoinette," by Madame Campan, femme de chambre to the Queen. This is the only narrative, however, which appears to give an approximately accurate estimate of the character of Marie-Antoinette.

It is undistorted by party prejudice or interest: it seems throughout, indeed, to be inspired by a desire to keep creditably near the truth, Yet, side by side with this struggling spirit of impartiality, there are visible many unmistakable traces of a too lenient judgment, and of a sympathy ever disposed to throw a veil over unquestionable faults. In a word, being the production of affection, it is pardonably indulgent; but, as an inevitable consequence, many of the statements it contains are hampered by grave doubts.

At the present time, however, exaggerations can derive very little support from uncertainty. A mass of secret correspondence recently discovered among the Austrian archives throws a flood of light over many hitherto doubtful qualities pertaining to the French Queen. This correspondence is authentic, an affirmation to which other documents of a similar nature, resting for the most part merely upon the *professed* genuineness of their character, can rarely lay claim.

The object aimed at in the few following pages is by no means to add another version of the life of Marie-Antoinette to the superfluously numerous narratives of the kind at present extant, but, chiefly aided by the letters just mentioned, to endeavour to place the faults of that life, especially those which wore a political aspect, in their true light.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast in the moral atmosphere of two families than that which subsisted, about the year 1770, between the Imperial family of Austria and the Royal family of France. Goethe was probably not far wrong when he said that "the Imperial family differed but little from that of an ordinary middleclass German household." Guided, even to sternness, by the firm hand of the Empress-Queen-"Princesse magnanime," as Voltaire calls her-it was a model of all the proprieties. Yet it may be surmised that, by wielding such imperious authority, Maria-Theresa inspired her children with more respect and fear than love. Be that as it may, Marie-Antoinette assuredly did not forget, especially when misfortune overtook her, the firmness and high morality which had been her guard and guide during childhood. The environments and besetting influences of her later home, so far from showing any deference to the substantial dictates of morality, were inspired by infinitely varied forms of impropriety. It would indeed have been marvellous if decorum had flourished, except in mere showy appearance, under the ungenial ascendency of Louis XV. Such, then, were

¹ Marie-Antoinette: Correspondance secrète entre Marie-Thérèse et le Comte de Mercy-Argenteau, avec les Lettres de Marie-Thérèse et de Marie-Antoinette. Par M. Alfred d'Arneth, Directeur des Archives de la Maison Impériale. Paris: 1874.

the diametrically opposite conditions of the home in which Marie-Antoinette was nurtured and those which, in the year 1770, confronted her when, at the early age of fifteen, she entered the French Court. The effects of such a change, so radical in all its phases, upon a vivacious and pleasure-seeking girl would, it is natural to infer, tend to impair early salutary influences. That, for a few years, those influences suffered a partial eclipse can hardly be questioned; but that they were never wholly obliterated is unquestionable. Extravagance in dress, and an inordinate pursuit of frivolous enjoyments, were the first symptoms of this temporary aberration. From many recorded instances, the following remarks made by Maria-Theresa to her daughter may be quoted: "People are continually talking about the profuse fashion of your dress. They say that your hair from the roots stands thirty-six inches high, and that it is topped by plumes and ribbons." This censure is often repeated, and was assuredly not undeserved. But the Empress hardly seems to have taken sufficiently into account the exacting influence—then, as at all times—of the reigning fashion. Marie-Antoinette merely happened to be the most critically observed slave of that tyrant.² Similar leniency, however, in presence of the impoverished, if not bankrupt, condition of the national exchequer, cannot be so readily conceded to her for the extravagant sums she expended on jewellery, diamonds being a special, if not fatuous, object of her fancy. In a letter to the Empress, the Comte de Mercy-Argenteau—the Austrian Ambassador—says: "Concerning the last purchase of diamond bracelets for 240,000 livres, the gossiping world of Paris declares that the frequently exhibited lavish taste of the Queen in this respect, leading as it does to much useless profusion, tends to augment the present ever-embarrassing financial difficulties of the State." Referring, in a letter to her daughter, to the contents of this communication, the Empress expresses herself in the following touching manner: "Such anecdotes pierce my heart, especially for the future [surtout pour l'avenir]." There is a melancholy foreboding in the words italicised: it seems as if the shadow of the rapidly

² The following lines are from a scarce work, entitled Recueil général des Coiffures, etc.:—

LE LEVER DE LA REINE. De la Reine c'est la coiffure, Sans doute elle est de très-bon goût, C'est bien d'adopter sa parure : Prenez-la pour modèle en tout.

¹ The caricaturists of the day represented hairdressers as mounted upon high steps whilst preparing ladies' coiffures.

approaching "Affair of the Necklace" were visible. Happily, however, for Maria-Theresa, death mercifully spared her the pangs which a knowledge of that "affair" would have caused her. Yet, in spite of all facts and appearances, and regarded in a by no means partial spirit of charity, much may be said in mitigation of such thoughtless extravagance in one so young and so beset by demoralising examples. Nor were the amusements which occupied the time of Marie-Antoinette when at her favourite retreat—Trianon, near Versailles—susceptible, even in appearance, of the harsh and gross constructions which at the time were habitually heaped upon them. Her unsuspicious and freedom-loving nature often presented unsuspected openings for the shafts of malice. One result of her lively disposition was to induce a distaste, carried at times to the verge of impropriety, for the restraints enjoined by her position. It must, indeed, be acknowledged that she overpassed that limit when, by her presence, she countenanced summer nocturnal parties in the gardens of Versailles. hardly be said that such peculiarly inviting opportunities did not escape the ever-vigilant eye of prurient scandal. Passing in review the inculpatory evidence which the slander-mongers of the time greedily scraped together, nothing more heinous can be proved against Marie-Antoinette than that her inveterate levity sometimes hurried her to the brink of culpability. But if the maligners of the Oueen fail to prove that she was ever guilty of any criminal act, on the other hand her brother, the Emperor Joseph, overestimated the quality of her purity when he declared that "Her virtue is not only intact, but is even austere; a result flowing more from the natural bent of her character than from any course of reasoning."

The disastrous episode in the career of Marie-Antoinette, which, by associating the Queen's name with the scandalous adventures of a diamond necklace, seems instinct with fiendish irony, has been so frequently and, in one or two instances, so graphically described, that only a few words of comment will be ventured upon here. If in this untoward incident it be possible to detect even a shadow of blame upon Marie-Antoinette, it is referrible solely to her known infatuation for such costly trinkets. There existed ample proofs to establish the fact that the necklace had been stolen by a disreputable woman, who sought to implicate the Queen in the nefarious transaction in order to secure a very likely means of escape from the probable consequences of her crime. Her method of procedure was very ingenious. Being at the time on questionable terms of intimacy with the Cardinal de Rohan, whose position gave him access to the Queen, she cunningly contrived to convert him into a docile

instrument for her purpose. Now, it is notorious that this man was ever conspiring, either openly or secretly, against the Queen, and that he never enjoyed, or was ever worthy to enjoy, her confidence. most of those who knew him he was regarded as a mere scoundrel; and there is an opinion of him, expressed many years before the unfortunate event in question happened, the unfavourable character of which was surely not lessened as time advanced. It is thus that Maria-Theresa describes him when, in 1772, he represented France at the Austrian Court: "The Prince de Rohan displeases me more and more. Without talents, without prudence, and openly depraved in manners, he sustains very badly the character of Ambassador and Ecclesiastic." A man presenting such qualities would surely feel very congenially disposed to accept a part in the conspiracy suggested to him: not, it may be conceded, lending himself to the chief but concealed object contemplated by his temptress—the purloining of the necklace—but as a promising means of casting an ignominious stain upon Marie-Antoinette. To this end he forged the Queen's name to a document seemingly authorising him to purchase the necklace, and thus succeeded in mystifying the jewellers to whom the diamonds belonged. When very conclusive evidence of guilt was brought home to the culprits, the thief was, to a certain extent, punished; whilst the forger—the far greater criminal, the man who sought to befoul the fair reputation of the Queen-was acquitted. This acquittal was brought about through the influence of a certain dominant Court cabal, and prolonged for some time, because seeming to justify, the triumph of malice. Under the acute influence of such injustice, Marie-Antoinette, in a letter to her sister, thus expresses her indignation and grief: "To be sacrificed to a perjured priest-to a foul intriguer. . . . What an affliction! What a humiliation!"

Of those faults whose consequences are circumscribed within narrow limits, and are distinctively personal, gambling may be regarded as the greatest of which Marie-Antoinette was guilty. This addiction to a degrading and costly amusement, and to much other wasteful folly, presented itself in its most conspicuous and blamable forms about the year 1777. It is not, perhaps, unfairly lenient to suggest that the Queen was probably led to adopt such a discreditable pastime, more to humour a thoughtless love of excitement than to gratify a naturally vicious tendency. Of course her presence at the questionable entertainment attracted the rich and the unwary. It is related that an Englishman, having been admitted to the gamingtable of the Queen, lost large sums of money. Possessed of ample means, he was tempted to persist in speculating upon the proverbial

fickleness of Fortune, and at length his perseverance in a bad course met with bountiful, though certainly not with due, reward. On this occasion time was forgotten, and the exciting game was continued far into the night. Suddenly the King, who was much opposed to late hours, entered the room in a very angry frame of mind. His irritation was sensibly increased when he heard that during the evening the Queen had lost one hundred thousand écus. The Queen attempted to excuse herself with the remark: "It is a revenge." "That may be," replied the King, "but a few such revenges would lead to ruin." The closest scrutiny, if unprejudiced, can discover no greater blemishes on the moral character of Marie-Antoinette than those which have here been pointed out. Presenting in no instance the dark tint which represents vice, they may be passed over without any very grave condemnation: little importance, indeed, except to the individual bearing the stains, can be attached to any judgment passed upon them. When, however, Marie-Antoinette is regarded from a political point of view, her conduct bears with it immeasurable consequences: she must be recognised as an influential instrument, willing or unwilling, moulding the destinies of France.

At the time Marie-Antoinette appeared on the scene, the Duc de Choiseul, a liberal and capable politician, was Prime Minister. He had negotiated her marriage with the Dauphin, and there can be little doubt that if he had remained in office he would have imparted to her a tolerably impartial, and to some extent a wise, political education. A few months later, however, he was supplanted by the Duc d'Aiguillon, aided and abetted by Madame du Barry: the former a man without ability of any kind, except as a petty intriguer, a character which he sustained with unsurpassable skill; the latter, like her predecessor, Madame de Pompadour, a shameless woman, but, unlike her, destitute of political capacity. Apart from their ignominious personal character, they were the declared enemies of Choiseul, and therefore could not be otherwise than distasteful to the Dauphiness. Besides the Du Barry clique, there were other cabals hostile to the fallen minister and to the Liberal Party; but they were so despicably personal in their motives that politics, in the true sense of the word, could never be said to form their chief, and but rarely even their ostensible, object. To these intrigues Marie-Antoinette, though she naturally favoured those who remained faithful to Choiseul, offered very little political opposition. On the other hand, she was by no means backward in resisting and resenting all inimical manœuvres of a strictly personal nature. It was not until she became Oueen that she showed any marked political bias.

With the death of Louis XV. disappeared, partly through the influence of the young Queen, the disreputable D'Aiguillon, and his equally disreputable patroness, Madame du Barry. Though the new Ministry was nominally under the leadership of the Comte de Maurepas, a frivolous old courtier, it was mainly composed of efficient, or at least creditably endowed, politicians. Conspicuous in that Ministry, not only comparatively but absolutely, figures Turgot as Contrôleur Général des Finances. He was a man far in advance of his time, especially as it was passing in the world immediately around him: an apparition in a French Ministry unprecedented, almost incredible. In the following lines, Voltaire succinctly expresses the popular, if not the universal, opinion of Turgot:—

Je crois en Turgot fermement; Je ne sais pas ce qu'il veut faire; Mais je sais que c'est le contraire De ce qu'on fit jusqu'à présent.

Was the dismissal of Turgot in any degree referrible to the influence of the Queen? Unremittingly eager as her enemies were to discover any real, or even any seeming, occasion for imputing blame to her, it was not at that time, nor in fact until lately, generally known that she was an active participant in that impolitic act. In the correspondence repeatedly quoted, Mercy-Argenteau, though among the first who instigated Marie-Antoinette when she became Oueen to intermeddle in affairs of State, expresses himself to the Empress in the following very decided manner: "Seeing that the late Contrôleur-Général possessed a great and wide reputation for honesty, and was loved by the people, it is unfortunate that his dismissal was in some measure the work of the Queen. By such effects of her influence she may some day bring upon herself the just reproaches of her husband, and even of the entire nation." The concluding words are coloured with a vague, gloomy foreboding; but could the Queen, could the wisest of her contemporaries, have been expected to anticipate even the least of the momentous and far-reaching consequences of that act? It is evident, moreover, that the Queen's opposition to Turgot had but a shadowy bearing upon politics, being chiefly, if not exclusively, influenced by personal considerations. A certain Comte de Guines was dismissed by Turgot-not, it need hardly be said, without adequate reasons-from an important and lucrative post. Goaded by pride and self-conceit, he eagerly devised numerous unscrupulous intrigues against the too conscientious Minister; and, as he was in high favour at Court, especially among the more influential courtiers, it inevitably followed that the Queen was besieged by a host of importunities to further his malicious designs. Not suspecting, and indeed not capable of conceiving, the serious consequences of her action, she yielded with incautious and blamable rashness to the powerful and persistent obsession to which she was subjected. The fact, however, must not be lost sight of that other yet more effective influences were ceaselessly directed against the Minister. The following unequivocal observations occur in a letter written on March 4, 1776, by the Comte de Creutz to Gustavus III.: "M. Turgot finds himself opposed by a most formidable league, composed of all the nobles of the kingdom, of all the Parliaments, of all the financiers, of all the women of the Court, and of all the dévots."

That the Oueen was moved to contribute towards the fall of Turgot by no political impulse is substantially, if not absolutely, proved by the fact that she approved and even favoured the appointment, as Contrôleur-Général, of the able financier Necker, who closely succeeded Turgot, and who was, to an almost identical extent, a continuator of his equitable fiscal policy. observed," says Mercy, in a letter to the Empress (April 17, 1780), "that of all the King's ministers, M. Necker is the one who stands foremost in the Queen's opinion, and for whom Her Majesty has the greatest consideration." Other sources amply corroborate the Ambassador's observation as to the high place which Necker enjoyed in the Queen's estimation. With this wide political accord appear to have been associated less formal sentiments; for it is said that the Queen took a lively interest in promoting the marriage of Necker's daughter to the Baron de Staël-Holstein. It is probable, no doubt, that some part of this consideration was due to the friendly feeling which was known to subsist between the Duc de Choiseul and Necker; but such an association can only be regarded as a pleasing collateral cause of the decided liberal tendencies which Marie-Antoinette showed in reference to political and economical questions. Even with regard to her strictly personal expenses she never leant an unwilling ear to the judicious curtailments suggested by the Contrôleur Général.

After the death of Maurepas, in 1781, no member of the Cabinet assumed the title of Premier; but the Minister of Finance, upon whose successful administration had come to depend the salvation of the Monarchy, became the virtual chief of the Ministry—overshadowing, nay, even, as it were, extinguishing his colleagues. After the retirement of Necker, the next *Contrôleur Général* who may be deemed worthy of mention was Calonne, a man possessed of some ability and of considerable experience, but of very little con-

scientiousness. His financial policy was based upon expedients which he must have known could never prove otherwise than very temporary. But he was fond of Court incense, and he was an adept in all the arts of conciliation and persuasion. The privileged classes admired and flattered him, for he never hinted at retrenchment, and his munificence—with borrowed money—was unbounded. The following contemporary epigram describes the true spirit which animated his policy:—

Le ministre de la finance Pour certains grands seigneurs de France Se montre toujours généreux. Il ne pouvait pas mieux placer sa bienfaisance, Car ce sont de grands malheureux.

For his appointment as Contrôleur-Général the Queen was in no degree responsible; and, in spite of his most obsequious homage, she never gave him her confidence. It was, moreover, chiefly by her remonstrances and persuasions that the King was finally induced to dismiss him. Here, then, was another striking proof of the naturally liberal political disposition of the Queen. By the continual obtrusion of political agitation in its most irritating guise, Marie-Antoinette had acquired some insight into the principal causes which had been instrumental in gathering about the French Monarchy a crowd of dangers; and that insight was becoming more and more acute as those dangers began rapidly to assume threatening and even fatal forms. But the conditions of her position prevented the acquisition of any wide range of political knowledge; and, in consequence of her limited experience, she was not always proof against specious appearances. Fascinated by the brilliant conversation and promises of Loménie de Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse, a personage who had been striving all his life to mount the ladder to political distinction, the Queen was induced to favour his candidature for the office from which Calonne had been very wisely ejected. For this error of judgment, this too ready faith in captivating plausibilities, bitter self-reproaches awaited her. It soon became obvious that De Brienne, though he might justly claim to be endowed, as affirmed by Mercy-Argenteau, with "much spirit and a great aptitude and taste for work," was utterly incompetent to cope with the complicated difficulties of the monetary crisis. repetition of the errors of Calonne—he added others, due chiefly to his own invention—an invention displaying a cramped and partial action motived solely by narrow class considerations and interests. Conscious that her influence had decided the nomination of De Brienne, the Queen, with that blindness to the monitions of

prudence so frequent in the genial impulses of generous minds, imagined that she was bound in honour, even against the decisions of her better judgment, to acquiesce in the measures devised by one who was supposed to owe his official position to her. But she was among the first who, when the Minister of Finance had sunk beneath the weight of the difficulties heaped upon him, heartily rejoiced that Necker was summoned again to take office. "The arrival of Necker"—it is thus she expresses herself in a letter to her brother (July 26, 1789)—"will, I hope, bring peace." It was too late. Peace could now find no foothold, even under the auspicious guidance of Necker. To the nation it long remained a stranger; to Marie-Antoinette it returned no more. How, indeed, could she expect the restoration of peace, entangled as she was in the toils of politics, toils of infinite complexity, from which no desire or even struggle on her part could ever free her?

Unlike her mother, the Queen had very little aptitude for politics; the King had still less. But the former was endowed with the quality of decision which, if it presented in quiet times no very strong features, was not easily overborne when confronting danger: the latter was entirely destitute of the quality. Thus it came to pass that, when difficulties began to multiply, Marie-Antoinette was imperatively called upon, much against her will, as she repeatedly declared, and certainly against her inclination, to take part in the distracting politics of the time. It is reported that one day she overheard an attendant say, "A queen who does her duty remains in her apartment to knit." To this she mentally replied, "My poor man, you are right; but you know not my position: I yield to necessity and to my wretched destiny." Her political course, indeed, by the wilful perversity and malignity of those whom she attempted to influence, became most disheartening and disastrous. There ever existed in the people's mind an unfortunate prejudice against her, because she was thought to head the aristocratic party; that party, on the other hand, accused her of wishing to establish a Démocratie royale! In truth, she was neither an aristocrat nor a democrat. Though her tastes were aristocratic, she ever wished to gain the love of the people; and her utter failure to realise that laudable wish caused a rapid decline in her naturally lively spirits, and even impaired her beauty. was a liberal-minded woman, in the judicious and moderate scope of that expression. And this moderation it was that arrayed against her every faction in the State, and every party among the people. In a letter to the Duchesse de Polignac, the King complains that "there is a sort of general conspiracy against our unfortunate Oueen. The factious assail her reputation, and strive to inspire the people with contempt for her. . . . Even the friends of the Throne are little less censurable, for they sometimes indiscreetly mix up her name with ill-conceived projects. Thus the people, without knowing why, vomit imprecations against her."

Marie-Antoinette had the prudence—not often conspicuous among the politically ignorant—rarely to hazard any positive opinion upon the foreign policy of the country. Once, and once only (1789), she eagerly sought to enlist France on the side of Austria, and failed; and even that abortive attempt derived no part of its inspiration from any assumption of political insight, but sprang solely from feelings of affection for her kindred.

The final interval of partial tranquillity which misfortune vouchsafed the ever-persecuted Queen was passed, from May to October 1790, at Saint-Cloud. In that favourite retreat—the last oasis, as it proved, in the now arid desert of her life-Marie-Antoinette appeared to rally, even successfully to waive aside the harassing cares which surrounded her. Beneath this tranquil exterior, however, there existed no very substantial peace; for her mind was continually haunted by a torturing presentiment that some portentous catastrophe was lurking near. Not seldom would this dismal foreboding obtrude itself even when its presence was least expected. At times it almost assumed the character of a revelation, seeming to prefigure stealthily approaching in mystic and horrible forms—the dark shadows of the towers of the Temple prison. At best, the respite she enjoyed was but a short breathing time snatched during a lull in what she regarded, with prophetic vision, as a fatal conflict. Truly every hope was now little better than forlorn. Yet, notwithstanding this depressing prospect, the Queen, in 1791, again appeared in the arena of political strife, courageously battling, with ever-diminishing strength, against the ever-increasing forces of destruction. Her efforts were now solely directed to defend the Royal cause, or, more definitely, to defend the Royal family, then in presence of imminent peril. Day and night she was either writing or negotiating—conspiring, so some affirm. Yes, conspiring to save her life and that of her family-nothing more. She certainly did not conspire, with her relatives and other Royalists at Coblentz, to deluge France with blood. Numerous proofs exist to confirm her non-participation in such conspiracies. The following opinions or wishes, variously worded, occur in many of her letters. It is thus, for instance (March 20, 1791), she expresses herself to the Comte d'Artois: "If the rumours are correct concerning the proceedings of the Prince de

Condé, we beg of you not to abandon yourself to such projects, the success of which is very doubtful, and which would endanger you without serving us." A fortnight later, in a letter to her brother Léopold, she says: "At Coblentz intrigues are obvious enough, but there certainly exists no knowledge of the real situation of France, or of the true interests of the King and his family." Again, in September, she is said to have expressed herself still more emphatically: "The return of the Princes to France would bring with it civil war, and the entrance of foreigners would occasion both civil war and foreign war." The former she design ates as "horrible," the latter as "infamous."

It may be said that Marie-Antoinette showed no such repugnance to bloodshed when she unreluctantly patronised that untimely repast at which were assembled a crowd of fatuous military chiefs, braggartly insulting the popular badges, and vociferously applauding the words: "O Richard! ô mon roi! l'univers t'abandonne." This very impolitic and indiscreet patronage—to designate it in harsher terms would be unjust—was one of the principal indictments preferred against the Queen by the Revolutionary Tribunal. But, however unwise the act, did not the occasion render it venial? Was not the impulse deciding it most natural, almost inevitable, to a wife, a mother, and, why not add, a Queen, "abandoned," as events soon disclosed, "by the world"?

Nevertheless, when outrage threatened her, and the shadows of the Temple really fell upon her, she received offers of assistance from many who were both willing and able to serve her: offers presenting no wild pretensions to reinvigorate and restore prostrate Royalty, but to effect the more feasible object of rescuing her from bondage, and of saving her from the probable chance of an ignominious death. In 1792, Lafayette, whose popularity was rapidly waning, offered to convey the Royal family to Rouen. Dumouriez, disgusted with the outrageous proceedings of the Jacobins, earnestly entreated the Queen to seek safety in flight. Seizing her hand he exclaimed, "Madame, laissez-vous sauver!" Then, again, Madame de Staël describes in her correspondence a project for the escape of the Royal family which presented a very fair promise of success. These and many other profferers of assistance, whatever might happen to be their practical or speculative views upon the burning political questions of the day, were assuredly high-minded persons whose promises were fully entitled to unqualified confidence. Unfortunately there existed many misgivings, if not morbid suspicions, in the clouded and perturbed mind of Marie-Antoinette which induced her to thrust aside the proffered

friendly hand. The fountains—the early abundant fountains—of her confidence were dried up and even parched, and the void thus created was usurped by harassing suspicions and by fears of treachery. She had come to rely solely upon her own courage and powers of endurance; and these qualities never failed to support her through the most trying scenes, enabling her with rarely equalled intrepidity to confront death in one of its most ignominious forms, not only with resignation, but with majestic calmness.¹

As far as her moral character and her intellectual powers are concerned, Marie-Antoinette can hardly claim to occupy a high place among women. No doubt she was subjected by her position to sore temptations and trials, but the pride with which that position inspired her sufficed to safeguard her honour. To similar temptations in a less exalted station it would be assuming too much to assert that she would not have succumbed. This supposition, that her rectitude might have faltered under other circumstances, is indirectly supported by the opinion of her mother in a letter to Mercy-Argenteau (October 3, 1773), that, "in spite of her charming qualites and her esprit, I always dread the effect of her levity and obstinacy." In another letter (December 5, 1777) she writes in a similar strain: "As she [Marie-Antoinette] is little susceptible of reflection, conviction will not be impressed upon her mind; for, however docile she may appear to be to your monitions, they are soon effaced by her immoderate taste for dissipation and frivolity." But all this, and much more of a similar nature, cannot b said to undermine, or even seriously to impair, the substantial accuracy of Lamartine's opinion of Marie-Antoinette. "There is nothing to authorise any imputation against her for culpable neglect of duty, either as wife, mother, or friend." Her intellectual culture, owing for the most part to a reluctance she ever had for study, was defective in nearly all that is supposed to constitute a sound education. made up in some measure for this deficiency by natural intelligence and shrewd vivacity. For the consideration of political subjects her mind, from the legerity of its constitution, was peculiarly unfitted; yet even this incompatibility was partly counterbalanced by a quickness of perception which, though unaided by study or practical observation, often managed to anticipate, with singular accuracy, many of the effects likely to result from a certain course of political action. Scantily furnished with well-defined political opinions, she was not devoid of

¹ Even the official organ of the "Terror," the *Moniteur* (Oct ober 27, 1793), was obliged to admit that "on hearing her sentence, Marie-Antoinette betrayed no emotion [aucune marque d'altération], and that she mounted the scaffold with ample courage."

many vague political sentiments, and these were generally imbued with colours more or less liberal. She did not hesitate, for instance, to accept advice from the chiefs of the Girondin party—Barnave, Lameth, Duport; and it was not until that party was crushed, and every defence had either been destroyed or undermined, exposing to personal danger those in whom her chief affections were centred, that she looked beyond France for protection. She was careful, however, that her appeal to the Powers of Europe should be construed into a request for moral support, not for military interference, except in powerful and, if necessary, threatening appearances.

Though so anxious not to imperil the life or well-being of others, Marie-Antoinette was singularly unsolicitous about her own. unselfish trait in her disposition, so conspicuous amidst the shameless egotism that crowded every avenue leading to Court favour and preferment, exposed her to frequent imposition, and to many consequent mischances and unjust suspicions. Such results were, indeed, inevit-To whom, among this obtrusive mass of self-seeking, and generally contemptible, persons, could she look for advice or sympathy? No one felt an interest in her glory, or truly desired her happiness. As her power and influence declined, so the sycophantic and treacherous crowd melted away, leaving her in the midst of dread perils to struggle alone. Then it was that, like many of her sex in the hour of danger, Marie-Antoinette disclosed, beneath a delicate, gentle, yielding, and often timid nature, an undercurrent of courage, of high, noble, and silent endurance, of calm and unfaltering resignation, of lofty resolve, rising during the last terrible days of her existence even unto heroism.

C. J. WALLIS.

UNIVERSAL GENIUS.

HE popular view of genius seems to be that it is equal to any kind of different achievement. At least, this is the youthful view of the matter. Boys are wont to endow their hero with omnipotence. The real giant of the school, in whose prowess it firmly believes, is the clever lad who can floor classics and mathematics with equal ease, and who is perhaps as great at cricket or at football as at books. And it is much the same at the university. Everybody can recall from his college days the clever versatile man who was most talked about. His admirers were firmly persuaded that he could do whatever he chose. To come out first in mathematics, and win the prize for Latin or English verse in the same year, was a mere bagatelle to him, and, if he chanced not to do it, this was just because the giant was indolent, and did not care enough about the matter. Curious speculations were woven as to his possible future, for it was an intense conviction of every genuine worshipper that his hero had his choice of becoming an archbishop, a poet laureate, or a prime minister.

This youthful view of intellectual prowess has received a certain justification from those who have philosophised on the subject. According to their teaching, pre-eminence in any region of thought or action is due not so much to a special endowment, a peculiar faculty giving its possessor an enormous advantage in some particular direction, but to a high power of concentration. This view is summed up in the well-known saying of Carlyle—himself as much a hero-worshipper as any boy—that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains.

It seems natural to ask the question whether this view is borne out by the facts of the case. Does the history of great men lend any countenance to the idea that genius is in its essential quality a multiform ability, a capacity for leadership anywhere, whether the domain of statesmanship, science, art, or any other field of human activity?

A mere glance at history suggests at once the reflection that few men have ever risen to high eminence in more than one department of human activity. The men who have gained the widest and most assured renown have, as a rule, won it in one particular field. In statesmanship, for example, such names as Richelieu, Von Stein, Pitt, Fox, Cavour, and many others are known as statesmen, and as such only. And if, instead of the domain of practical affairs, we take that of literature or art, the fact becomes still more apparent. Who thinks of Homer, Virgil, Dante, or Shakespeare as anything but a poet? Still less do we connect with the names of Mozart, Beethoven, and Rossini, any but musical genius; or with Raphael, Rubens, and Rembrandt, any other ability than the pictorial.

At the same time it is a well-known fact that a number of eminent men have displayed a diversity of gifts. These supply the familiar instances of what is known as "versatile talent," or, in extreme cases, "universal genius." And it is evident that we must examine these cases of protean power with some care if we would answer the above question as to whether all genius is in its essence preternatural ability in general, or not, rather, a transcendent measure of power of a very specific kind. What we have here to inquire is, how much versatile genius has succeeded in accomplishing, and what it has failed to achieve.

If we take any group of great men we may find some examples of ability extending beyond the bounds of the special métier. Thus, to begin with statesmen, we have, among old-world celebrities, the familiar names of Julius Cæsar and Cicero. The former was an instance of a by no means uncommon combination of literary accomplishment with practical genius, the latter an example of a union of the philosopher with the orator and the statesman. Again, in modern history, a number of statesmen have shown ability as men of letters. Turgot, Bolingbroke, Burke, Macaulay, Brougham, Disraeli, may be instanced here. In more than one of these cases, indeed, it might seem difficult at first sight to say whether the rank attained as statesman or as man of letters were the higher.

In literature examples of great and even astonishing versatility are easy to find. Some writers display great capacity in various forms of literary production, while others combine literary ability with other kinds. Among versatile writers a high place must be accorded to those who have attained to real distinction in the two great departments of prose and poetry. Not many names, one imagines, could be mentioned as worthy to be included in this group Milton, in virtue of his "Areopagitica," Voltaire, Goethe, Scott, Cole ridge, and Hugo might safely be included. In addition to such undoubted masters of the double craft, others, as Lessing, Schiller,

Shelley, are deserving of mention as having displayed skill in both branches of the literary art.

If, disregarding the broad contrast of form, we ask how many writers have displayed versatility in dealing with very different kinds of subject-matter, we obtain a fair number. Of these Diderot may be first mentioned as a typical example. Hardly any subject was foreign to his pen. He proved his ability in such unlike territories as philosophy and romance. His encyclopædic mind seems to have mastered with equal ease the problems of history and of the mechanical arts. In German literature Herder, and still better, perhaps, Lessing, display a masterly many-sidedness worthy to be compared with that of Diderot; and here, again, Goethe deserves mention by reason of his contributions to biological science. In our own realm of letters it might be difficult to select writers who have shown quite so wide a range of first-rate ability, though we have many excellent examples of diversified talent, as Goldsmith, Johnson, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and others.

Of writers who have shown ability outside the domain of letters one may mention Vanbrugh, who was at first a soldier, and who attained notoriety both as a dramatic author and as an architect. Another striking example is the novelist Hoffmann, who exhibited in early life, along with marked ability in verbal composition, both musical and pictorial talent, and who, when he grew up, won a reputation as a lawyer, as a musical composer (he composed among other things the opera "Undine"), and as a painter. Hoffmann's versatility almost puts into the shade the encyclopædic attainments of the admirable Crichton, and the miscellaneous accomplishments of Brougham. Other instances that just need to be alluded to are Rousseau, who joined to his literary gifts a respectable musical talent; and Thackeray, who, when young, showed a marked proclivity to art, and actually began a professional study of it. Other cases of a conjunction of literary and artistic ability are Blake and O. Madox Brown, the latter of whom unfortunately died too early for his striking gifts to become widely known.

If we look into the graver walks of literature, philosophy, and science, the same thing is observable. Among philosophers, with whom we may take theologians, we light on well-marked instances of versatility. Pascal, Descartes, and Leibnitz were not only eminent as philosophic thinkers, but made valuable contributions to mathematics. Indeed, Leibnitz belongs to the truly astounding instances of wideranging capacity of the first order. He was great at once in scholarship, in law, in politics—to which he devoted a large part of his life—

in mathematics, and in philosophy. Kant and Reid were both eminent as students and teachers of mathematics and physics before they won distinction in philosophy. Of theologians the most illustrious instances of versatility are Isaac Barrow, who was equally famous for his contributions to mathematical science and for his sermons; and Robert Boyle, who combined with the peculiar genius of the divine a strong bent to physical science.

Among men eminent in science one may pick out a fair number that displayed other kinds of power as well. And here one first thinks of Benjamin Franklin, who was not only a scientific discoverer of the first rank, but a practical statesman and a man of letters; indeed there seems no particular reason why one should reckon him among savants rather than among statesmen. Of those who clearly belong to science Galileo showed a decided bent towards art, and more especially music and poetry; indeed it has been said that his attainments were as wide as those of Da Vinci. The father of modern physiology, Haller, was, and is still, known in the Fatherland as a poet. Among our own men of science the name of Thomas Young stands out conspicuously as an instance of versatile power. If he had not become so well known by his discoveries in optics he would still have won a place among the famous by reason of his linguistic researches, and more particularly his discovery of the process of interpreting hieroglyphics. Even in this age of extreme specialisation in science we may find examples of original power breaking through the barriers that divide different regions of thought. The late Professor Clifford may be selected as a remarkable instance of a combination of eminent mathematical capacity of a special kind with a far-ranging general ability, which among other ways displayed itself in valuable contributions to the logic of the physical sciences, to ethics, and even to the more abstruse branches of metaphysical speculation.

As we leave the terrain of literature and enter that of art, the instances of diversified talent appear, on the whole, to grow less frequent. Among painters, it is true, we have some decidedly noteworthy examples, but oddly enough they are almost exclusively found in Italy. Of these the most illustrious is undoubtedly Leonardo da Vinci. Although most widely known as a painter, he was at the same time sculptor, architect, engineer, poet, musician, and man of science. In the latter domain, he anticipated, in a crude form, some of the greatest discoveries of modern science. If he had devoted himself to physical science, he might not improbably have reached the fame of Galileo or of Kepler; and even as it is his writings,

including the "Treatise on Painting," are acknowledged by eminent living savants as a valuable mine of facts and theories. Of less illustrious examples, one may mention Orcagna, who was painter, sculptor, architect, and poet; Benvenuto Cellini, who was taken into the service of Pope Clement VII. in the double capacity of goldsmith and flutist, and who afterwards developed considerable literary skill both as a poet and as a prose-writer; Piero della Francesca, who wrote on mathematical subjects; Michael Angelo, who proved his power not only as a sculptor and a painter but as a poet; and Salvator Rosa, who to his pictorial gifts united so much poetic and musical capacity that he takes, even now, a high place among lyrists. Among English artists Reynolds and Hogarth may be named as having reached considerable proficiency in literary composition. Hogarth's speculations, indeed, on the ideal of linear beauty have attained an assured place among modern æsthetic writings.

Among musicians, the absence of versatility is very conspicuous. More than any other group of creators they have devoted themselves with singleness of purpose to their chosen craft. While a number of scientific men and painters have shown a respectable skill in music, it would be difficult to find a really eminent musician who has made his mark in any other branch of production. attained some literary skill as a musical critic, and Mendelssohn, as we know from his charming letters, was not only a man of much wider culture than the bulk of musicians, but acquired a certain facility and grace in the use of his pen; but neither of these has any strong claims to a literary reputation. Perhaps the one exception to the general one-sidedness of musicians is Richard Wagner, whose dramatic poems are by many placed on a level with his musical compositions, and whose critical prose works are marked not only by real philosophic acuteness, but by a clear and forcible style.

So much as to the facts. We may now try to gauge their value, and ascertain with some approach to precision what they teach as to the frequency among famous men of versatile power of the higher order.

In attempting such an estimate of the facts we have first to make sure that in every case alleged the variety of performance achieved attests the possession of distinct kinds of power. Now, in some of the instances commonly quoted we cannot be quite certain of this. For example, it may be said that the coexistence of poetic inventiveness with a gift of historical realisation, as in Voltaire, Schiller, and others, is not a clear proof of versatility, since in each kind of pro-

duction it is pre-eminently the pictorial imagination that is employed, though in a somewhat different manner. Again, one may argue that the æsthetic theories put forth by poets as Horace, Schiller, and Wordsworth, by painters as Reynolds and Hogarth, or by musicians as Schumann and Wagner, being largely the outgrowth of the writer's artistic experience, cannot be accepted as unequivocal evidence of the existence of distinct varieties of talent. Once more, it might perhaps be objected that the mastery of the twofold medium of literary expression, prose and poetry, though involving different varieties of skill, hardly demonstrates the presence of distinct intellectual gifts.

If we rigorously exclude all such doubtful cases, and accept as our criterion of versatility performance in perfectly distinct and unlike branches of production, as the disconnected arts of music and painting, or artistic creation and scientific research, we shall considerably reduce the number of cited instances of protean genius. If we look over the roll of great names we shall find that the number of poetpainters, philosopher-novelists, musician-savants, and such like, is a depressingly small one.

There is, no doubt, one apparent exception to this rule. If we take the well-opposed pursuits of practical affairs and literature we find quite a goodly number of distinguished names that represent both. Chaucer, Bacon, Milton, Dante, Cervantes, Grotius, Leibnitz, Bolingbroke, Turgot, Condorcet, Burke, and, more recently, Macaulay, Brougham, Lytton, and Beaconsfield, are instances that at once occur to the mind. Each of these took part in public affairs, and served the State either as a minister or as a soldier.

But here another reflection suggests itself. Of the many who have conjoined the seemingly foreign avocations of political life and literature, what proportion, it may be asked, have displayed consummate power and acquired independent renown in each? Has not the service to the State often been entered on by studious men, not from a passionate, overpowering ambition, but from a sense of hereditary obligation; and, on the other hand, have not practical politicians frequently taken up literature either as a medium for publishing their political views, or as a pleasant relief and diversion from the wearying excitements of political contention?

This brings into view a second limitation in our selection of instances of versatile genius.

After we have made sure that the variety of work performed represents distinct lines of activity, we have to see that first-rate ability, amounting to originality, has been displayed in each. And

in this particular, too, it will be found that many alleged instances or versatile talent are wanting. People have been much too ready to ascribe a variety of talents to the objects of their admiration. The love of the marvellous, that large and unfailing source of exaggeration, has led others besides the enthusiastic companions of a gifted youth to see a universal genius where, in fact, there has been only a very limited range of ability.

This exaggeration may assume one of two forms. In the first place, it is very easy to imagine that a man has originative power where he only possesses the faculty of mastering a subject and making it his own. In this way the polymathic faculty comes to be mistaken for universal genius. This error is particularly common in judging of the power of the young, for the tests of the school and the college, which do so much to fix the intellectual status of a youth, are by common consent a measure not of originative ability but of acquisitive and assimilative power. And even in the case of older men there seems good reason for ascribing a similar confusion to the popular estimate. How many people, one wonders, fully realise the truth that a wide and general range of aptitude in seizing, assimilating, and even making use of knowledge, like that of Brougham, is no indication at all of genius—that is to say, originative and inventive power? The polymathic attainments of the "admirable" Crichton did not offer the slightest guarantee that, if that much-famed youth had not been slain by his princely pupil, he would ever have enriched the world to the extent of a single new idea.

In the second place, it is, I think, apparent that in many cases where a man has fully proved himself to be great in some particular domain, the display of taste and skill in other regions has been unduly magnified. The glory won in another field clings as a halo to the hero's head when he enters a new and untried territory. If, for example, a statesman, weary of the din of party strife, seeks repose and refreshment in the hushed retreat of letters, he is fairly certain to be set up by his admirers as a new literary star. If a scientific man diverts himself with versification he is straightway discovered to be How many people would know anything about Michael Angelo's sonnets if the writer had not won a larger and enduring fame as an artist? Would Rousseau have any place in the history of music if his name had not become so weighty and commanding in other regions of production? Or should we hear so much about Goethe's exploits in the field of science if they were not the doings of Goethe, the first of modern poets?

If, now, we rigorously enforce this second condition also, and

accept as instances of multiform genius only those who have manifested distinctly originative capacity in diverse directions, we shall find that our list is reduced to miserably small dimensions. To take the case spoken of above, the combination of political capacity with literary talent, how few examples are forthcoming of undoubted leadership in each domain! On the one hand, we have examples of essentially studious men, like Bacon, Milton, and Guizot, showing a partial or total want of the qualities that ensure the highest success in political life; or, on the other hand, instances of men of distinctly practical genius, like Julius Cæsar. De Sully, Richelieu, and others, taking up literary work as a kind of pendant to their political career. This includes cases like Turgot, whose bent of intelligence, in spite of the range of his studies, was decidedly practical, and whose writings are chiefly valuable for that luminous grasp of practical principle which gave its splendour to his brief experiment in statesmanship. Even in those cases where at first sight a man appears to have won the distinction of a "double first" in the two lists, we can commonly see that the one distinction falls far below the other. Burke is perhaps the most remarkable instance of this double success, yet Burke was by common consent much more a thinker than a political leader. Perhaps, indeed, one ought to say that in Burke we have a signal instance of the limitations of the versatile mind. There was in him a genuine vein of philosophic reflection, yet one neither thick nor compact enough to have yielded a first-rate reputation, while it was just firm enough to obstruct those swift and semi-conscious movements of the practical judgment on which all large success in affairs depends. In Macaulay, again, we have a respectable political reputation overshadowed by a more considerable literary renown. With all his great gifts of acquisitive power, complete readiness of mind, and impressive oratory, he fell short of the high level of a statesman. And, even in his proper domain of letters, he is perhaps to be viewed as an example rather of the polymathic order of intelligence, of a talent for swiftly mastering new material and gaining a critical insight into things, than of that plastic genius which gives a new form to all that it touches. Of the novels of the Earl of Beaconsfield it may be said that they are hardly old enough for any one to say whether, as specimens of literary art merely, and independently of their value as social and political studies, they will hold a permanent place in our literature.

If, again, we ask how many have united the capacity of scientific speculation with the imaginative and artistic faculty, we shall find that the number is paltry enough. Da Vinci is probably the best

example, and it would be hard to match him. Certainly Goethe, who in this regard is so often extolled by his admirers, is the inferior of the Italian. His contributions to morphology showed, no doubt, a brilliant talent for discovering analogies of form, but against this must be set his blind perversities in the region of optical theory. It is not too much to say that he here conclusively proved his incapacity for that steady imaginative reflection on facts which issues in the detection of the truth that informs them with meaning. Much the same applies to the union of poetic invention with philosophic speculation in Coleridge. Nobody can doubt that as a thinker, though always subtle and sometimes profound, he showed no originality equal to that displayed in his best poetry. His philosophic or reflective bent was most fruitful in the dominion of literary criticism, where his poetic feeling and experience were able to assist him.

The conclusion we have reached is that true greatness very rarely shows itself in more than one well-defined region of human activity. A large proportion of eminent men are known only by some one type of production, as poetry, science, or constructive statesmanship. Of those who are unmistakably men of genius, and who have attained notoriety in more than one pursuit, only a very small fraction can safely be pronounced great in each of these. And, lastly, the men who have won the most brilliant renown for versatile talent are as a rule distinctly wanting in that creative force which is the one title to supreme distinction.

And now let us see what inference can safely be drawn from these facts. At first sight it might seem as if they were consistent with either of the two views of genius indicated above. Thus, it may be said that the fact of a great man having attained to the highest success in one line of activity only does not prove that he had any special and determining aptitude in that direction, but merely that all capital achievement implies an exclusive and prolonged concentration of power. I think, however, that this interpretation cannot be reconciled with the fact that when, as has often happened, a man of first-rate ability has tested his powers by serious efforts in different spheres of action, he has found that he energises with greatest effect in some particular direction. These tentative excursions of the great man into different territories suggest the conclusion that every son of genius is predestined to some one mode of ideal production, and that by no amount of self-determination and selective concentration merely will he attain to that foremost rank which is the prize of such a high calling.

This inference is borne out in the strongest way by a study of the

beginnings of a truly great career. If the possession of genius involved universal ability, and thus offered scope for a free choice of activity, we should not expect to find the gifted youth showing at the outset a strong and invincible bent to one special variety of performance. And yet this is precisely what we do find in the majority of cases. As has recently been shown by statistical evidence, a very large proportion of those who have attained eminence in literature, art, and science were distinguished in early life by a strong and even passionate devotion to their special life-work. The life-history of the greatest musicians, painters, and poets tells us plainly enough that they did not deliberately choose their profession. It was chosen for them, not by parents, who were very often opposed, but by the occult destinies that mark each of us out for some one unique experience.

No doubt it may be said that there are exceptions to this rule. Not to every child of genius have the fates at the outset distinctly revealed the true path. Some have had to wait, to try one excursion after another till the right road has become plain. The richly endowed, widely cultured Goethe may be taken as a specimen of what is here meant. Such a nature has first to be lured by a variety of contending voices before the dominant one sounds forth in clear unmistakable ring. In time, sometimes longer, somtimes shorter, its commanding note will disentangle itself from the confusion of sounds. The voice of Euterpe or of Terpsichore, of Clio or of Urania, calls "Thou art mine," and the heart of the novitiate leaps with a proud joy and swears a lifelong fidelity.

And now we may ask what is the explanation of these facts, why is it that mental power of the highest order is thus circumscribed in its range of employment.

Although we are in the habit of talking of genius in general as if it were one and the same capacity in all cases, the etymology of the word may remind us that it is in its essence something eminently variable. The creative power that goes to make a poet is not the same as that which constitutes a painter or a man of science. We may by a certain tension of language say that all originality is the outcome of a rich inventive imagination, but at the same time we must bear in mind that this imagination energises now in one mode, now in another, producing quite unlike results in the two cases. The process of creation is as various as its products.

It may be safely said that consummate ability in any line of work presupposes from the first a very special bent and adaptation to that variety of performance. No artisan ever reached the highest skill in any branch of technical production that had not at the outset an eye

and a hand peculiarly well fitted for such fine operations. A born musician has ingrained in his nervous organisation a special aptitude for mastering his sound-material and for working it up into its appropriate forms.

Nor is this natural basis of a special variety of genius merely a matter of superior ability and skill. It comprises a very distinct emotional element, which we commonly describe as a dominant impulse towards some particular form of art. The born painter is distinguished not only by a preternaturally fine discernment of colour, but by an enthusiastic delight in it. The born poet feels a passionate and irresistible longing to sing. We may go further than this. Genius exhibits not only specific, but individual variations. evident, indeed, that the power of originating in any field of production presupposes a new combination of great qualities. A Milton, a Turner, or a Mozart means a new individuality of the colossal order, a perfectly unique combination of those potent elements out of which all genius is built up. And this idiosyncrasy carries with it a special predisposition to a certain kind of artistic effect within the limits of the prescribed art. Nobody can doubt that Turner, by the dominant set of the currents of feeling and imagination, was a born landscape-painter, or that Landseer was predestined by special sympathy and understanding to be the pictorial interpreter of the animal mind. Who can imagine the dreamy Coleridge breaking out in a piece of spirited declamation, or the ruggedly impetuous Carlyle taming himself to the smooth movements of numbers? Even where undoubted greatnesss ranges through a wider sphere we see that the dominant idiosyncrasy impresses like traits on the several kinds of workmanship. Michael Angelo the painter is great in the very way in which Michael Angelo the sculptor was great—in his feeling for the dignity of the human form, and for the eloquence of pose and movement.

While thus attributing to genius a high degree of specialisation and individuation, we must be careful not to confound this with narrowness of aim or method. This, where it exists, is rather an accompaniment of talent, or cleverness, than of true genius. A writer of great originality could never go on filling volume after volume with precisely the same kind of word-painting. A great painter could never confine himself to portraying one ethnical type, or even one kind of material substance, just because special excellence had been reached in this mode of workmanship. Such deliberately self-imposed specialisation, by which an artist ties himself down to the doing of one thing over and over again, has nothing in common with

the specialisation which flows directly and necessarily from the individuality of a creative mind; with the specialisation, for example, which made Carlyle gravitate more and more to one branch of literary art—viz. historical portraiture, as that which offered the fullest scope for his peculiar intellectual gifts and moral predilections.

So far from being narrow the man of genius must, one should say, be broad in the range of his conception, if not in that of his execution. There is a sense, indeed, in which every artist would be the gainer by becoming universal. Thus the poet and the painter may each profit from a full and exact study of the facts of natural science. But then the artistic benefit depends on the subject being studied not as a savant would study it, merely for the sake of precise knowledge, but for the sake of the poetical or pictorial aspects, relations, and suggestions which the facts present. So true is this that one is hardly going too far in laying it down as a canon that a painter ought not to be a good reasoner on the causes of natural phenomena, and that a poet ought not to be an authority in the realm, say, of purely historical or ethical discussion.

The lives of great men have often shown us a strange and perverse inclination to break through the bounds of their proper domain. More than one man of undoubted genius has, it is averred, expressed regret that he had not attained distinction in some other line than his own. Wolfe, when actually engaged in his last crowning feat of generalship, is said to have declared that he would sooner have written Gray's "Elegy." Goethe, not satisfied to be the greatest of German poets, was ambitious to become a savant as well. facts appear at first sight to contradict our theory, that superlative performance of any kind implies a corresponding concentration of impulse. Yet the contradiction is only apparent. We may be sure that Wolfe-who, by-the-by, became a soldier soon after he was thirteen—was, on the whole, more passionately desirous of military than of poetic distinction, just as we know that in Goethe the poetic impulse was the most potent and permanent. Such occasional roving ambitions may mean nothing more than that the great man, like the small one, is apt to over-estimate what lies beyond his reach; or perhaps that he, more than common men, is aware of the limitations that hem him in, and is now and again disposed to rebel against them.

Genius, then, appears to involve a certain limitation. Supreme power means power concentrated and directed towards a special aim, not, however, by the individual's conscious volition, but by nature herself. And is this truth not at the bottom of the old con-

ception of genius, as a force outside the individual, inspiring him with some definite idea and urging him on to the accomplishment of some special task? For the essence of this conception seems to be that the truly great man does not deliberately choose his particular variety of work, any more than he carries out its processes by a conscious application of rules.

The ultimate scientific explanation of this limitation will probably have to be looked for in the region of biological truth. Mental power is plainly correlated with brain capacity. That this last is limited in ordinary cases is a scientific commonplace. Everybody can see that the brain of Hodge or of a London sandwichman cannot "secrete" more than a certain amount of thought on the world that surrounds him. But we are apt to forget that the brain of an Aristotle or of a Goethe has its limits too, which, in fact, are determined by the same broad conditions that fix the power of the sandwichman's organ—viz. those forces of heredity which confine every human brain within measurable distance from the average typical model.

This being so, it can easily be shown that to talk of universal genius, in the sense of the highest ability of all kinds, is a biological absurdity. The greatest attainable human power in any line of activity presupposes not only a brain much above the average in quantity of energy, but one sufficiently differentiated and specialised in its structure to function with the minimum of friction in that particular direction. Thus, the potentiality of a great painter involves a brain, together with the connected organs of eye and hand, so fashioned at the outset as to be able to assimilate, retain, and elaborate the impressions of pictorial art with special facility, and with much more ease than other brains of an equal amount of energy. A given quantity of brain force thrown into the form of special aptitude is bound to beat in its own proper line the same quantity diffused as general aptitude.

From the same consideration of nature's economy we can see, too, how it is that all fruitful genius has for its native concomitant a strong subduing impulse towards the line of greatest aptitude. For it is only when great faculty is thus vitalised by intense feeling that it reaches its state of maximum tension. The cerebral base of a truly creative intellect must, we may be sure, include not only special excellence of function of a particular form, but a powerful setting of the nerve currents in the direction of that function.

When biological science is advanced enough for us to be able to put into definite form the ideas here shadowed forth we shall probably be able to clear up the obscure and much-contested distinction between talent and genius. All will agree, one supposes, that wide versatility consorts much more naturally with what we commonly mark off as talent than with original genius. And the reason of this may, perhaps, be dimly descried in the considerations here brought forward. For talent, when distinguished from genius, seems to mean superior ability to master ideas and to develop new applications of them. And it is evident that this kind of capability is not necessarily limited in its scope. Indeed it would appear rather to exclude the idea of any unique excellence of aptitude in a particular region of activity. And it certainly does exclude an all-absorbing interest in some one circle of ideas. Hence the superior grades of talent appear as remarkable instances of versatility. Diderot, Lessing, better still, Macaulay, may be said to represent talent raised to its highest power. And, if so, one may say that talent has for its physical substratum a splendid average brain—average, that is, in the general equality or indifference of its manifold functions, though greatly raised above the average in point of strength. And do we not seem here to approach a physical explanation of the fact that while talent, as exalted common sense, is something normal and healthy, genius is apt to go off into abnormal one-sidedness?

IAMES SULLY.

"NUMBER FORTY-FIVE."1

THE most famous newspaper article ever written, and the one which perhaps has had more effect in politics than any other, was No. 45 of *The North Briton*, written by John Wilkes, and published on the 23rd of April, 1763. There was nothing very remarkable in the article itself; a dozen as good or better in style, as outspoken and more caustic, are now written nearly every week, and attract but little notice or are taken as matters of course; but the conditions under which it appeared, its antecedents and its consequences, caused it to be of immense importance in political as well as in newspaper history.

When, with Henry Pelham's death in March 1754, the "Broad Bottom administration," of which he had been the capable head, came to an end, George II. exclaimed, "Now I shall have no more peace;" and to others besides the old king the trouble was great. Under Pelham's management of affairs the long feud between Whigs and Tories had been brought to a pause. Sir Robert Walpole's policy had been so firmly established in principle and so altered in practice. that, while wide differences of opinion and yet wider differences in tactics arose among those who called themselves Whigs, there were not many left who chose to call themselves Tories, and of those who did, only a few held to the traditions of Harley and St. John. Jacobitism had been stamped out with the crushing of the Rebellion of 1745, and the new Toryism that was to be strong under the guidance of the younger Pitt had not yet shaped itself. The elder Pitt was Pelham's ablest survivor, and an abler man than Pelham; but he claimed to be a Whig, and, if not particularly honest, and less consistent than he was honest, he was too democratic and too patriotic to be liked by the Whigs who held him in awe. These other Whigs were nearly all of them contemptible place-seekers, full of a mercenary greed that Pitt in no way shared with them. Forty years' experience on the other hand had convinced the Tories that, all attempts to effect a Stuart restoration being futile, their only chance

A chapter of a forthcoming book on "English Newspapers."

of influencing public affairs and forcing their way into office was in accepting the Hanoverian succession, and much else which their fathers had resented. They had been avowed malcontents, underhand plotters, and open-mouthed preachers of sedition throughout Walpole's time and Pelham's, and, George II. being now more than seventy years old, they waited impatiently, and with not a little anxiety, to see what benefits they and their cause might get from the impending change of monarchs. For that change they had to wait more than six years, during which the young Prince of Wales was kept in such seclusion that few could tell what line he would take, although much was hoped from the known leanings of the prince's tutor or governor, the Marquis of Bute, and the known influence of this disreputable nobleman over the prince's lately widowed mother.

That was the state of things while the Duke of Newcastle and the elder Pitt, separately or jointly, administered the nation's affairs after 1754; and it was by way of putting a newspaper check on the schemers at court that The Monitor, the pioneer of The North Briton, was started in August 1755, and carried on a brave war during more than six years, before and after George III.'s accession. From the dedication of the first volume we learn that The Monitor was originated—that is, apparently, the necessary money was found for it-by Richard Beckford, Alderman of Farringdon Without, and Member of Parliament for Bristol, who seems to have been a younger brother of the more celebrated Alderman William Beckford. who was Member for London in two Parliaments and thrice Lord Mayor before his death in 1770. Richard Beckford died in 1756;1 but his political opinions were steadily maintained in The Monitor, which had for its editor John Entick, who wrote a History of London and compiled a Latin Dictionary with which some schoolboys are still familiar.

The task that *The Monitor* took upon itself was "to commend good men and good measures, and to censure bad ones, without respect of persons, and to awaken the spirit of liberty and loyalty for which the British nation was anciently distinguished, but which was in a manner lulled asleep by that golden opiate which weak and wicked ministers for many years had too successfully tendered to persons of all ranks as a necessary engine of government, though, in truth, nothing less than a libel upon their own measures, which could not be justified upon principles of wisdom and integrity." In its pages there were to be "no sarcastical reflections upon majesty, no seeds

¹ Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xxvi. p. 91.

of disaffection, no imputations to persons without evident facts or probabilities to support them, no attempts to weaken the hands of government, no wilful misrepresentation of men and measures, or the least design to impose upon the understanding of the people;" but "a dutiful regard shown to the prince upon the throne, without foolish and fulsome flattery, a true zeal for a Protestant succession and for a religious observance of the Act of Settlement, a manly reprehension of ministers when they do amiss, a modest panegyric upon them when they act wisely; which proves that the controversy is not about men, but measures, and that party is entirely out of the design."

The Monitor was not a newspaper in the sense of a paper supplying news. It was a six-paged folio, furnishing each Saturday as forcible a political essav as Entick could write or get written for him, somewhat on the plan adopted long before by Steele and Addison, and now followed by Johnson, Goldsmith, and others; but unlike most of these, and following the example of Defoe, and more recently of Fielding, when he was grave, in sticking to politics, and keeping clear of social and literary subjects. England, when it started, was about to embark, under Pitt's guidance, in the Seven Years' War, and was grievously hampered in its progress by squabbles and jealousies of statesmen, courtiers, and adventurers of every sort. "We are on the brink of two precipices," it was boldly asserted in the first number, "chained by a most heavy debt and other great and imminent dangers from within, and just on the point of war with a great and powerful enemy the event of which may determine our being as a free and independent nation. Nothing less than a vigorous exertion of our natural rights, and unanimous consensus, with the divine assistance, in the defence of our liberties, king, and country, can prevent us from sinking under the weight of such multiplied and growing evils." "Let us endeavour," it urged, "to restore the integrity of government, and root up corruption, the principal source from which all our domestic evils have sprung."

In that bold temper *The Monitor* entered on its self-appointed mission, and persevered in it during the remainder of the Duke of Newcastle's administration, through the years in which Pitt was premier, and for some time after. Fearlessly discussing the week's events, and illustrating its views by appeals to history and the teachings of philosophers, it delighted and instructed a large section of the London public, and became a terror to ministers, and yet more to the dishonest schemers who were out of the ministry, who, while Pitt was in office, gathered more and more round the Earl of Bute.

"Lord Bute called on me, and we had much talk about setting

up a paper," wrote the fussy and unscrupulous Bubb Dodington on December 20, 1760.1 That was only seven weeks after George III. had become king, three months before Bute had forced himself into a Secretaryship of State, and seventeen months before he considered himself strong enough to usurp the premiership. If, throughout this interval, there was much or frequent "talk about setting up a paper" in opposition to The Monitor, there was nothing but talk till after May 22, 1762, on which day, rumour having anticipated Bute's coup d'état of the following week, The Monitor came out with an article of special vehemence, not naming the usurper, but clearly pointing at him, and tendering some plain advice and warning to the young king. "A wise prince," it said, "ought to resolve never to give himself up totally to those he advances to power. His prudence will call upon him to distrust the smallest beginnings, and preserve him from the temptation of superficial qualities. He will show a confirmed hatred to flattery, and won't allow anything but truth and justice to influence his actions, and he will be persuaded in his own mind that, if he does not preserve a love of truth, and show a particular regard to those who are capable and honest enough to tell it to him, he shall sooner or later be delivered by divine justice into the hands of a favourite that shall make the people mourn and eclipse the glory of the crown." This and much more to the same effect was stronger language than Bute and his friends could meekly submit to. They took counsel together, and on May 29, just a week after the publication of this public attack upon them in The Monitor, the first number of The Briton was issued.

The editor chosen for *The Briton* was Tobias Smollett—an unwise choice, for Smollett, skilful novelist though he was, was a very unskilful controversialist, and had already, in *The Critical Review* which he started in 1756, shown that he could neither write smartly on matters of fact, nor substitute fiction for fact in such ways as to save himself from fine or imprisonment for his slanders. He was a hard-working Tory hack, however, and, as he was often reminded by his enemies, even if he did not often remind his employers, a Scotchman with special claims on the Scotchman now in power. He was also proficient in the vocabulary of vituperation. In his first number, announcing that the purpose of *The Briton* was to oppose and expose and depose *The Monitor*, he described it as "a paper so devoid of all merit in the execution, that the author, conscious of his own unimportance and incapacity, seems to have had recourse in

despair to the only expedient which he thought would give him any chance for engaging the public, to insinuation against the throne and abuse of the ministry." "He has undertaken the vilest work of the worst incendiary," Smollett said, and much else of the same sort, in this and the thirty-seven other numbers of *The Briton* which were published. Entick retaliated with a scornful expression of "that contempt in which he holds a paper whose existence depends on forced interpretations, ingenious misapplications, and insidious provocations." The public seems to have shared this contempt. We have it on the authority of a contemporary publisher, that of *The Briton*, "the number printed was but 250, which was as little as could be printed with respect to the saving of the expense." ² The only importance of *The Briton* is in the fact that it brought John Wilkes into the field.

Wilkes was now in his thirty-fifth year. Being of a well-to-do dissenting family, and his father, we are told, being "so much attached to Revolution principles that, in order to escape from the possible contagion of a political stain, the son was not allowed to complete his education at either of the English universities," 3 he had been strictly brought up, and married, when he was twenty-two, to a rich and pious lady who was ten years his senior, and whose mother for some time kept house for the ill-assorted couple. Wilkes, who was noted even as a schoolboy as "a sprightly and entertaining fellow," though of "ugly countenance," 4 found home life irksome, and soon became a conspicuous member of the profligate gang of young Whigs and Tories who ignored politics in their pursuit of pleasure while Pitt and others of their elders were engrossed in the game of party. Sir Francis Dashwood and Lord Sandwich were rivals for the leadership in this lewd company, and Wilkes hung on to them till he quarrelled with both, and gave mortal offence to Sandwich by a practical joke that had the result, for a time, of convincing the blaspheming earl that a baboon which jumped out of a box and leapt on to his shoulders in response to his invocation of the devil, was Satan himself.5

Wilkes's private life was at no stage blameless from a modern viewpoint, and when he became a politician he cannot be credited with worthier motives than prompted most of his neighbours. He attached himself to Pitt, who helped him to a seat in the Parliament elected in 1757, in consideration of his

¹ The Monitor, No. 360, June 12, 1762.

² Almon, Review of Lord Bute's Administration, p. 55.

³ Stephens, Memoirs of J. Horne Tooke, vol. i. p. 89.

⁴ Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Carlyle, p. 168.

⁵ Charles Johnstone, Chrysal, vol. iii. pp. 231-49.

paying the premier's election expenses at Bath as well as his own at Aylesbury, and he looked for some more substantial reward than the honour of being made high sheriff of Buckinghamshire and colonel of the Bucks regiment of militia. ambition will ever be," he wrote, "to have my parliamentary conduct approved by the ablest minister, as well as the first character of the age. I live in the hope of doing my country some small services at least, and I am sure the only certain way of doing any is by a steady support of your measures." Wilkes had influence enough to get Dr. Johnson's black servant excused from the sailor-slavery for which he had been pressed—this favour being asked in 1750 by Smollett, to whom Johnson had applied, "though he and I were never cater-cousins," and who said in his letter, "You know what matter of animosity the said Johnson has against you, and I dare say you desire no other opportunity of resenting it than that of laying him under an obligation."2 But it was easier to do such small things than to obtain lucrative employment under the crown; and Wilkes failed when he applied first for the ambassadorship at Constantinople, and afterwards for the governorship of Ouebec, which had just been wrested from the French, and where "his ambition," he said, was "to have reconciled the new subjects to the English, and to have shown the French the advantage of the mild rule of laws over that of lawless power and despotism." 3 Wilkes attributed both failures to the Earl of Bute, now Secretary of State, and anxious to bestow all offices of trust and profit on Tories and Scotchmen. Though Wilkes's patriotism was as honest as that of most men, it cannot be doubted that it owed much to personal pique. Had accident so guided him to either course, he might have continued a mere dissolute man of the world like Sandwich and Dashwood, or he might have developed into a "constitutional" politician in Pitt's train. Instead of that he started The North Briton, and became a great demagogue.

"Briton," it should be noted, was the title that at this time the Tories of the Bute school especially arrogated. "Born and bred in this country, I glory in the name of Briton," they made George III. say, in opening his first Parliament, "and the peculiar happiness of my life will ever consist in promoting the welfare of a people

¹ Chatham Correspondence, vol. i. p. 239.

² Boswell, Life of Johnson, ch. x. Johnson's animosity had been partly caused by Wilkes's joke at his expense, with reference to the statement in the Dictionary that "H seldom, perhaps never, begins any but the first syllable." "The author of this observation," remarked Wilkes, "must be a man of quick appre-hension, and of a most compre-hensive genius,"

³ Rae, Wilkes, Sheridan, and Fox, p. 17.

whose loyalty and warm affection I consider as the greatest and most permanent security of my throne; " and the House of Lords meekly answered, "We are penetrated with the condescending and endearing manner in which your Majesty has expressed your satisfaction at having received your birth and education among us. What a lustre does it cast on the name of Briton, when you, sire, are pleased to esteem it among your glories!" Wilkes, and many others with him, thought otherwise.

The Briton having appeared on May 29, 1762, the same day on which Bute formally assumed the premiership, with Sir Francis Dashwood, who, according to Horace Walpole, "with the familiarity and phrase of a fishwife, introduced the humours of Wapping behind the veil of the Treasury," 1 as his Chancellor of the Exchequer and Sandwich as his First Lord of the Admiralty, the North Briton appeared a week later, on June 5. "The liberty of the press," wrote Wilkes in his first paragraph, "is the birthright of a Briton, and is justly esteemed the firmest bulwark of the liberties of this country. It has been the terror of all bad ministers; for their dark and dangerous designs, or their weakness, inability, and duplicity have thus been detected, and shown to the public generally in too strong colours for them long to bear up against the odium of mankind." He went on to acknowledge the good work that had been done by The Monitor, and to declare himself a warrior in the same fight. those he undertook to do battle with impudently called themselves Britons, being only Scotchmen, he thought it well to retaliate by calling himself a North Briton; but, "though I am a North Briton," he said, "I will endeavour to write plain English, and to avoid the numerous Scotticisms The Briton abounds with; and then, as the world is apt to mistake, he may be taken for a Scotsman, and I shall pass as an Englishman." He promised, moreover, to provide something more interesting and instructive than "this foolish Briton," that "proceeds to produce himself amidst the parade of pompous professions and vile alliterations." "I thank my stars," he added, "that I am a North Briton; with this almost singular circumstance belonging to me, that I am unplaced and unpensioned, but I hope this reproach will soon be wiped away, and that I shall no longer be pointed at by my sneering countrymen." And in the second number, "I cannot conceal the joy I feel as a North Briton, and I heartily congratulate my dear countrymen on our having at length accomplished the great long-sought, and universally national object of all our wishes, the planting of a Scotsman at the head of the English Treasury." Bute

¹ Memoirs of the Reign of George III., vol. i. p. 171.

was here roundly abused by name, and Smollett was more than hinted at. "The poor *Briton* deserves something—I will not name what—for sacrificing at the shrine of Bute grammar, conscience, and common sense, for his lordship's glorification."

There was too much personality, sometimes very coarse, in The North Briton; too much abuse of the Scotch and their habits; but it was pungently written, and it answered its purpose. For the first time in English journalism public men were openly criticised and attacked, even The Monitor having adopted the old-fashioned pretence of concealment by referring to the Earl of B-te, Mr. F-x, the Min-y, and so forth, instead of Bute, Fox, and Ministry. There was no pretence about Wilkes, apart from the transparent subterfuge of his calling himself a North Briton, and his assumption of more political virtue than he possessed. In his fifth number, alluding as he often did afterwards, to the current scandal as to the too close intimacy between Bute and the king's mother, he compared the former to Roger Mortimer and the latter to Queen Isabella, "actuated by strong passions, and influenced by an insolent minister." A fair sample of his humour is in the seventh number, where he wrote, "Some time since died Mr. John Bull, a very worthy, plain, honest old gentleman, of Saxon descent. He was choked by inadvertently swallowing a thistle, which he had placed by way of ornament on the top of his salad. For many years before he had enjoyed a remarkable good state of health."

Wilkes did not write all The North Briton himself. Several of his friends contributed occasional articles for him, and his chief assistant was Charles Churchill, the satirical poet whose misfortune it was to have been planted in life as a clergyman. Churchill found verse-writing easier than prose, and his fierce and pathetic "Prophecy of Famine" was the poetical rendering of an article which he wrote for The North Briton, but did not like well enough as such to allow it to be printed.1 One of Horace Walpole's sneering references was to "Wilkes, as spotless as Sallust, and the flamen Churchill knocking down the foes of Britain with the statues of the gods." We may guess that it was Churchill who wrote the scathing article on men of his cloth which appeared in the tenth number of The North Briton. "The ecclesiastics," it was there said, "are an artful, subtle, and powerful body in all countries. Their eyes, however dim to other things, are remarkably quick to everything which concerns their own interests. They are generally proud, revengeful, and implacable; and yet most of them have the art to throw a veil over their evil qualities and establish an interest in the opinions of the people."

¹ Forster, Historical and Biographical Essays, vol. ii. p. 259.

The twelfth number contained some smart criticism of Dr. Johnson, on whom, four weeks before the article was written, Lord Bute had bestowed a pension of £300 a year. Churchill—if it was Churchill who wrote the article, as Johnson supposed when he said, "I called the fellow a blockhead at first, and I will call him a blockhead still "1-turned to the Doctor's 'Dictionary' to see what it said about pensions and pensioners. "His definition of a pension," Johnson was cruelly reminded, "is 'an allowance made to any one without an equivalent: in England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country.' And under the word 'pensioner' we read: '(1) One who is supported by an allowance paid at the will of another: a dependent. (2) A slave of state, hired by a stipend to obey his master.' But, with submission to this great prodigy of learning, I should think both definitions very erroneous. Is the said Mr. Johnson 'a dependent'? or is he 'a slave of state, hired by a stipend to obey his master'? There is, according to him, no alternative. Is his pension understood to be 'pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country'?"

If the number containing this attack on Johnson was written by Churchill, Wilkes had to fight a duel on account of it-not with Johnson, but with Lord Talbot, who was celebrated for his niggardliness in dispensing the ample funds allowed to him for the public service. "I must admire many of his lordship's regulations, especially those for the royal kitchen," it was scornfully remarked. "I approve the discharging of so many turnspits and cooks, who were grown of very little use. I do not, however, quite like the precedent of giving them pensions for doing nothing. It was high time to put an end to that too great indulgence in eating and drinking which went by the name of old English hospitality, when the House of Commons had granted a poor niggardly civil list of only £,800,000. I sincerely venerate his lordship's great abilities, and deeply regret that they were not employed by government in a way more confidential, more suited to his manly character." For printing those sneers Wilkes was challenged to meet Lord Talbot at Bagshot for mortal combat on October 8, and the duel came off, but neither party was hurt in the encounter.

The Briton, not being deemed strong enough, in Smollett's hands, to fight against both The Monitor and The North Briton, another Tory paper, The Auditor, was started on June 10, and edited by Arthur Murphy, who had entered Lord Bute's service since the days when he had attacked the Tories in The Test. But The Auditor

Boswell, ch. xiii.

lived only eight months. Its last number was issued February 8, 1763, *The North Briton* having, in anticipation of its demise, produced an epitaph for it ten days before.

Deep in this bog *The Auditor* lies still; His labours finished, and worn out his quill, His fires extinguished, and his works unread, In peace he sleeps with the forgotten dead. With heath and sedge, oh, may his tomb be dressed, And his own turf lie light upon his breast.

The Briton, surviving its partner by less than a week, died on February 12. The North Briton, on the other hand, gained in popularity, and became bolder in its attacks on Lord Bute's administration, every week. Its general attitude was shown by an article on November 6, 1762, deprecating the prorogation of Parliament before it was informed of the terms on which the Seven Years' War was being concluded, and condemning the government for proposing to take so unpatriotic and unconstitutional a step. "What!" Wilkes exclaimed, " on the eve of a peace, and of such a peace as must either establish or ruin us for ever (for in our present situation, loaded as we are with an enormous debt, there appears no alternative), shall the great council of the nation be postponed? True it is that, although they supply the sinews of the war, they have no right to make a peace; but they have an undoubted right of examining into the peace when made, and, if it shall be found dishonourable and disadvantageous (a circumstance well deserving serious consideration at this time), they have an undoubted right of calling the advisers of it to a severe account." And to emphasise his remarks, Wilkes aptly quoted Shakespeare:-

> That man that sits within a monarch's heart, And ripens in the sunshine of his favour, Would he abuse the countenance of the king, Alack! what mischiefs might he set abroad In shadow of such greatness!

Despite the protests of *The North Briton*, Parliament was adjourned; but it reassembled on November 25, in ample time to discuss the conclusion of the Seven Years' War; and, notwithstanding Pitt's eloquent denunciations, the result of royal and courtly pressure upon members was that the ministerial policy was approved by a majority of five to one. "Now indeed, my son is king!" George III.'s mother exclaimed on hearing of the result; and George III.'s scheme of absolutism was undoubtedly advanced by the undignified peacemaking; but the nation, especially the citizens of

London, did not agree with the House of Commons, and Bute's unpopularity so increased that he was forced to resign the premiership on April 8, 1763. *The North Briton* had had no small share in bringing about his downfall, and much exultation on the subject might have been looked for in the No. 45 which was due on the very next day, the 9th of the month.

No. 45 was not published till the 23rd, however, and then it dealt with other matters. It was not unusual in those times for the weekly and other papers to issue occasional supplements or special numbers treating of questions that had arisen in the interval of the regular issues, or were thought more suitable for separate treatment; and of this sort was "A North Briton Extraordinary," of exceptional length, which was printed and ready for publication on April 7, but, for some reason not given, was suppressed. elaborate and outspoken criticism of the policy of the East India Company, under which Clive and his associates had lately begun to acquire a new empire for England, and was probably written or inspired by Wilkes's friend, William Beckford, who was now both Lord Mayor and Member of Parliament for London, and a great authority on East Indian concerns. Wilkes and his friends appear to have thought it best at the last moment, and in view of the impending political crisis at home, to hold back this journalistic firebrand. At any rate it was not published; and, more than that, instead of issuing his No. 45 on the proper day for it, Wilkes prepared an advertisement, which appeared in the daily papers of April 13, stating that, "in the present unsettled and fluctuating state of the administration, The North Briton is really fearful of falling into involuntary errors, and he does not wish to mislead; all his reasonings have been built on the strong foundation of facts, and he is not yet informed of the whole interior state of government with such minute precision as now to venture the submitting of his crude ideas of the present political crisis to the discerning public."

"The Scottish minister," Wilkes added, "has indeed retired. Is his influence at an end? or does he still govern by the three wretched tools of his power who, to their indelible infamy, have supported the most odious of his measures—the late ignominious peace, and the wicked extension of the arbitrary mode of excise? The North Briton has been steady in his opposition to a single insolent, incapable, despotic minister, and is equally ready, in the service of his country, to combat the triple-headed Cerberean administration, if the Scot is to assume that motley form. By him every arrangement to this hour has been made. It therefore seems clear to a demonstration that he

intends only to retire into that situation which he held before he took the seals—I mean the dictating to every part of the king's administration. The North Briton desires to be understood as having pledged himself a firm and intrepid assertor of the rights of his fellow-subjects and of the liberties of Whigs and Englishmen."

That announcement was tolerably explicit, and may be accepted as truthful. On first hearing of Lord Bute's resignation of the premiership, Wilkes may have hoped that a real change of ministerial policy would follow, especially as the new premier was George Grenville, the younger brother of Earl Temple, who was Wilkes's firm friend of long standing. Pitt, Temple, and others were evidently anxious to believe that Grenville was placed at the head of the government in order that a better policy than Bute had followed might be entered upon.

They were soon undeceived. Parliament was prorogued on Tuesday, April 19, and on the morning of that day Wilkes, calling on Temple, found that Pitt was with him, and that they were discussing the king's speech, about to be read, of which Temple had obtained an early copy from his brother. Wilkes joined in the talk, and all three came to the conclusion that the document was dishonest and mischievous, and betokened most alarming intentions on the part of the government. Wilkes went home and expressed his friends' views as well as his own, though without their sanction, in the bold review of the royal message, and of the general situation, which he then wrote, and which was issued on the following Saturday as No. 45 of *The North Briton*. Here are all the more important passages of this memorable article, and rather more than half of the whole, with the original punctuation and italics, and the Latin motto, which, according to the custom of those days, served as a text or preface:—

Genus Orationis atrox et vehemens, cui opponitur lenitatis et mansuetudinis.—CICERO.

THE King's Speech has always been considered by the legislature, and by the public at large, as the Speech of the Minister. It has regularly, at the beginning of every session of parliament, been referred by both houses to the consideration of a committee, and has been generally canvassed with the utmost freedom, when the minister of the crown has been obnoxious to the nation. The ministers of this free country, conscious of the undoubted privileges of so spirited a people, and with the terrors of parliament before their eyes, have ever been cautious, no less with regard to the matter, than to the expressions of speeches, which they have advised the sovereign to make from the throne, at the opening of each session. They well knew that an honest house of parliament, true to their trust, could not fail to detect the fallacious arts, or to remonstrate against the daring acts of violence committed by any minister. The Speech at the close of the session has ever been considered as the most secure method of promulgating the

favourite court creed among the vulgar; because the parliament which is the constitutional guardian of the liberties of the people, has in this case no opportunity of remonstrating, or of impeaching any wicked servant of the crown.

This week has given the public the most abandoned instance of ministerial effrontery ever attempted to be imposed on mankind. The minister's speech of last Tuesday is not to be paralleled in the annals of this country. I am in doubt whether the imposition is greater on the sovereign, or on the nation. Every friend of his country must lament that a prince of so many great and amiable qualities, whom England truly reveres, can be brought to give the sanction of his sacred name to the most odious measures, and to the most unjustifiable public declarations, from a throne ever renowned for truth, honour, and unsullied virtue. I am sure, all foreigners, especially the king of Prussia, will hold the minister in contempt and abhorrence. He has made our sovereign declare, My expectations have been fully answered by the happy effects which the several allies of my crown have derived from this salutary measure of the definitive Treaty. The powers at war with my good brother, the king of Prussia, have been induced to agree to such terms of accommodation, as that great prince has approved; and the success which has attended my negociation, has necessarily and immediately diffused the blessings of peace through every part of Europe. The infamous fallacy of this whole sentence is apparent to all mankind: for, it is known that the king of Prussia did not barely approve, but absolutely dictated, as conqueror, every article of the terms of peace. No advantage of any kind has accrued to that magnanimous prince from our negociation, but he was basely deserted by the Scottish prime-minister of England. He was known by every court in Europe to be scarcely on better terms of friendship here than at Vienna; and he was betrayed by us in the treaty of peace. What a strain of insolence, therefore, is it in a minister to lay claim to what he is conscious all his efforts tended to prevent, and meanly to arrogate to himself a share in the fame and glory of one of the greatest princes the world has ever seen? . . .

The Preliminary Articles of Peace were such as have drawn the contempt of mankind on our wretched negociators. All our most valuable conquests were agreed to be restored, and the East India company would have been infallibly ruined by a single article of this fallacious and baneful negociation. No hireling of the minister has been hardy enough to dispute this; yet the minister himself has made our sovereign declare, the satisfaction which he felt at the approaching re-establishment of peace upon conditions so honourable to his crown, and so beneficial to his people. As to the entire approbation of parliament, which is so vainly boasted of, the world knows how that was obtained. The large debt on the Civil List, already above half a year in arrear, shows pretty clearly the transactions of the winter. . . .

The minister cannot forbear, even in the King's Speech, insulting us with a dull repetition of the word aconomy. I did not expect so soon to have seen that word again, after it had been so lately exploded, and more than once, by a most numerous audience, hissed off the stage of our English theatres. It is held in derision by the voice of the people, and every tongue loudly proclaims the universal contempt, in which these empty professions are held by this nation. Let the public be informed of a single instance of aconomy, except indeed in the household. Is a regiment, which was completed as to its compliment of officers on the Tuesday, and broke on the Thursday, a proof of aconomy?... Is it not notorious, that in the reduction of the army, not the least attention has been paid to it? Many unnecessary expenses have been incurred, only to increase

the power of the crown, that is, to create more lucrative jobs for the creatures of the minister. . . Lord Ligonier is now no longer at the head of the army; but Lord Bute in effect is: I mean that every preferment given by the crown will be found still to be obtained by his enormous influence, and to be bestowed only on the creatures of the Scottish faction. The nation is still in the same deplorable state, while he governs, and can make the tools of his power pursue the same odious measures. Such a retreat, as he intends, can only mean that personal indemnity, which, I hope, guilt will never find from an injured nation. The negociations of the late inglorious peace and the excise, will haunt him wherever he goes, and the terrors of the just resentment which he must be sure to meet from a brave and insulted people, and which must finally crush him, will be for ever before his eyes.

In vain will such a minister, or the foul dregs of his power, the tools of corruption and despotism, preach up in the speech that spirit of concord, and that obedience to the laws, which is essential to good order. They have sent the spirit of discord through the land, and I will prophecy, that it will never be extinguished, but by the extinction of their power. Is the spirit of concord to go hand in hand with the PEACE and EXCISE, through this nation? Is it to be expected between an insolent Exciseman, and a peer, gentleman, freeholder, or farmer, whose private houses are now made liable to be entered and searched at pleasure? Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, and in general all the cyder counties, are not surely the several counties, which are alluded to in the speech. The spirit of concord has not gone forth among them; but the spirit of liberty has, and a noble opposition has been given to the wicked instruments of oppression. A nation as sensible as the English, will see that a spirit of concord, when they are oppressed, means a tame submission to injury, and that a spirit of liberty ought then to arise, and I am sure ever will, in proportion to the weight of the grievance they feel. Every legal attempt of a contrary tendency to the spirit of concord will be deemed a justifiable resistance, warranted by the spirit of the English constitution.

A despotic minister will always endeavour to dazzle his prince with high-flown ideas of the prerogative and honour of the crown, which the minister will make a parade of firmly maintaining. I wish as much as any man in the kingdom to see the honour of the crown maintained in a manner truly becoming Royalty. I lament to see it sunk even to prostitution. What a shame was it to see the security of this country in point of military force, complimented away, contrary to the opinion of Royalty itself, and sacrificed to the prejudices and to the ignorance of a set of people, the most unfit, from every consideration, to be consulted on a matter relative to the security of the house of Hanover? . . . Is it meant to assert the honour of the crown only against the united wishes of a loyal and affectionate people, founded in a happy experience of the talents, ability, integrity and virtue of those, who have had the glory of redeeming their country from bondage and ruin, in order to support, by every art of corruption and intimidation, a weak, disjointed, incapable set of —— I will call them anything but ministers—by whom the Favourite still meditates to rule this kingdom with a rod of iron?

The Stuart line has ever been intoxicated with the slavish doctrines of the absolute, independent, unlimited power of the crown. Some of that line were so weakly advised, as to endeavour to reduce them into practise; but the English nation was too spirited to suffer the least encroachment on the ancient liberties of this kingdom. The king of England is only the first magistrate of this country; but is invested by law with the whole executive power. He is, however,

responsible to his people for the due execution of the royal functions, in the choice of ministers, &c., equally with the meanest of his subjects in his particular duty. The personal character of our present amiable sovereign makes us easy and happy that so great a power is lodged in such hands; but the favourite has given too just cause for him to escape the general odium. The prerogative of the crown is to exert the constitutional powers entrusted to it in a way, not of blind favour and partiality, but of wisdom and judgment. This is the spirit of our constitution. The people too have their prerogative, and I hope the fine words of DRYDEN will be engraven on our hearts,

Freedom is the English subject's Prerogative.

Straightforward and outspoken as were the criticisms and complaints thus offered by Wilkes in No. 45 of *The North Briton*, he had used language almost as bold before. In the then state of the law and of opinion about royal prerogative, ministerial responsibility, and parliamentary privilege, however, there were technical grounds for seeing in his stinging condemnation of the ministers as betrayers of the nation, and of the king as their dupe, a punishable offence, and an opportunity of making the writer suffer for his former misdeeds as well as for this new attack upon them. The king and his advisers had some reason to be angry, and might have safely retaliated. As it happened, they recklessly broke the law in their anxiety to wreak vengeance on a supposed law-breaker. Hence complete victory came to Wilkes in the end, but it was long delayed and hardly won.

The article having been published on Saturday, April 23, the Earl of Halifax, the senior Secretary of State, applied on Monday to the law officers of the crown for advice as to the course to be pursued against those who had written, published, and circulated it. On Wednesday the law officers replied that the article was "a most infamous and seditious libel, tending to inflame the minds and alienate the affections of the people from his majesty, and to excite them to traitorous insurrections against his government, and therefore punishable as a misdemeanour of the highest nature in due course of law by indictment or information, which latter method of prosecution is the most usual and proper, in obedience to the commands of his majesty, when signified by a Secretary of State." On Tuesday, however, without waiting for that report, Halifax had issued a general warrant "to search for the authors and printers of a treasonable and seditious paper, entitled The North Briton, No. 45, and them, having found, to apprehend and seize, together with their papers, and bring them before him to be examined.' On the strength of that, George Kearsley, the publisher, and Balfe, the printer, were at once arrested, and certain documents in the handwritings of Wilkes and Churchill were seized; but these latter were not interfered with until Saturday

the 30th, when Wilkes was taken into custody, and by a characteristic device enabled Churchill to escape. While Wilkes was in altercation with the king's messengers, to whom he pointed out that as a member of Parliament he was privileged from arrest, Churchill, who was not identified by the officers, entered the room. "Good morrow, Mr. Thompson," said Wilkes, who himself gleefully told the story. "How does Mrs. Thompson do to-day? Does she dine in the country?" The hint was promptly taken. "Mr. Churchill," according to Wilkes, "thanked me, said she then waited for him, that he had only come for a moment to ask me how I did, and almost directly took his leave. He went home immediately, secured all his papers, and retired into the country. The messengers could never get intelligence where he was." Having thus saved his friend, Wilkes allowed the officers to take him from his house in Great George Street, where this scene occurred, to Whitehall. There he was examined by Lord Halifax and Lord Egremont, the other Secretary of State, and after that he was sent to the Tower, his house being presently searched, and all papers likely to incriminate him being unlawfully taken possession of. His friends at once applied for a writ of habeas corpus, but he was in prison for a week before the matter could be brought up in the Court of Common Pleas, where the judge at once ordered his discharge, without prejudice to the action against him, but on the ground that, as a member of Parliament, he ought not to have been arrested.1

That fortnight's series of blunders and illegalities formed the prelude to a ten years' struggle, of which, when it was half over in 1769, Burke said: "Thus ended the fifth act of this tragi-comedy; a tragi-comedy acted by his majesty's servants, at the desire of several persons of quality, for the benefit of Mr. Wilkes, and at the expense of the Constitution." Burke's last clause was only correct in one sense. The tragi-comedy was expensive enough, in money as well as reputation, to those who produced it, but the Constitution in the end gained instead of losing by the business. The system of general warrants, an illegal survival from Star Chamber days, was finally discredited, to the great advantage of all classes of the community, with the exception of arbitrary usurpers of power in defiance of the law; and many other general benefits ensued. The liberty of the press, moreover, in the full sense of the term, was far more firmly established

¹ A complete Collection of the genuine Papers and Letters in the Case of John Wilkes (Paris, 1767). These incidents and those which followed are set forth in detail in Mr. Rae's Wilkes, Sheridan, and Fox, the seventh chapter of Sir Erskine May's Constitutional History, and other works.

than it had ever been before, and newspaper enterprise was largely developed through the advance towards complete independence in newspaper writing which was now effected. The story is full of interest, and of great importance in many ways. Only the chief items in it, however, need be briefly mentioned here.

Released from the Tower, Wilkes at once, with substantial help from Lord Temple and other friends, instituted proceedings against the government for his unlawful imprisonment and for the fraudulent seizure of his papers. On this suit £5,000 damages were awarded him, and as Kearsley and Balfe, his publisher and printer, Entick and others connected with *The Monitor*, and several more, who, with even less excuse, had been dealt with under Lord Halifax's general warrant of April 26, followed his example, it was admitted by Lord North that the total of the costs and damages which the government had to pay for its lawless folly amounted to £100,000.

His early triumphs over the government, and the great increase they secured to his popularity among the citizens of London, who had made a hero of him long before, encouraged Wilkes's vanity, and led him, against the advice of Lord Temple and other friends, into rash courses that brought him unnecessary trouble. While awaiting his trial for libel, which was tardily proceeded with in legal form after the failure of the attempt to imprison him illegally, and which would probably have been dropped had no fresh provocation been offered, he indiscreetly set up in his own house a printing press from which, as no tradesman would take the risk of working under him, he reissued the back numbers of The North Briton, with notes, and proposed to continue the series, one number of which actually appeared on November 12. Yet more indiscreetly, he issued from his private press handbills and other matter for his own and his friends' amusement; one foolish undertaking, for which he can hardly be excused, being the putting in type of an "Essay on Woman," an indecent parody of Pope's "Essay on Man," which had been written some years before by Thomas Potter, the coarseminded and profligate son of the Archbishop of Canterbury. this silly and offensive production only thirteen copies were printed, and none were published; but one was stolen, and, as we shall see, made malicious use of by Wilkes's sometime friend and present enemy, Lord Sandwich, who had succeeded Lord Egremont as Secretary of State.

When Parliament met, after a long recess, on November 15, Wilkes was in his place, eager to call attention to the breach of privilege that had been committed by his arrest and

imprisonment. He was forestalled by a motion which Lord North was put up by Grenville to propose, "That the paper entitled The North Briton (No. 45), is a false, scandalous, and seditious libel, containing expressions of the most unexampled insolence and contumely towards his majesty, the grossest aspersions upon both houses of parliament, and the most audacious defiance of the authority of the whole legislature, and most manifestly tending to alienate the affections of the people from his majesty, to withdraw them from their obedience to the laws of the realm, and to incite them to traitorous insurrections against his majesty's government." A hot debate ensued, during which, as Horace Walpole tells us, "Mr. Wilkes, with all the impartiality in the world, and with the phlegm of an Areopagite, sat and heard the whole matter discussed, and now and then put in a word, as if the whole affair did not concern him."1 The House accepted the motion by a large majority, despite the arguments of Pitt and others; it also ordered that No. 45 should be burned by the common hangman; and shortly afterwards, stultifying all its previous assertions of exclusive parliamentary control in such matters, and making a valuable concession to the liberty of the press, the object being to open the way for more vengeance than it could itself wreak, it resolved "that privilege of parliament does not extend to the case of writing and publishing seditious libels, nor ought to be allowed to obstruct the ordinary course of law in the speedy and effectual prosecution of so heinous and dangerous an offence."2 The hangman's task was interfered with by a mob which met him on the appointed day, December 3, outside the Royal Exchange, tore the copy of No. 45 out of his hands, bore it in triumph to Temple Bar, and there, in lieu of it, threw a jack-boot and a petticoat, as emblems of Lord Bute and the king's mother, into a bonfire.3 Of the graver resolutions of the House of Commons, one was acted upon by the Court of King's Bench in February 1764. The other it enforced itself on January 19, by a vote depriving Wilkes of his seat as member for Aylesbury.

The government had intended that Wilkes's expulsion should immediately follow the resolution condemning him in November. But in the course of the debate on that resolution, Samuel Martin, a ministerial underling, had used such language about Wilkes that it led to a duel, in which Wilkes was so seriously wounded that his

¹ Horace Walpole's Correspondence, vol. iv. p. 131.

² Parliamentary History, vol. xv. pp. 1362-1378; Commons' Journals, vol. xxix. p. 689.

Walpole's *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 330. VOL. CCLXIII. NO. 1879.

life was for some time in danger. He went to Paris, where his daughter was living, and sent thence a medical certificate to excuse his non-compliance with an order of the House for his attendance. After waiting two months for his recovery, however, the House refused to wait longer, and he was expelled in his absence.

He was also absent, for the same reason, on February 21, when the action against him which had been instituted in the Court of King's Bench came on for hearing. In this action he was charged, not with the original publication of No. 45, but with the offence of reprinting it, and also with the printing and publishing of the "Essay on Woman," which that notorious profligate Lord Sandwich had taken upon himself to read in the House of Peers, and for which he had been condemned by a vote of the House, coupled with a resolution that he should be prosecuted for the "obscene libel." Though he was unable to appear and defend himself in court, a form of trial was gone through, he was found guilty, and soon afterwards, on an allegation of contumacy, he was outlawed.

There is clear evidence that all these outrages were perpetrated at the direct instigation of King George III., and of Lord Bute and other courtiers whom Wilkes had offended.

Hath not his spirit dared oppose-

Churchill had mockingly asked on their behalf-

Our dearest measures? made our name Stand forward on the roll of shame? Hath he not won the vulgar tribes By scorning menaces and bribes? And proving that his darling cause Is of their liberties and laws To stand the champion?²

"Wilkes will be demolished whether he comes home or stays abroad," one of the courtiers, Lord Barrington, had written.³ Wilkes was not demolished, but he stayed abroad until the time arrived for him to turn the tables on his enemies, and to set himself right with the world.

1 "The Beggar's Opera being performed at Covent Garden Theatre soon after this event," says Horace Walpole, "the whole audience, when Macheath says, 'That Jemmy Twitcher should peach me, I own surprises me,' burst out into an applause of appreciation, and the nickname of Jemmy Twitcher stuck by the earl so as almost to occasion the disuse of his title."—Memoirs, vol. i. p. 314.

² The Duellist, written on the occasion of Wilkes's duel with Martin. In

another poem, The Conference, Churchill had said,

What if ten thousand Butes and Hollands bawl? One Wilkes hath made a large amends for all.

² Chatham Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 271.

The contemptible Grenville administration gave place to the Rockingham administration, and that in its turn to the Grafton administration-of which Pitt, now Earl of Chatham, was the real head, in so far as the king, whose power was being increased by each of these changes, allowed—during the four years of Wilkes's absence. Notwithstanding his outlawry, he returned to London in March 1768, and moved about freely; but though Lord Chatham was friendly, he could not get the sentences against him reversed. "The ministers are embarrassed to the last degree how to act with regard to Wilkes," wrote the Bishop of Carlisle. "It seems they are afraid to press the king for his pardon, as that is a subject his majesty will not easily hear the least mention of; and they are apprehensive, if he has it not, that the mob of London will rise in his favour, which God forbid!" 1 The mob did not rise, but it favoured his candidature for a seat in the new Parliament that was elected in this month. He contested the City of London, but was defeated by a small majority; and next week he contested the county of Middlesex, when he won by a large majority. Those who had shouted "Wilkes and No. 45!" in 1763, now shouted "Wilkes and Liberty!" "It is a barren season," Horace Walpole wrote, "for all but cabalists who can compound, divide, multiply No. 45 forty-five thousand different ways. I saw in the papers to-day that somehow or other this famous number and the number of the beast in the Revelations is the same—an observation from which different persons will draw different conclusions."2

Before Parliament opened, Wilkes applied to the Court of King's Bench to have his outlawry reversed. This was done in May, after he had been for a short time in custody, from which the mob once rescued him, and during which, voluntarily surrendering himself, there was much rioting and collision between the military and the populace; but on the old charge of publishing No. 45, and "An Essay on Woman," he was sentenced to twenty-two months' confinement in gaol, and fined £1,000. While he was in prison his friend and disciple, William Bingley, resumed *The North Briton*, of which No. 47 appeared on May 10, and which was continued in a clumsy and rowdy way, with interruptions, for a few years.³ Bingley, however, had to do much of his editing from the King's Bench Prison, to which he was committed in November; and several other Wilkites, as they came to be called, were imprisoned in these troubled times.

¹ Grenville Papers, vol. iii. p. 241.

² Horace Walpole's Correspondence, vol. v. p. III.

³ Another North Briton continuation had been attempted in 1764, but this was a plagiarism of the title, and Wilkes had nothing to do with it.

Wilkes himself, in December, while he was in gaol, published in The St. James's Chronicle a letter of Lord Weymouth's, giving orders for the military attack that had been made on the mob which sided with him at the time of his committal to prison, which, he said, "shows how long a hellish project can be brooded over by some infernal spirits without one moment's remorse." For this great piece of journalistic boldness, Wilkes, whose election as member for Middlesex had not before been taken notice of, as he had not been able to come out of gaol and claim his seat, was brought to the bar of the House of Commons, and, on February 3, 1769, a second time expelled, all the more angrily because, when called upon to defend himself, he had exclaimed, "Whenever a Secretary of State shall dare to write so bloody a scroll, I will through life dare to write such prefatory remarks, as well as to make my appeal to the nation on the occasion." The younger Pitt, Burke, Lord Mayor Beckford, even his old persecutor George Grenville, and others argued that the libel on Weymouth, however punishable by a court of law, was not a matter for Parliament to deal with; but the government obtained a majority of 219 against 137.1

A fresh election to fill up the vacant Middlesex seat was ordered, and on February 16 Wilkes was re-elected without opposition. On the 17th the House of Commons declared the election void, and a new writ was issued. Wilkes was again returned, to be again expelled in March, and the farce, or, as Burke called it, the tragicomedy, was once more played through.

Wilkes, being still a prisoner, now left his friends to carry on the agitation. In the city of London, of which he had been elected an Alderman, subscriptions were raised for him; and meetings, growing stormier and stormier, were held to advocate his claims. Even the House of Peers, on Lord Chatham's motion, took his case into consideration. "With one party," Chatham said of Wilkes, "he is a patriot of the first magnitude, with the other the vilest incendiary. For my own part I consider him merely and indifferently as an English subject, possessed of certain rights which the law has given him, and which the laws alone can take from him." Lord Chancellor Camden declared that "for some time he had beheld with silent indignation the arbitrary measures the ministry were pursuing," and that, "as to the incapacitating vote, he considered it as a direct attack upon the first principles of the constitution." ² The House

¹ Parliamentary History, vol. xvi. p. 546.

² Parliamentary History, vol. xvi. pp. 653-666; Gentleman's Magazine, January 1770.

of Peers rejected Lord Chatham's motion, and also one to like effect proposed by Lord Rockingham in February; and the House of Commons was as obdurate when appealed to by Sir George Savile, Dowdeswell, and others. The London citizens then came more than ever to the front. They had petitioned the king in 1769 without receiving an answer. They now petitioned again, and, asserting their right to personal audience with the sovereign, sent Lord Mayor Beckford, the sheriffs, and two hundred aldermen and liverymen, to declare "that the majority of the House of Commons have deprived your people of their dearest rights; they have done a deed more ruinous in its consequences than the levying of shipmoney by Charles I. or the dispensing power assumed by James II.," and to request his majesty "to restore the constitutional government and quiet of his people by dissolving the Parliament and removing his evil ministers for ever from his councils." King George answered that such a request was one "which he could not but consider as disrespectful to himself, injurious to Parliament, and irreconcilable to the principles of the constitution," and then, it is reported, "turned round to his courtiers, and burst out laughing." That was on March 14.1 On May 23 the Lord Mayor was sent up with a bolder petition, and, when the king again scoffed at it, replied with the vet bolder words which are inscribed in letters of gold on the monument that the grateful citizens erected in honour of him who had spoken them. Beckford died a week afterwards, partly in consequence of the excitement thus forced upon him in his old age; but Wilkes lived to achieve a series of victories, and to obtain as much redress for the wrongs done to him as was possible.

The term of his imprisonment being completed in April 1770, he was able to take personal share in the city's petitioning of the king. In 1771 he was elected sheriff of London and Middlesex, and in 1774 he was made Lord Mayor, out of his turn, and as a marked protest against the tyranny of court and parliament. In the same year, the House of Commons from which he had been four times expelled having been dissolved, he was once more returned to the new one as member for Middlesex, his enemies not venturing again to keep him out of his seat. Thereupon he lost no time in attempting to get the policy adopted towards him reversed. In February 1775 he asked that the resolution declaring his incapacity should be expunged from the journals of the House, "as subversive of the rights of the whole body of electors." This being refused he repeated his motion in 1776, in 1777, in 1779, in 1781, and finally in 1782, when

¹ Rockingham Memoirs, vol. xi. p. 174.

it was agreed to. He lived on till 1797; but his later history, not in all respects creditable to him, does not here concern us.

One very important service to journalism was done by Wilkes in 1771, when, in his capacity of Alderman, he brought to a crisis the long-standing quarrel between newspaper reporters and Parliament. The reporting of parliamentary debates in the newspapers continued to be—and still is, in fact, technically a breach of privilege. But it has rarely been meddled with, and has come to be regarded as an important and essential public duty, since Wilkes fought and won his battle with the House of Commons. This, however, though a proper sequel to his work on *The North Briton*, was not a direct consequence of it. As we have seen, No. 45 had, apart from it, sufficiently momentous issues.

H. R. FOX-BOURNE.

MYSTICA VANNUS.

A POLOGY seems necessary at the outset, for the presentation of a brief discourse on an agricultural implement under the form of a personal narrative. But one or two trivial coincidences led the writer to the consideration of the subject, and it is pleasant to him to be guided by remembrance in making his statement; whilst the personality is that of a mere lay-figure, too conventional to afford any opening for egotism.

Some years back, emulous of securing the praise due to that man who has made a blade of grass grow where none grew before, I had a piece of waste ground near my garden in North India carefully ploughed up and prepared, and at the end of October sowed it with oats. The crop was a good one, and was duly reaped in the beginning of March. A threshing-floor had been arranged by clearing the ground, beating the earth and moistening it, and forming a smooth superficies, by gentle patting with small flat trowels—till a good-sized area was secured—soon rendered hard, and whitey-brown in colour. by the sun. The grain was spread all round this space, and trodden out by oxen, which, contrary to the generous injunction of Moses, were strictly muzzled. The process, constantly repeated till the work was thoroughly done, answered of course to threshing. Next came the winnowing. And this, again, was effected by women standing with their backs to the wind, and holding above their heads baskets of the grain and macerated husks. The contents were gently poured forward, and the solid grain descended on the floor, whilst the wind blew the husks inwards towards the centre of the space. In the first Psalm of David, the wicked are said to be like "the chaff which the wind bloweth away." The image is quite distinct. I found the winnowing basket used was called súp, which is a Sanscrit word.

Sitting out in the morning still fresh and cool—close by my threshing-floor (Khalihán), I chanced to have with me, from the book club, a volume which was no less than the charming "Renaissance Studies" of Mr. Walter Pater. Amongst other pieces which attracted my notice was the paper introducing the pretty winnow song by Joachim

du Bellay, D'un Vanneur de blé aux vents. As I am able to offer a new translation, and the stanzas only number three, I will give the French in full:—

A vous trouppe legère Qui d'aile passagère Par le monde volez, Et d'un sifflant murmure L'ombrageuse verdure Doulcement esbranlez, l'offre ces violettes, Ces lis et ces fleurettes Et ces roses icy, Ces vermeillettes roses Sont freschement écloses, Et ces œillets aussi. D'vostre doulce haleine Eventez ceste plaine Eventez ce sejour, Ce pendant que j'ahanne A mon blé que je vanne, A la chaleur du jour.

The following is an English version from the pen of Mr. H. G. Keene, kindly placed at my disposal:—

THE WINNOWER TO THE WINDS.

Before you, frolic things
Who, on your viewless wings,
Around the world have strayed,
And with a gentle sigh
Make palpitate on high
The leafy shade.

These flowers as gifts are set,
Lily and violet,
And roses all a-blow;
These roses, tender-pink,
Beginning now to blink,
These cloves also.

Do ye your flight sustain
Along this open plain,
And round our lodging play,
While wearily I pour
My wheat about the floor,
This sultry day.

Now, a vanneur, it occurred to me, is clearly a person using a van; and, with the associations of the moment, I was curious to learn the exact nature of a van. And I found it defined as an osier basket with two handles, for winnowing corn, and fait en forme de coquille,

to which last point attention is asked, as leading to a curious analogy. Larousse's excellent little dictionary gives a rude illustration.

The way of using the basket is thus explained: "Ils servent à nettoyer les grains en les secouant, et en les faisant sauter en l'air." The French process, then, of winnowing in the time of du Bellay was the same as that employed in India now, except that in the latter country the patient method of having the corn trodden out renders the shaking of it less necessary. It may here be mentioned that du Bellay's song is a translation from the Latin of Andreas Navagero, or Naugerius (1483-1529); but it is only fair to the Frenchman to give the original lines, which have been obligingly supplied to me:—

Auræ, quæ levibus percurritis aëra pennis Et strepitis blando per nemora alta sono, Serta dat hæc vobis, vobis hæc rusticus Idmon Spargit odorato plena canistra croco. Vos lenite æstum et paleas sejungite inanes Dum medio fruges ventilat ille die.

We have here the practised hand of the scholar but the scene does not live till du Bellay touches it, and the vignette is all his own. And there seems every reason to believe the Frenchman had his thoughts on what he had often seen in Anjou or elsewhere.

The song gives us a solitary figure, but at the busy time one may suppose the girls also were present, holding the baskets above their heads, and thereby showing their arms and pretty figures, much as the Greek maidens did who carried the baskets in the processions; a graceful attitude, thought not unworthy of the chisels of Polycleitus and Scopas. But Mr. Pater, taking the song as it stands, has very properly only attempted to realise the picture, by imagining a few simple surroundings. Unfortunately, at the outset, he failed to get a clear idea of what was supposed to be going on. He confused threshing with winnowing, and actually goes so far as to call the van a flail! The second edition of his book is said to be revised, but the slip remains uncorrected. At page 163, in allusion to the song, he says: "The sweetness of it is by no means to be got at by crushing, as you crush wild herbs to get at their perfume. One seems to hear the measured falling of the fans, with a child's pleasure at coming across the incident for the first time, in one of those great barns. A sudden light transfigures a trivial thing, a weather vane, a windmill, a winnowing flail."

This passage has been justly admired for its beauty: but—the writer's eye was not "on the object."

The vans or fans—winnowing baskets—cannot fall, they are held fast: there is no flail in the case; the threshing is over. Think of a flail too: a wooden pole with another hung to it so as to swing freely! Why, a juggler even could not manage to winnow corn with such an unsuitable instrument.

The barn, moreover, is most improbable. For the peasants doubtless, to prevent trouble, camped out near the cornfield, and winnowed in the open air. Du Bellay speaks of ceste plaine, and the séjour was perhaps a temporary hut ornamented with flowers in honour of the gala season; unless indeed the garlands belonged to Naugerius.

There were three processes, apparently, of winnowing, before the introduction of machinery. The simple pouring out of well-threshed grain before a sufficiently strong wind. Next, the tossing and shaking of grain in the basket before finally casting it upon the threshingfloor. Du Bellay may refer to the toil of doing this, in the word "ahanne." Ahaner is to utter the cry of ahan, a sound indicative of fatigue. The third process was the shovelling up of grain against the wind. In Matthew iii. 12, the Authorised Version gives these words, "Whose fan is in his hand." The word translated fan is $\tau \hat{o} \pi \tau \psi o \nu$ in the Greek. Fan. Mr. Pater's flail, is of course identical with van, a basket. But $\tau \delta \pi \tau \dot{\nu} o \nu$ is not a basket, but a shovel. The Latin for it is pala; and it is a wooden shovel, like that which at the present day is called a malting shovel. And it was used for throwing the grain against or across the wind. The very etymology of the word shows the nature of the implement, and how it is employed. For $\pi\tau\dot{\nu}\omega$ is "I spit up," the contrary of the idea connected with van, since with van the movement is downwards.

Fan is retained in the Revised Version of the New Testament. It sounds very well, but is not quite correct.

Very shortly after the inquiries into the nature of van, and the use to which it is put, it chanced that in a provincial court I had to try a case committed to me of infanticide. It was supposed that a female baby had been destroyed. The family in which the offence was alleged to have taken place was of the Rajpoot caste, and the evidence of the most delicate nature. The investigation led us on to perilous ground. We had to intrude into the privacy of a race who hold family honour above all possessions. We had to try and lay bare what had happened at an unspeakable moment, in a seclusion forbidden to men. We were in the secret chambers on a ticklish errand. Every moment there was danger, lest pride should take fire, and a dogged silence set in which could, indeed, have been punished,

but which might readily enough defeat the ends of justice. Every word enticed out of the mouth of witnesses was taken down at once, unchallenged.

A midwife was under examination.

- "Was there any person exercising authority in the lying-in apartment?"
 - "Yes; the aunt of the husband."
- "Did she say anything when the child was born, and its sex announced?"
 - "She did."
 - "What?"
 - "She said, 'Thursday children seldom lived."
 - "What did you understand by that?"
- "That it was not likely the girl would survive, having appeared on a Thursday."
 - "Exactly: and then?"
 - "The aunt took the baby, and laid it in the súp."

The súp! I knew what that meant, my winnowing basket; but why put the baby there?

I looked interrogatively at the three assessors, all Hindoo gentlemen, for any light. They understood my difficulty at once, and stated that it was all right, babies were put in the winnowing basket; it was propitious to put them there. Habits in the East are retained long after their purport is lost. These Rajpoot women put the baby in the basket mechanically; they could not have wished to do anything for its good; they were bent on destroying it. There was no call for any astonishment at the association of babies with these baskets, for it is, it seems, a very old story. And there is in the British Museum a bas-relief, perhaps 2000 years old, in which the infant Bacchus is represented as lying in the vannus or winnowing basket. The little one reclines very jauntily, with a tasselled coverlet under and partially over him, and with a bunch of grapes in the right hand; whilst the basket is borne between a faun and a bacchante.

From this circumstance, that in the worship of Bacchus the child-god was shown in such a basket, it comes that the Greek poets use the word \(\lambda_{isrov}\), which is equivalent to \(vannus\), for a cradle generally. There is a figure in Rich's "Dictionary of Antiquities," of the terracotta bas-relief just mentioned; and another of the \(mystica\) vannus in which the sacred utensils and the first fruits for offerings were carried at the ceremonies of Bacchus. It is not so shallow as the other, and the outline is bent and wavy. It will be remembered that

in enumerating the implements of agriculture in the first Georgic, Virgil has the line---

Arbuteæ crates et mystica vannus Iacchi.

It is possible the adjective "mystica" was due to the vannus being used as a receptacle for ritualistic vessels &c., but reflection will show that there was a sacredness attaching to the winnowing basket of a different nature. The legend of Bacchus states that he came from India, and, as Spence says, "he is very often seen in old relievos in a triumphal car, attended by a fantastic set of women, fauns, and satyrs, and generally with elephants, lions, or tigers, and other Indian wild beasts." The idea of triumphs is said to have been taken from this scenic progress. When the worship was introduced in the Bootian Thebes, a beautiful fable was related to connect the cult with the city. Dionysus was declared to be the son of Zeus and Semele, the daughter of the king. The tale of her destruction by lightning is full of awe and significance. But the Dionysus of the great procession to Eleusis, and of the Mysteries at that place, was asserted to be the son of Ceres. His image was that of a young man, crowned with myrtle, and with a torch in his hand. And here we appear to touch the very core of the devotion. Life has always seemed to thinkers in the East to be the mystery of mysteries. It is symbolised by the fire that can be summoned, and yet we seem to know not whence; and can be dismissed, yet no man can tell whither it goes when it is extinguished. And as the fire requires fuel, so this subtle thing in man must be supported by the gifts of Ceres: by corn from which is made the bread that passes as a type of all sustenance; and when to this gift is added the gift of the son of Ceres-wine, then the scheme of nurture seems complete. The phallic symbol of the lingam-to be seen in every part of India, and not necessarily associated with any idea of licentiousness—typifies the reproduction of the great mystery of life, just as the Dionysian cult celebrated its sustentation.

No wonder, then, that the Indian infant—newly born—was placed, in old days, with solemn ceremonial, in the winnowing basket, in token of its dependence on blessed agriculture hereafter for the keeping up of the fearful gift it had so recently obtained. But the old cults waned and perished; the shadow lingers though the substance has departed. The torch erect in the hand of the young Dionysus was the emblem of life, as the reversed, extinct torch was the emblem of death.

"Was kann das Ende des Lebens," says Lessing, "deutlicher bezeichnen als eine verloschene, umgestürzte Fackel?"

The process of winnowing, as described in Du Bellay's song, has, of course, long ago disappeared from French farming. It has been superseded by the machine called TARARE, or van mechanique, invented at the end of the last century by Duhamel du Monceau. Winnowing with a basket may linger, perhaps, in backward neighbourhoods. The basket certainly has survived, and it has been described as being somewhat of the shape of a shell. Of course, here a bivalve shell is meant, and especially the lower valve. I think I trace the shell shape in the bas-relief of the vannus mystica on the man's shoulder.

Now here a curious fact comes in. In Sanscrit, stip is a winnowing basket; sip, a shell. Difficulties are not disguised; it might be held philological heresy to find a connection between words with the long ú and those with the long í. There is no affinity between the two, it might be urged.

A gentleman, however, favourably known as an excellent Orientalist, informs me that such connection seems to him by no means improbable. A general idea of sorting or dividing seems to hover over S and P, or over S and any consonant into which P might be transmuted.

Sieve may be fairly held to come from súp, or from some common origin with súp, and in Webster's dictionary the old high-German word for sieve is alleged to be "síp."

If sipping or supping have a sense of sifting or dividing, that sense would suggest a connection with the winnowing-basket—súp.

Would it be extravagance to suppose that the shelly lips of the bivalve—sip, in Sanscrit—have a function of sorting which has supplied the name? At any rate, there appears some dim connection between a winnowing-basket and a shell. Does etymology lend any countenance to this resemblance?

Perhaps far more is known on the subject than I am aware of, but I have put down these notes in good faith—founded as they are on the best information within my reach.

J. W. SHERER.

CORNEILLE'S "CID" BEFORE THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

T N January 1635 Louis XIII. signed a decree establishing the French Academy, and he had doubtless been told to do so by his autocratic minister, the Cardinal de Richelieu. We may regard Richelieu as the founder of this institution, though to Valentin Conrart must be given the honour of bringing together the men who afterwards became the first Academicians. Five or six years before the royal decree had been issued nine gentlemen had formed themselves into a little society. They used to meet at short intervals, at first at Conrart's house. "There they talked together in a friendly way, as they would have done at any ordinary visit, and about all sorts of things-of business, of news, of literature. If any one of them had written a book, as was often the case, he spoke of it freely to all the others, and they gave their opinions about it openly. When their meeting was over, sometimes they went for a walk together, sometimes they supped together. So they continued for three or four years, and, as I have heard several of them say, it was a source of extreme pleasure and incalculable benefit; so that when they now talk of bygone times, and of the first days of the Academy, they speak of it as of a golden age, during which, with all the innocence and all the freedom of the early ages, noiselessly and without ceremony, and bound together only by the laws of friendship, they used to enjoy the charms of society which intellectual men can make so agreeable." The future Academicians were nearly all young men. of them only, Chapelain and Gombauld, had an established reputation; the others were anxious that they should become known as the writers of books that had been printed and published. The little club made a law that their meetings were to be keep secret from the outside world, and for some years this law was observed. During that time they were unknown and happy. One of them at length broke the seal of friendship. Malleville told Faret, and then Faret told Desmarets and Boisrobert. Boisrobert was the last man in the world to keep a

secret, and he told his master, Richelieu. With that strong instinctive insight into all things which is characteristic of great and ambitious minds, Richelieu recognised the power of letters among an intelligent and prospering people. He told Boisrobert to ask the members of the club if they would not like to assemble regularly under a publicly constituted authority. The club did not at all wish to be interfered with, but they had to pay the price of forfeit of one of their members. Chapelain, whom they all regarded as being one of the ablest among them, advised that they should not contradict the minister, but do with good grace what he asked them before they were obliged to do it against their will. We may imagine that Boisrobert spoke also in the same sense. Richelieu was thanked for the honour that he was conferring upon them, and he, in turn, told them to continue their sittings, to add to their number, and to pass resolutions as to the form the company would take. A report, setting forth the main designs of the Academy, was printed and sent to the Cardinal. The main purport of it was to purify the language, and to render it capable of greater excellence. So far Richelieu had not met with much opposition, but the necessary consent of the Parliament to register the King's edict was not easily obtained. Statesmen and others who were known to be supporters of the minister's policy were admitted into the company. But the Parliament thought that Richelieu wished to establish a body of learned men to dispute its authority. There was a strong feeling that Richelieu wished to domineer, and men tried to keep themselves as far as possible outside the scope of his tyranny. It was not until two years and a half after the King had signed the edict that the Parliament consented This was in July 1637. And then they demanded that the following clause should be inserted:-

"That the members of the said assembly or Academy shall only take cognisance of the improvement, the embellishment, and the augmentation of the French language, and shall notice only books written by them or by such persons as may wish for their interference."

In passing their own statutes the members of the new Academy had put in a similar clause, that they would only judge of the works written by one of their own body, and that if they should ever find themselves called upon to consider others, they would only give their advice thereon, without passing censure and without offering praise.

The French Academy was, therefore, established with full legal authority in July 1637, and an event occurred quite at the close of

the preceding year which was destined to bring them into notice before the public. At the end of December 1636, Corneille's tragedy, Le Cid, was brought out at one of the theatres in Paris, and the play became at once so popular that before a month was over half the town had been to see it. It was played three times before the Court, and Richelieu caused two performances of it to be given in his own palace. Pellisson, the historian of the French Academy, said: "It is difficult to imagine with what approbation this piece was received by the Court and by the public. People could not get tired of seeing it; one heard nothing else spoken of in society; everybody knew some portion of it by heart; it was taught to the children, and in many parts of France 'Cela est beau comme le Cid' became a household word." The subject of the play was taken from the adventures of the Cid, the popular hero of the chivalrous ages in Spain, and, though under French treatment the play is dressed in a French garb, much of the national spirit of the country in which the original was written was observed, and its highly romantic character was one of the causes of its great popularity. The Queen, Anne of Austria, the daughter of Philip III. of Spain, was so delighted to see the strong Spanish character in the play that she conferred a title of nobility on the father of the author.

The same reasons which delighted the Queen were as gall and wormwood to Richelieu. There were two objects on which the mind of Richelieu was always bent—to reduce the power of the House of Austria in Europe, and to lower the pretensions of the French nobility in France. He thought there was much in the Cid that was calculated to inflame men's minds against obedience to authority in the State. He did not like the exalted principles of honour that were put forward so continually in Corneille's play; and as he had caused a law to be passed against duelling, he could not tolerate that popular verses should be sung in its favour. Don Arias, one of the characters in the piece, tries to persuade the Comte de Gormas, on the part of the king, to make reparation to Don Diègue for insult offered to him. The Comte is very haughty, and will not apologise. Corneille puts four lines into his mouth, but by Richelieu's orders he was afterwards obliged to suppress them:—

Ces satisfactions n'apaisent point une âme; Qui les reçoit n'a rien, qui les fait se diffame, Et de pareils accords l'effet le plus commun Est de perdre d'honneur deux hommes au lieu d'un.

But there were also other reasons which determined Richelieu to stifle the popularity of Corneille's play, and his interference was

Corneille's "Cid" before the French Academy. 81

unfortunate both for himself and for Corneille; indeed, so far as we know, it was beneficial to nobody.

Among the follies of wise men may be counted Richelieu's passion for the theatre. His ambition prompted him to rival poets, whose lines were listened to by the multitude. Though Richelieu could divine the power of letters his own literary taste was poor. His pride prevented him from deferring to the judgment of others, and his vanity led him to make exhibitions which at the time covered him with ridicule and the shame of defeat, and at which posterity has not ceased to wonder. The representations of Mirame and of Europe did not take place until after the affair of the Cid, but we may say that his efforts to gain applause by the part he took in the composition of these pieces failed as signally as his earlier attempts had done. Before the first appearance of the Cid he had engaged in his pay five authors—Boisrobert, Colletet, Corneille, de l'Estoile, and Rotrou-to write for him tragedies and comedies. Each of the five pensioners was entrusted with an act, but the minister himself chose the subject of the play, would try to arrange the scenes, and put in verses of his own. On one occasion, in the Comédie des Tuileries, Corneille, who was at work upon the third act, took upon himself to deviate from the instructions he had received. Richelieu was very angry, and told Corneille "qu'il fallait avoir un esprit de suite"—meaning that, like the others, he should do what he was told.

It would be altogether uninteresting to describe at length the quarrel occasioned by the Cid; 1 it will be enough for us to say what part the Academy took in the matter. If the quarrels of authors arise from jealousy more than from any other cause, this case was certainly no exception to the rule. The contemporary playwrights who from envy assailed Corneille are now very little known, and with one exception their names have not been preserved to us by the satires of Boileau. Rotrou was the dramatist of those days most worthy of repute, and he kept aloof from the quarrel. But how many of us have read a play of Mairet? Who has ever heard of Claveret? No one now reads more of Georges de Scudéry than the lines:—

Bienheureux Scudéry, dont la fertile plume Peut tous les mois sans peine enfanter un volume!

It was he who began the attack. He published a pamphlet,

¹ Those who wish for detailed information on this squabble—for, indeed, it does not deserve a more dignified name—may refer to the *Vie de Corneille*, by Taschereau, and to the *Notice* to the *Cid* in the third volume of Corneille's works by M. Marty-Laveaux.

addressed to the Academy, entitled "Observations sur le Cid." He said, "There are certain plays, like certain animals, which when seen from a distance appear to be stars, but which, when looked at closely, turn out to be only worms." He then divides his argument under six heads, and under every count maintains that the Cid is deserving of censure. Scudéry addressed his criticisms to the Academy under the idea that they would be noticed by the Cardinal, and that he would so have the best chance of revenging himself against his successful rival. Richelieu read the pamphlet with satisfaction. It had been galling to him that one of the five authors whom he had pensioned, and who disobeyed his orders, should, of his own accord, write a play which took such a hold upon the public that they should wish to see that and nothing else. Richelieu had meddled with the manufacture of those pieces that were written under his orders, and he knew that he had not been successful. Corneille had braved his a uthority, written that which was especially distasteful to him. and his efforts had been crowned with triumph. After Scudéry had published his pamphlet, Richelieu desired the Academy to give their opinion on Corneille's play, and to put what they had to say into writing. The Academicians were very loth to do this. They tried to excuse themselves, saying that the company, which had only lately been established, ought not to bring itself into disfavour by giving a judgment that would probably displease everybody; that it would be foolish for them to criticise a play that had become so generally popular; and that by their own statutes they could not judge of any work without the consent and at the request of the author. This last reason was the only one which had any weight with Richelieu. Boisrobert was accordingly sent to Corneille to beg of him not to refuse to allow the Academy to examine and to comment upon his play. The proposition was as distasteful to Corneille as it had been to the Academicians. He had written his play for the public, and by them it had been well received. He did not wish, therefore, to have it criticised, and probably condemned, by a body of men under the command of Richelieu. Boisrobert was, however, so importunate in urging his master's will that Corneille wrote to him on January 13, 1637: "Messieurs de l'Académie can do what they like. Since you tell me that Monseigneur is anxious to see this judgment, and that it would give pleasure to his Eminence, I have nothing more to say." The Cardinal then thought there was no further obstacle; but still the members of the new Academy were unwilling to undertake the work. Richelieu was determined on the matter. He sent down word, "Let

these gentlemen know that I wish it to be done, and that I will love them as they love me."

Pellisson says that the Academicians had then no means of escaping. On June 16 they set about the work, which, when it was done, they presented to the Cardinal. Richelieu examined the report very carefully, annotating it in several places in the margin, and expressed himself satisfied with the judgment, but he thought it would be well "to throw in a handful of flowers." It was reconsidered by the company, written out afresh, and sent to the printer. As soon as they had got the proofs they sent them off to the Cardinal; but Richelieu was less pleased with the corrected version than he had been with the former one. He thought that too many flowers had been thrown in, and gave orders that the printing should be stopped immediately. Chapelain and Sirmond, at his request, went to see him, and he explained to them with great energy what he wished to have done. Sirmond drew out another conv. but even this did not suit the autocratic man. It was difficult for the Academicians to know what they ought to do. At length, after much consultation, Chapelain took the matter in hand, and wrote out a new report, very little different from the first one, except that it was longer and more ornamental in its style. Early in the year 1638 were published "Les Sentiments de l'Académie Française sur le Cid," the gist of the verdict being in favour of Scudéry against Corneille. The Academy thought the subject of the play was ill-chosen, and that Corneille had committed a great fault in making his heroine promise twenty-four hours after her lover had killed her father in a duel that she would consent to marry him at some future time.

Fifty years later La Bruyère wrote in his chapter "Des Ouvrages de l'Esprit": "What a prodigious distance there is between a fine work and a work that is perfect or regular! I do not know if we have yet had one of this last kind. It is perhaps less difficult for men of rare genius to hit upon the grand and the sublime, than to avoid all sorts of faults. Only one opinion was heard about the Cid when it first appeared, which was admiration. It proved stronger than authority and statecraft, which vainly endeavoured to stifle it. It united in its favour minds that are always divided in opinion, the nobles and the people. They both agreed in learning it by heart, and in welcoming on the theatre the actors who were to perform it. The Cid is, in fact, one of the finest poems that can be written; and one of the best criticisms that has ever been made on any subject is that on the Cid."

The members of the new Academy had an ungrateful task forced

upon them, and their difficulty was not lessened by the fact that they knew that their opinion when made known would please nobody. They could not condemn a play which had delighted all Paris, and they felt themselves bound not to ignore the wishes of their Protector, to whom as a body they owed their existence. It would seem as though judicious minded men at the time thought that the balance between the parties had been drawn with sufficient fairness, and they were specially glad to think that the dispute might be closed without further acrimony. It is certain that Corneille felt he was being hardly treated, and he looked with much anxiety to see what would be the published opinion of the Cardinal's men. He was very proud of being author of his play. "The Cid will be always fine," he wrote, "and will have the reputation of being the best piece put on the stage, until there comes another which people may see thirty times without getting tired of it."

It may be considered as tolerably certain that envy and jealousy had animated Richelieu against Corneille. Every bit of evidence we have from contemporary writers points that way. Pellisson was very clearly of that opinion; so also was Tallemant des Réaux. All that Tallemant says need not be believed, for he was fond of society and of gossip, and wrote down as much of what he heard as pleased him. It is amusing, at any rate, to read what he says of Richelieu's collaboration with his pensioners. "Richelieu was mad with jealousy against the Cid, because the plays written by his five authors had not been successful. He used to write the long tirades in the plays. and when he was at work he would never see anybody. Once when l'Estoile, who was less complacent than the others, mildly pointed out to him that a verse ought to be altered—which verse by the way had three syllables too many—the Cardinal answered him, 'Là, là, Monsieur de l'Estoile, we will make it do.'" There was, too, in the mind of Corneille a feeling that Richelieu had been a tyrant to him rather than a benefactor. In his "Excuse à Ariste," published after the Cid, he proudly claims for himself the honour due to his work:-

Je ne dois qu'à moi seul toute ma renommée.

His lines here are very self-laudatory, and he does not allude to having received any pension from the Cardinal. Richelieu died in 1642, and after his death Claude de Sarrau, a councillor to the Parliament of Paris, and a friend of Corneille's, wrote to him saying that he ought to compose a poem in honour of the great minister, who, if he had lived, would sooner or later have paid tribute to his merit. Corneille had not forgotten the affair of the Cid, and he

also recollected that he had at one time enjoyed Richelieu's bounty. He therefore replied as follows:—

Qu'on parle mal ou bien du fameux Cardinal, Ma prose ni mes vers n'en diront jamais rien; Il m'a fait trop de bien pour en dire du mal, Il m'a fait trop de mal pour en dire du bien.

Richelieu had been arbitrary in the way in which he had ordered the Academicians to write a criticism on the Cid; but we should err in supposing that ill-feeling towards Corneille was his only object. M. Livet, the last editor of Pellisson's history, in his introduction, gives another reason that should claim our attention. will be remembered that the Cid was first performed and was printed in the interval between the King's signing the edict for the French Academy and the registration of that edict by the Parliament. The Parliament had doubted Richelieu when he told their president that the Academy was to have no concern with political matters, and that their functions were to be purely literary. As yet the Academy, which existed only in name, was ignored by the public and misunderstood by the Parliament, and the consent of the Parliament was wanted to give it a legal status. The Cardinal thought that a good opportunity had presented itself for proving that he was acting openly and in good faith. He therefore wished the Academicians to do something to show, by a decisive act of their own, what their objects and intentions were. The Cid had been very warmly received by the public, and it had been condemned by contemporary dramatists. Here, then, was surely a case of which a literary assembly might take cognisance, and give what they thought to be the rightful verdict on the dispute.

Richelieu may have been actuated by this motive as well as by the meaner ones of jealousy and envy. Boileau is likely to have known what was the feeling uppermost in men's minds at the time, and with his usual conciseness and good sense he has summed up the matter in a few lines:—

En vain contre le *Cid* un ministre se ligue, Tout Paris pour Chimène a les yeux de Rodrigue; L'Académie en corps a beau le censurer, Le public révolté s'obstine à l'admirer.

HENRY M. TROLLOPE.

THE ABBEY AND PALACE OF DUNFERMLINE.

A LTHOUGH it does not stand in the midst of romantic scenery, and is the centre of a town from which almost every glory, save only the name of a "royal burgh," has departed, yet Dunfermline may lay claim to being second to no place on the Scottish mainland in historic interest. For here is the burialplace of Margaret, queen and saint, whose name is still held in so much honour north of the Tweed that it is almost as great a favourite with Scottish lassies as that of Mary is in the south. In the palace of Dunfermline, too, our own King Charles I. first saw the light; and even in its present state, the abbey church of Dunfermline is beyond all question the finest Norman structure in the whole length and breadth of bonny Scotland.

Dunfermline stands on a rather lofty site in Fifeshire, about sixteen miles north-west of Edinburgh, and some three or four miles from the Firth of Forth at Queensferry. It looks well if approached from the south. It is not attractive in its other buildings or surroundings, for the town has a decidedly commercial aspect, and its manufactures are held nowadays in higher repute than its mute "memorials of the past." Still, the man or woman must be wholly void of feeling who can look without emotion on the grand fabric of the abbey, and on the ruins of the royal palace hard by. All that remains of the former is the nave, its choir and chancel having been pulled down and destroyed half a century ago; and the church having been built for a religious order and not for a cathedral, there are no traces of transepts having ever been built. The abbey and the palace, however, form one group, and they stand on the well-wooded banks of an exquisite little glen, through which, some sixty or seventy feet below one's feet, trickles a little brook on its way to join the waters of the Forth.

The abbey of Dunfermline was of the Benedictine order, so that doubtless it could have boasted of some very learned inmates, had it not been for the wanton destruction of its records, as well as of its

walls, at the era of the Reformation, when the Scotch people set to work far more vigorously than their southern brethren in destroying the nests of the clergy, so as to scare away their episcopal inmates, whether Catholic or Protestant. Its early history may be very briefly told. It was begun by Malcolm Canmore, and finished by Alexander I., surnamed "the Fierce"; and it was held in high honour for several centuries as the burialplace of a long line of Scottish kings. In all probability it was originally intended at least to include a hospital, as it is styled in early documents "hospitium mente infirmorum." This is rendered the more probable, as at first it was only a priory, subject to a prior; but it was raised into an abbey by David I., who in 1124 brought to it thirteen monks from St. Augustine's house at Canterbury, and it gradually grew in wealth and importance, so that at the Reformation it numbered twenty-six The endowments of the abbey were very various and extensive; the estates of Musselburgh and Inveresk, near Edinburgh, with their parish churches and mills &c., were bestowed on it by King Malcolm and his son David. Kinghorn, and its western neighbour, Burntisland, with its castle and harbour, nearly all of Kirkaldy, and other towns, besides a share in the proceeds of the royal ferry at Oueensferry, belonged to this holy place, by virtue of gifts or bequests from royal and noble personages. Besides these, the abbot had from David I. a grant of the tithe of all the gold found in Fife or Fotheriff, which may or may not be a proof that Fifeshire was auriferous. In addition, the same monarch invested his monks at Dunfermline with a right to a tithe of the seals found round about the coast at Kinghorn; whilst a third grant, from Malcolm IV., bestowed on them the heads, except the tongues, of certain small whales called "crespies," taken in the Firth of Forth, and also the oil extracted from their blubber. All this may be seen and read in the chartulary of the abbey, which is carefully preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh.

The first abbot of Dunfermline was Gosfrid, of whom we find the following account in the writings of Florence of Worcester: "A man of singular piety, named Gosfridus, prior of Canterbury, at the request of David, King of the Scots, and with the approval of Archbishop William, was elected abbot of the place in Scotland called Dunfermline, and he was ordained by Robert, Bishop of St. Andrew's, in the year 1128." The Chronicle of the Holy Cross states that this abbot died in 1153, when he was succeeded by his nephew, another Gosfrid. The list of abbots who ruled here for four centuries is not quite perfect, and would be of little interest,

for most of the names recorded are unknown to history, the abbey being overshadowed by the palace, to which it gradually came to be regarded as an appanage. The last of the line of abbots was George Dacre or Darcie, Commendator and Archdeacon of St. Andrew's; and the house which for more than four centuries had been the home of Benedictine learning and piety was "united to the Crown" by James VI. Such was its end.

The nave of the abbey was long used for Presbyterian services, and was blocked up by huge tiers of unsightly pews and other abominations; but in the early part of the present century a brand-new edifice, of the sham Gothic style, was built on the site of a portion of the former chancel, and this is now occupied by the good people of Dunfermline for preachings on what, north of the Tweed, is called "The Sabbath." The nave is a noble specimen of fine solid Norman work, but singularly devoid of ornament throughout. It is supported on either side, and divided from the north and south aisles, by a double row of massive pillars, supporting grand semicircular arches; the pillars are very low, being scarcely 17 feet high, and 131/2 feet in circumference. Two of them are ribbed spirally, and two others are marked with zigzag mouldings closely resembling those at Lindisfarne and at Durham Cathedral. This likeness is to be accounted for by the fact that the nave was erected by Malcolm Canmore at the instance of one Turget, Bishop of St. Andrew's, who formerly had been prior of Durham. In spite of their massiveness, the pillars on the south side are terribly out of the perpendicular, and probably would long since have fallen, had it not been that the entire fabric is propped up on this face by external buttresses of great strength. doubt it was the fact of the abbey having been built so near to a steep slope on the southern side that made this awkward addition necessary. The buttresses are very heavy, and do not add to the beauty of the structure; on each of them is a panel bearing a coat of arms. showing that the work was the gift of several individuals who wished their names to be remembered. At the western end of the nave are two towers of Norman or semi-Norman work, but neither of them is a good specimen of that style. The tower at the southwestern angle was rebuilt, partly on the old lines, a few years ago, its predecessor having fallen for want of such external support as the addition of a buttress would have given.

To the extreme east of the chancel, beyond the new parish church which covers the old choir, are some remains of the Lady Chapel. This, to judge by the scanty portions which stand above ground, must have been a fine specimen of the Early English or first Pointed style. It was here that Queen Margaret's monument and shrine stood, until it was shattered by the iconoclasts of the Tudor era.

Between the nave of the church and the steep descent into the glen already mentioned stand a few remains of the monastic buildings. The ancient entrance gateway of the abbey is there; a modern carriage road, however, leads through it from the upper part of the town to the streets in the valley below. The gateway is very solid and substantial, and on the whole in good repair. This can scarcely be said of the refectory or "fratery" of the monks which it adjoins, and of which only one side and a portion of another is standing. This was partly of the Early English and partly of the Decorated period, as is shown by the lancet windows on the south, and a large traceried window in the western wall. The old cellars and the staircase leading from the kitchen to the fratery are still more or less perfect; but of the cells there is nec vola nec vestigium.

It has been already mentioned that several of the Scottish kings were buried at Dunfermline: indeed, after they ceased to care to have their bones laid in the sacred but inaccessible Iona, the members of the royal line were almost all buried here. Such being the case, the visitor of antiquarian tastes would naturally expect to see here the tombs of some at least of those princes who reared the castles and palaces of Scotland, and whose names figure in the annals of that country. But nothing can be further from the fact; and the noble nave of Dunfermline Abbey is not more void of architectural ornament than it is of the monuments of Scottish royalty. The remains of Robert Bruce, the avenger of his country's independence, lay here for centuries without an inscription or other memorial to distinguish them from those of the vulgar herd. Whether it was always so is not known for certain; for the documentary records of Scotland have perished to a much larger extent than those of England, and it is probable that when the chancel was demolished at the Reformation, the royal monuments were broken up and buried in its ruins. For centuries previous to the erection of the present new church, the area of the choir and chancel was filled with rubbish several feet in depth, among which were fragments of statues and marble monuments, which once had been richly carved and gilt, together with several stone coffins containing human bones. One of these coffins dug up in 1821 was believed by experts to have held the remains of Robert Bruce, though his heart was buried far away. What was thought to have been his body was exhumed, but reverently The tombstone of Queen Margaret is the only one re-buried.

which is here pointed out to the visitor as beyond dispute her own; but, according to Robert Sibbald in his History of Fife, here also were interred the bodies of Malcolm III., his Queen Margaret and his son King Edgar; Alexander I. with his Queen Sibyll; David I. with his two wives; Malcolm IV.; Alexander III. and Margaret his consort; Edmund II., son of Malcolm III., and his brother Etheldred, Earl of Fife; Macduff, Earl of Fife; William Ramsay, Earl of Fife; and those of other nobles, including Thomas Randal, Earl of Murray and Governor of Scotland.

Several members of our own royal family, during recent years, in the course of their journeys between Edinburgh and Balmoral, have made pilgrimages to Dunfermline in order to gaze on the scanty remains of a place once so closely associated with Scottish royalty; but, in spite of the interest which she is known to feel in the history of her Northern province, as yet the burialplace of the saintly Queen Margaret has not been visited by her Majesty Queen Victoria, though she has practically expressed her reverence for the spot by ordering the site of the tomb to be railed round carefully at her own cost.

Adjoining the remains of the abbey are the remains of the royal palace, not half so old, however, or anything like so full of interest. But there must have been here an older palace, if it is true that Edward I. wintered in 1303 in Dunfermline, and kept his Christmas there. Lord Hailes remarks in his Annals that "in that place there was an abbey of the Benedictine Order, so spacious that, according to an English historian, three sovereign princes, with all their retinue, might have been lodged conveniently within the precincts. Here, too," he adds, "the Scottish nobles sometimes held their But the English soldiers utterly destroyed this magni-The Scots had converted the house of the Lord into ficent fabric. a den of thieves by holding their rebellious Parliaments there. church, however, and a few mansions (tenements), fit for monks, were graciously spared by the English Reformers." These cells, however, which were "spared" by the English, and which probably formed a large portion of the consecrated buildings, were demolished by the Reformers in 1560. At the general dissolution of the monasteries which followed, Dunfermline was given to one of the royal secretaries named Pitcairn, who died in Loch Leven Castle in 1584. His tomb is, or was, to be seen in the nave of the abbey. The different estates belonging to the monks were afterwards granted by royal favour to various lav persons of influence; Musselburgh being given to the Maitlands, Lords of Thirlestane, and Dunfermline

to the House of Seaton, or Seton, one of whom, named Alexander, was created Lord Dunfermline. He died, however, without issue, when his title became extinct, and Dunfermline was given to Queen Anne, daughter of Frederick, King of Denmark. In later times, in 1839, the barony of Dunfermline was conferred on the Right Hon. James Abercromby, sometime M.P. for Edinburgh and Speaker of the House of Commons; but the title ended with his son and successor, the second baron.

No trace remains of the old palace said to have been built by Malcolm Canmore, but it was probably a noble structure. Margaret, the saintly wife of Malcolm, was the sister of Edgar Atheling, the heir of the Saxon lines of England's kings. Her brother had fled into Scotland after the battle of Hastings, and there she married the Scottish king. Malcolm, as every reader of Shakespeare knows, was the eldest son of Duncan, King of Scotland, who was assassinated by Macbeth. Malcolm himself had previously fled into England during Macbeth's usurpation, when he took up his residence at the Court of Edward the Confessor. By the efforts of Macduff, Thane of Fife, and of Seward, Earl of Northumberland, an insurrection was raised against the usurper. The people deserted him, and he fell at Lumphanan, in Aberdeenshire. Malcolm was a prince of great valour and courage, but, like most other laymen of his day, quite illiterate. He appears to have left much of the management of his kingdom in his absence to Queen Margaret, who became widely popular on account of her piety and good deeds. She was generally regarded in her lifetime as a saint, and was canonized in due course after her death; but though she is said to have worked miracles, there is no proof that she or her husband were very liberal to the church which they had founded. Perhaps they thought it quite enough to have raised the structure, and left it to others to endow it. But her name was long revered, and is still affectionately remembered in Scotland, and her figure is engraved on the seal of the royal borough with which she was so closely con-"The armorial bearing of Dunfermline," writes the author of "The Beauties of Scotland," "is a tower, or fort, supported by two lions, enclosed in circles; round the exterior circle is written 'Sigillum Civitatis Fermeloduni,' and round the interior one 'Esto Rupes Inaccessa.' On the reverse is a female figure with a sceptre in her hand, and on each side an inverted sword, point upwards, and round it is the legend 'Margaretta Regina Scotorum.'"

The traces of the second palace, which succeeded that built by Malcolm Canmore, are scanty enough. All that meets the visitor's

eye is a mound and tower, in a field about 500 yards to the south of the abbey, and not far from the glen already mentioned. distance it looks as if it had been the monastic dovecot, but in reality it is the south-western angle of the royal residence. This, however, in course of time, passed away, being either destroyed in war, or pulled down in the times of peace in order to make way for a larger structure of a much more recent style. Such portions of it as are standing look as if they had been built, or at all events altered and modernised, about the reign of Queen Elizabeth. They remind the travelled tourist partly of Bishop Gower's Palace at St. David's, and partly of such buildings as Cowdray in Sussex, Longleat, on the borders of Wilts and Somerset, Hardwicke in Berkshire, and Houghton Conquest in Bedfordshire. The square mullions and transoms of the unglazed windows, the roofless walls, their lines in some cases broken by old chimney-pieces and armorial devices, form a melancholy sight, except to those who think that a ruined edifice is better and prettier than a stately palace. The guide who shows these ruins points aleft to an upper chamber as that in which our own Charles the First was born; but the stone carved mantelpiece, on which, possibly, the royal caudle-cup has often rested, is all of its furniture that survives, and that hangs in mid-air. In another and larger room on the groundfloor, roofless as the other, it is said that in 1650 Charles the Second signed the Solemn League and Covenant, one of those many legal and regal documents which, it is to be feared, were afterwards regarded by the merry monarch as so much wastepaper.

The grounds below the palace, on the brink and sides of the glen, are beautifully wooded with fir, beech, and mountain ash; but none of the trees are old enough to have seen the Stuart kings and queens of Scotland walking on the terraces. The view, however, from the paths into the narrow watercourse below is exquisite, and forms almost the only pretty scene in the neighbourhood of Dunfermline. The glen abuts on the lands of a squire, Mr. Hunt, of Pittencrief, who some years ago made an abortive attempt to "annex" these charming grounds to his own estate. But the good people of Dunfermline took a legal opinion as to Mr. Hunt's rights, and, carrying an appeal before the House of Lords, secured the palace grounds for the use of the public for ever. A custodian has been appointed to keep them in proper order and to show the palace ruins. These, and those of the abbey, are now well and lovingly cared for by the keeper of Dunfermline, appointed by her Majesty's Government, a local gentleman, Mr. George Robertson,

who, so far from being a gainer by holding this post, not a sinecure in point of duty, but most miserably ill-paid, spends much of his time and also of his private means in rescuing the crumbling walls of both from the assaults and ravages of time.

There are no traces of the town having been walled, albeit it was a royal burgh, but the monastic buildings stood inside a close, which, of course, was surrounded by mural defences. A few parts of these still remain; enough to show the extent of the whole abbey in the olden days.

Though commonplace enough to look at, the streets of Dunfermline contain some ancient houses, but their old faces are concealed by modern fronts. The town also can boast of a handsome town-hall, built less than twenty years ago. It also keeps most strictly to the observance of sundry ancient customs, which, doubtless, have come down to the present generation from the days when it was inhabited by royalty. For instance, a bell in the tower of the town-hall is rung daily at a very early hour of the morning, to call the natives to their work, and again at 8 P.M.—the latter a survival, doubtless, of the old curfew.

EDWARD WALFORD.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BEDSTEADS.

RIMITIVE and Oriental people lie on the ground, or on a carpet, bed, or mattress which is laid on the ground. Modern Western civilisation is not satisfied with this; it demands bedsteads, with legs that shall raise the sleeper well above the floor level. Is any sound scientific justification of this latter practice discoverable?

I think there is, and that my explanation will prove that the question is not so frivolous as it may at first sight appear.

A very interesting paper was read before the Society of Arts on March 23, by Dr. Percy F. Frankland, in which, among other matter, he described experiments made by himself and others, proving that microbia, pathogenic and otherwise, do not long remain suspended in still air; they fall much more freely than might be supposed from what is known concerning infection by poison-germs floating in the air.

Hesse's experiments show this very clearly. Koch's method of testing for the existence of microbia in the air was to expose dishes or strips of glass containing gelatinous solid films.

On these the microbia fall, and find abundant nutriment, and multiply accordingly, forming colonies that may be counted, and may be examined with the microscope. But this only indicates the numbers falling on a given area, not the numbers contained in a given measure of air.

To determine these, Hesse used tubes about 3 feet long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches diameter, internally coated with the sterile nutritious gelatine-peptone. A measured quantity of air was drawn slowly through the tubes, when it was discovered that the colonies were all at the bottom of the tube, and not evenly distributed even over the bottom, but were more or less crowded together at the end where the air entered, and more and more sparsely distributed farther inwards, until the latter half of the tube was almost entirely free. The microbia had all fallen down in the course of the short journey of the air. The mould colonies spread all along the tube, showing that fungus-germs float in the air while bacteria fall.

Other experiments show that in an ordinary apartment the questionable organisms are more and more abundant, descending from ceiling to floor. Therefore the raising of our beds well above the level of the floor places us in a better atmosphere, so far as these microbia are concerned, than if we slept as in the East. This is especially the case if the air of the room is still, as is usually the case in the bedrooms of these latitudes. In rooms of the old Oriental pattern, without window-glass, the case is somewhat different.

It may be supposed that, carbonic acid being heavier than air, there is much more near the floor than a little higher. Owing to the diffusibility of the gas this, however, is not the case in any measurable degree. The carbonic acid we expire gets an upward start on leaving our lungs; the mixture expired is, excepting in hot weather, specifically lighter than that which we inspire, on account of its higher temperature.

ELECTRO-PLATING THE DEAD.

A VERY amusing outbreak of pseudo-science appears in one of the Saturday journals. It begins with the ancients, of course, VERY amusing outbreak of pseudo-science appears in one of and describes their methods of disposing of the dead, and then proceeds onward to modern cremation. This introduction winds up with a statement that "the latest method, and one that is growing into popular favour, is electro-plating," which is "the application of a perfectly even metallic coating to the surface of the body itself by the same process as that which produces an electrotype plate. The method is simply this: The body is washed with alcohol, and sprinkled over with fine graphite powder to ensure the perfect conduction of electricity. It is then placed in a bath of metallic solution containing a piece of the metal to be used. To this is attached the positive pole of a strong battery, the negative pole is applied to the corpse, and a fine film of metal at once begins to cover the body. perfectly and evenly. This may be kept up until the coating attains any desired thickness." We are further told that "in effect it transforms the corpse into a beautiful statue—form, features, and even expression being perfectly preserved;" and that "no change is brought about in appearance except that face and figure are covered with a shining veil, through which the familiar lineaments appear with all their well-remembered characteristics and expression."

This may appear so very charming to those who think it desirable

to furnish their houses with a collection of the dead bodies of departed friends and relations, that I must beg them to pardon me for the following.

In the first place, the sprinkling of a dead body or any other such substance with graphite powder does not "ensure the perfect conduction of electricity." Sprinkling would effect no conduction whatever of the battery current. It will not pass at all between the sprinkled particles. Where graphite is used for obtaining some degree of conduction it has to be *rubbed* over the surface, and rubbed well. Even then the conduction it affords is of a very imperfect kind. The deposit, instead of flashing over the whole surface as in electro-plating metallic substances, creeps very siowly—so slowly that various devices of leading wires, silver films precipitated by phosphorus &c., have to be used whenever the ill-conducting graphite-coated object has many square inches of surface.

Secondly, the deposit thus obtained, if of any substantial thickness, say a quarter of an inch, would deface the coated body to an extent that would completely falsify the above-quoted description. The lineaments of the beloved deceased would be covered with metallic warts, especially on the prominent parts, such as the end of the nose &c. More than forty years ago, Elkington, myself, and many others tried to obtain bronze-coated statuary. We first saturated plaster of Paris casts with wax or rosin or stearine, then rubbed them over with a shining coat of graphite, and with the aid of leading wires, silver films, &c., we deposited a covering of copper; but although the inner surface touching the prepared plaster was as smooth as the surface on which it was deposited, the visible outside was covered with warty lumps or pimples, which grew in deformity as the deposition proceeded.

I speak feelingly, having wasted capital on the enterprise. Had it succeeded, the result would have been very different; the whole community would ere this have been supplied with copies of the antique and other statuary coated with metal, say one tenth of an inch thick, which, according to the above description of the electroplated dead bodies, would have retained all the beauty of the plaster cast, combined with that of a costly bronze casting. We found that a coating of even one twentieth of an inch thick was too knobby.

Thirdly, such electro deposits are porous, sufficiently so to allow the decomposition of the electro-plated body to proceed with pestiferous vigour. Something might be done by burnishing and varnishing; but even with this, a moderately thick film of metal

would be liable to explosive ripping by expansion of the gases generated within.

The poetic visions of the above-quoted writer would be sadly marred if at a dinner party the housemaid should announce to the hostess, "Please, mum, your grandfather in the drawing-room is busted."

WATER FROM THE CHALK.

A T a meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers on April 19, papers were read on "Chalk Springs in the London Basin," by J. W. Grover, M.I.C.E.; on "Borings in the Chalk at Bushey, Herts," by W. Fox, M.I.C.E.; and on the "Wells and Borings of the Southampton Waterworks," by W. Matthews Assa, M.I.C.E. In these the subjects were discussed in the light of practical results which confirm in all respects but one the views I have expressed in this magazine of the prospects of supplying London with water from the chalk.

The one item was pointed out by Mr. Grover, and is this, that immediately under London the thick layer of clay overlying the chalk compresses the fissures from which, as I have contended, we must obtain our supply. This, which did not occur to me when I wrote, appears probable enough, and may explain many failures, but it does not affect the main question.

It may prevent us from obtaining supplies under Tottenham Court Road, but not from the surroundings of London where the chalk crops out. There is such an outcrop in the neighbourhood of Rickmansworth, and the river Colne already catches much of the chalk water. Mr. Grover estimates the flow at Rickmansworth at seventy millions of gallons per day, of which five to ten millions may be intercepted and used.

These papers are well worthy of study by those interested in this subject; and also another "On the Water in the Chalk beneath the London Clay," read before the County of Middlesex Natural History Society by R. B. Hayward, M.A., F.R.S., which will shortly be published in the Society's Transactions.

THE RESPIRATION OF PURE OXYGEN.

THE discovery of the gaseous elements of water, of the air, &c., in the latter half of the last century, naturally led to very sanguine expectations concerning the medicinal value of gases—expectations that were heightened by the newly revealed fact that the air we vol. CCLXIII. NO. 1879.

breathe consists of two gases, one that supports the life of all animated beings, the other and by far the larger constituent killing every creature that is forced to breathe it alone.

A "Pneumatic Institution" with Dr. Beddoes at the head, and some of the most eminent men of the time constituting its members, was formed for the purpose of investigating the action of gases on men and other animals. Sir Humphry Davy's first literary effort, "Essays on Heat, Light, and the Combinations of Light, &c.," was dedicated to "Dr. Beddoes and to the subscribers to the Pneumatic Institution."

The disappointment of these expectations led to a reaction from which we have not yet recovered, to a neglect of gaseous medicines, which appear so obviously adapted for the treatment of pulmonary troubles.

I am reminded of this, by reading in *The Asclepiad* (2nd quarter, 1887) an account of some very curious experiments made by Dr. Richardson thirty years ago, on the effects of breathing oxygen by animals. Until this reading, I had always understood, on the authority of our recognised text-books, that "the gas is of too stimulating a quality to be breathed undiluted with impunity for any considerable time, and before long it produces death from over-excitement of the system" (Miller's "Elements of Chemistry," vol. 2). This conclusion is based on the experiments of Beddoes and others, who found that animals immersed in oxygen died after a short time with symptoms of febrile and inflammatory disease.

Dr. Richardson, however, found that rabbits immersed in fresh oxygen, a current of which was steadily maintained, lived from seven to twenty-one days, feeding ravenously and losing a little weight. On their liberation they appeared to be in good health.

In the course of his experiments it became desirable to economise the oxygen, and accordingly he purified that previously used, by separating the carbonic acid, ammonia, water-vapour, and "all appreciable foreign product." The stale oxygen, as I venture to call it, was found, in spite of all chemical purification, to affect the animals immersed in it quite differently from the fresh gas.

"The symptoms were not those of asphyxia nor of excitement of any kind, but of the gentlest sleep. The pigeon slept as birds usually sleep, with its head under its wing. The four-footed animals extended out their fore feet, their noses resting between their feet, slept deeply and calmly, with their heads gently nodding, and with their breathing easy, quiet, and regular." They were roused with difficulty, and fell asleep again immediately. The sleep became

deeper and deeper, and finally ended in death when the experiment was continued long enough.

The gas in the chamber was afterwards examined and found to contain less carbonic acid than the common air of a large room in which the chamber was placed. These results correspond to those obtained by Broughton and Brodie.

When a current of freshly made oxygen was introduced in the place of the stale oxygen, moderately narcotised animals revived. But the most curious result was obtained by charging the stale narcotising oxygen electrically by a series of brushes from a metallic point connected with the conductor of an electrical machine. After a while its narcotising power ceased, and it assumed its original character as an excitant. The decomposition of dead animal substances occurred more rapidly in the stale than in the fresh oxygen.

Some very interesting reflections follow the narrative of the experiments. Any account or discussion of these would extend this note too far. My general conclusion is that we need a revival of the Pneumatic Institution, and that one of its first subjects of research should be the determination of the true nature of what has been vaguely named *ozone*, and of the action of this element or compound (whatever it may be) on living animals and plants.

One of the probable results of such investigations would be the artificial production of sea air and fresh country air at small cost in the bedrooms of inland and town houses, and the wards of inland and town hospitals. With modern improvements in electrical machines &c., we might easily, when feeling "seedy," obtain revival by turning the handle of a "pick-me-up" electrical brush generator.

NEWSPAPER SCIENCE.

NEWPSPAPER correspondents discover wonderful things. Under the title of "London Gossip" a first-class provincial paper tells us that the greatest consternation prevailed some time ago among the engineers employed on the railway at Hagen in consequence of the continual occurrences of accidents at the same place. The German Government directed an inquiry, which, after the lapse of six months, revealed the mystery. A rail "was taken up and broken, and it was perceived that it was literally hollowed out by a thin grey worm, to which the qualification of railivorous was assigned, and by which name it is to be classed in natural history. The worm is said to be about two centimètres in length, and of the size of the prong of a fork in circumference."

The narrative proceeds quite seriously, describing the colour of the worm, and two little glands on its head, "filled with corrosive secretion, which is ejected every ten minutes upon the iron. This liquid renders the iron soft and spongy, and of the colour of rust, and it is then greedily devoured by the insect."

The authority of an official report, and of the French Institute, are given in support of these and other statements, such as that "this creature for its size is one of most voracious kind, for it has devoured 36 kilogrammes of rail (79 lb.) in a fortnight."

The same veracious correspondent proceeds to tell us that "not very long ago a great sensation was created by a report sent in to the Royal Society of a gnat or moth which similarly devoured the lead of London cisterns, and that the subject will no doubt now be discussed with redoubled vigour since the discovery of the railway pest." We are further told that "specimens of the iron thus attacked have been sent to all the learned bodies of London and Paris."

The writer of this veracious history must be greatly disgusted with the negligence of the secretaries and councils of the "learned bodies" who have failed to publish in their Transactions any account of these wonderful animals, or to acknowledge the receipt of the specimens.

THUNDERBOLTS.

HAT is a "thunderbolt"? Is it simply an electric discharge of the same nature as ordinary lightning? If so, why should it present such differences of effect?

Such questions are suggested by a paper read at the Academy of Sciences, on April 25, by M. Daniel Colladon.

On April 7, one of these exceptional electric discharges occurred at Schoren, in the Canton Berne. It struck a large poplar, but instead of simply shattering the tree, and then subsiding in the earth, it exploded on reaching the earth after the manner of these "thunderbolts," and spread havoc for some hundreds of yards around, comparable to the effects of the explosion of a powder magazine. The shock was felt at Langenthal, three quarters of a mile distant, where several windows were smashed.

The mystery is increased by the fact that in April the ground is sufficiently moist to be a good conductor, and should therefore, according to our received notions, diffuse the electric discharge quietly.

TABLE TALK.

FIRES AT A THEATRE.

VERY year or two a holocaust—the use of a word not wholly correct may be pardoned—such as that at the Opéra Comique, thrills the amusement-seeking world and arrests for a while the chase after pleasure. Authorities are stirred to action; managers, who see their receipts diminished, are amenable to reason; a few steps, useful enough in their way, but painfully inadequate, are taken, and all for a time is vigilance. Then, after the custom of men, the playgoer forgets, the manager follows suit, precautions are neglected, and the race of pleasure is resumed until another calamity occurs and the same processes recommence. I have no nostrum to recommend and no wish to pose as more prudent than my fellows. As one, however, who for more than a quarter of a century has attended theatres on first nights, and has in so doing felt that he was carrying his life in his hand, I wish to speak a few words of common sense. managers say is to some extent true. A fire on a stage crowded with people is immediately stamped out. The risk from such a cause is a minimum. It is otherwise with the borders. These are the most inaccessible and the most desiccated portion of a theatre. When they catch fire they burn like match-boxes, and they can with difficulty be reached. Here it was that the fire began in the Opéra Comique, with what lamentable result the whole world knows.

THE REMEDY.

THERE are three ways in which the gravest danger to theatres can be met. Nothing combustible should be used behind the scenes; iron should be substituted for wood, and canvas, if—which I doubt—its use is necessary, should be soaked in tunstate of soda, the effect of which is to render it uninflammable. When thus treated canvas slowly smoulders and consumes, but will not burst into a flame. The woodwork cannot be immediately removed. Until that can be, hydrants should be so placed as to be

able to flood *instanter* the whole of the borders, and officials should be placed in command of it with a penalty of £500 on the management for quitting their posts during the performance; or again, perhaps better still, since the gasmen cannot leave their places, there should be a perforated roller charged with water which the mere pressure of a button on the side of the stage by the gas-cocks would serve to discharge. These suggestions are not those of a practical man. They have, however, the approval of practical men, and their adoption should be relentlessly enforced.

THE NEW GARDEN AT RICHMOND.

ONSCIOUS perhaps of the difficulty of maintaining its struggle against that other Richmond in the North, which, in addition to its superbly situated castle and its lovely mountain stream, has even deprived it of the claim to distinction in song as the home of the lass of Richmond Hill, Richmond in Surrey, the Londoner's Richmond, has made an important acquisition. The fine Buccleugh estate, with its superb view of the Thames, has been acquired by the corporation and thrown open to the public. The new possession constitutes no unimportant addition to the attractions of a place already famous for its beauties, and which can boast its terrace and its park. slopes of the Buccleugh estate are covered with a splendid turf, the disposition of the ground is picturesque, and the elms and other forest trees, including the cedars, are noteworthy even in that richly wooded district. When the adjoining garden fills in, and is added to the property, as in time it must be, the whole will be a noble acquisition. Much jubilation is heard over the defeat of the jerry builder. If, however, Richmond is to preserve its beauty, it is on the other side of the Thames the most jealous care must be used. If ever Twickenham meadows are disposed of in building lots, farewell to the beauty of Richmond. Meanwhile, on the day of my pilgrimage, which was that of many other sight-seeing Londoners, the garden was at its best, with the grass at its greenest, and the lilacs and horse chestnuts in full flower. The birds, as if conscious what had been done for them, were singing as if their throats would burst, or, as Sidney says, "as if they would never grow old." Welldone, Richmond! One word may be added. It is, perhaps, too much to expect a suburban corporation to be better informed than Government and railway companies. I was sorry, however, to see the by(e) laws of the corporation already advertised. The substitution of "bye" for "by" is one of the worst of philological heresies.

Byron's "Werner."

↑ FTER a lapse of more than half a century Byron's great romantic play, "Werner," in which Macready obtained his greatest triumph, has been revived upon the stage. First produced at Drury Lane Theatre by Macready on December 15, 1830, its performance silenced the voice of hostile criticism, and established the actor's fame upon an enduring basis. With Richelieu, Werner was the best of Macready's non-Shakespearean characters, the best Shakespearean character being Though frequently given by Macready, Werner practically slept from his time until that of Mr. Irving. It was included in the notable series of revivals by Phelps at Sadler's Wells, but the representation was perfunctory, and added little to Phelps's reputation. To the playgoer of to-day Werner is practically new. To read, it is one of the most prosaic, gloomy, and uninteresting works of the century, and its blank verse is pitiful. When acted it proves stimulating and dramatic. This fact is the more remarkable, as Byron in his preface declares it "neither intended nor in any shape fitted for the stage." Its early scenes, even with the finest acting, hang fire. From the moment, however, that Werner quits his humble grade, assumes his rank, and develops the higher aspects of his character, it begins to stir the public, and in the closing scenes, in which the father finds in his son, the pride of his heart and home, a commonplace assassin and the head of a gang of miscreants, it rises to quasi-tragic dignity. Mr. F. A. Marshall has altered the action in some respects, and has introduced a tableau in which the commission of the murder is exhibited, and the doubts of the spectator as to who is the criminal are set at rest. This change is of questionable expediency. Other alterations which follow are well conceived and serviceable. It was by the order of George Colman, the licenser of plays, that a fatal termination was assigned Werner. Byron left Ulric to escape and join his bandit comrades in the mountains. Such treatment of a murderer shocked the author of "The Lady of the Wreck," and Ulric had to be marched off to execution by the guards. This termination is preserved.

MACREADY AND MR. IRVING.

ROM the best written notices or descriptions of a performance it is difficult to obtain a just and an adequate idea of it. To one then who, like myself, has not seen Macready's Werner, a parallel or a contrast between the first and the latest representation of the part is not easy. Talfourd, however, describes Macready's Werner as

"a man, proud, voluptuous (?), and, above all, weak—craving after the return of his fatherly love with more anxiety from his sense of inability to repose on his own character and resources, and vainly lavishing his fondness upon a son, whose stern, simple, unrelenting nature repels all his advances with disdain." To this may be added the fact that in the concluding scenes Macready carried away his audience by an electrical outburst of passion. Of these qualities the weakness alone is prominently shown by Mr. Irving. The voluptuousness, whatever Talfourd meant by it, is gone, and we see a nature irresolute. tender, suspicious, refined and ennobled by pride of race and transcendent affection for his son, who is less intentionally vicious than indifferent to the means he employs to further his ends. With Mr. Irving, the play might almost be called by a name wholly in keeping with the old drama, "The Father's Tragedy." Mr. Irving's performance had extreme dignity, pathos, and power, and in the stronger scenes carried away the audience. Exceptional interest attended the occasion. which was a complimentary benefit to that worthy gentleman and fine dramatist, Dr. Marston. In undertaking to supply the shortcomings of recognition of successive Governments, Mr. Irving drew to himselfall that was best in letters and art. The fact that Miss Ellen Terry played the small character of Josephine, taken originally by Mrs. Faucit, contributed also to the signal success of the revival.

THE REMUNERATION OF PAINTERS.

COME feeling of cynicism must mix with the gratification which the painter experiences on seeing some work to which in early days he looked, perhaps vainly, for bread, sell for a sum which in the period of struggle he would have regarded as a fortune. of course, the lesson of life that Fame and its attendant Fortune come when the power and the desire to profit by them are diminished, and the lesson of toil and hardship which the painter has to learn hardens the nerves and strengthens the sinews, and is in almost every way beneficial. Men have been known, moreover, in the days when distinction and affluence have been reached, to look back with envy to the days of hard work and constant struggle. It is, however, curious to compare the prices paid for some of Mr. Holman Hunt's pictures with the account he has himself supplied of that studio in Cleveland Street, Fitzroy Square, in which hung unsold the works to which he had trusted to supply him with materials for new efforts. The moral may be banale, but the world has not yet lost its interest in the contrast.

THE

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DR. GLADMAN:

A SKETCH OF COLONIAL LIFE.

By E. HARRISON CLUBBE.

I was Christmas morning in Southern latitudes. The thermometer stood at 80° in the shade, and we had just finished a really splendid run across the Pacific, right away from the Cape, without touching, and we were all delighted to be once more about to stand on terra firma. I had signed articles in London, at a shilling a month, as surgeon, to the good ship "Teneriffe," the Company naturally considering the said shilling good pay in addition to a free passage for myself, and at a reduced rate for my wife, to Sydney.

We were passing the lighthouse, and could see the smoke rising from the little settlement at King George's Sound. The houses and harbour itself were hidden by the first of the many headlands that were between us and the narrow opening to the anchorage. There was the usual bustle on deck and tramping to and fro of the sailors, who were getting the anchor clear and the decks in readiness to let go.

My wife and her sister were making certain changes in their dress that they might be ready the moment we dropped anchor to go ashore. I could hear my wife ask her sister Rosie if she could really believe "this everlasting voyage is over?" as I was hurriedly finishing off my letters in the saloon to take ashore. I had just fastened and sealed up a long letter to my friend H. at "Bart's," and another to my mother in peaceful Devonshire, and had done the same for some half dozen or more of my wife's, when I heard the orders, "Hard a-port," "Ease her," "Slow," passed to the wheel and engine room as the pilot's boat came alongside. It was manned by four

considering Australia tropical!

rowers in man-o'-war's-man dress, and a tiny golden-haired boy, who didn't look more than ten, in the stern holding the tiller ropes in his little brown fist, and keeping his eyes fixed on the pilot's movements till he was safe on deck. Then he said authoritatively, "Let go the rope; fall astern," rolling the "r" and giving it "'Starn" in the approved style.

I ran down the companion again, and knocked at our state room to tell my women folk to come up and see him—they both are so fond of children. On going in I found my wife standing in the midst of open portmanteaus, fastening on her sister's white veil or puggery, attired herself in shore-going garments, and with another long redand-white-striped puggery shading her own neck. My wife insists on

"Do they wear gloves, do you suppose, in this place?" she said, taking a long pair of grey ones off the cabin sofa, with a somewhat scornful emphasis on the "this place" which expressed her private feeling about Australia generally.

"Of course they do; life in Australian towns is the same as life anywhere else," I said, proud of my information, derived from the blue-books of the Agent-General.

My wife smiled. She has a peculiarly sweet way of smiling sometimes, instead of answering one, which is equivalent to her to having the last word, and is far more than equivalent to me, and very trying, as I have to conjecture what the last word would have been.

We all went on deck. The pilot's boat was already some distance astern, and we could hardly see the little boy. We found we were steaming slowly through the blue water, past the swelling furze-covered headlands, the one we had just passed being crowned by a white lighthouse, with what looked at the distance a tiny white cottage, with neat palings and outhouses round it.

The pilot was in command on the bridge. We could see his figure against the sky, standing on the narrow strip of a platform, from which the officer of the watch rules his seagirt kingdom with an even more absolute despotism than that of the sultans of the "Arabian Nights." His broad back, upright figure, and strong hands grasping the rail in front, gave one a sense of security, though the quick clear enunciation of the necessary orders was not quite that of a sailor, or at least did not sound so, after the jolly roar to which we were accustomed in our skipper.

For all that we soon found ourselves safely anchored well in sight of the tiny jetty of the straggling collection of wooden and corrugated iron buildings that form the town of Albany. The ship was at once surrounded by a swarm of copper-coloured savages—lads and men, from apparently ten years old to about thirty—more or less nude, who proceeded, one out of each pair in their rough boats, to dive into the clear blue water after the coins the passengers threw in, and which they came up holding in their white teeth, shaking the water out of their close black curls.

We were watching two of these chattering gleaming "bronzes," as my wife called them, averring that unless you looked upon them as statuary they were really not proper, when the captain came up to us, as we leant over the bulwarks, to introduce the pilot, who stood just behind him with an amused smile at my wife's last remark.

"Doctor, let me introduce Dr. Gladman, our pilot, to you," said our skipper. "Mrs. M. and Miss N., this is our parish doctor, health officer, and pilot—Dr. Gladman."

The pilot bowed, and holding his peaked cap in his left hand stood with his close curling grey hair uncovered in the glowing Australian sunshine, while he shook hands with my wife and her sister. "Welcome to Australia, ladies," said he, still holding his cap.

"Thank you, doctor," said my wife. "But are you not afraid to remain uncovered in this dreadful sun?"

"Not for so short a moment, madam," he replied, and added, glancing at her delicate pale face and the more blooming cheeks of her sister, "We naturalised Australians have long ago given up all hope of having your beautiful English complexions," replaced his cap.

"Naturalised?" echoed Rosie, looking ready to shake hands over again. "Are you really an Englishman, Dr. Gladman? Oh! I am so glad. I was afraid every one would be Australian—Colonial now."

Dr. Gladman laughed. "A good colonist," he said, "but not a Colonial. No, it certainly seems a very long time ago, but I did originally come from 'Home,' as we say out here. I was born in Buckinghamshire, and bred at Bart's."

The magic word Bart's—my beloved hospital!--completed the charm Dr. Gladman's fine head, clever face, and quick cheery speech had worked.

Here was a brother in arms, at the first push off! As we made the tour of the ship together, necessary before he could give us our clean bill of health and a soul could leave the ship, I found he had known several of the older men of my time who were youngsters in his. He had qualified fifteen years before I did, but by the time we had reached the cabin to go over the ship's papers with the captain he seemed an old friend. There is something in the air of strange

lands that draws Englishmen together. I had been sent out for my health; so had he, he told me with a jolly laugh, "quite a wreck, they said, ten years ago!" I told him the latest medical news from England, and found he was only a fortnight behind me! and saw his *Medical Journal* and *Lancet* as regularly as I did. As we sat down to the saloon table, I asked him how they managed for a pilot, supposing a ship should come in and signal for one, while he was away across the bay, or over on the bush, in his capacity of doctor.

"Oh," said Dr. Gladman, "it doesn't often happen. You see the regular liners—the P. and O. and Orient boats—don't require a pilot, they come in so often. I don't quite know why you signalled for one, skipper," he added, turning to the captain, who had ordered sherry to be put on the table, and was sitting with his elbows well squared putting his very black and inky signature to the ship's papers.

"I've never been in here as skipper before. Why, it must be four years since I was here at all, Gladman. I was chief officer on the 'Regulus,' don't you remember, when I last came into the Sound? Let's see, in 1880 it was."

"Ay, so you were," returned the pilot; "but," he added, turning to me, "one of my boat's crew has a pilot's license too, and can take a boat in quite as well as I can. If they don't care to have him, they have to wait till I get back, if I am out. Once or twice I've been run very hard though, doing pilot and doctor at the same time almost."

"I remember, Gladman, just this very day, eight years ago," struck in the captain, "you took in the 'Badger' for Captain D—. I was his mate then, just before that awful gale of wind when the old jetty was nearly washed to pieces. It was the first time I ever saw you, and you were off then to some good lady—do you remember?"

"Yes, I remember that," said the pilot, balancing his silver pencilcase on his finger. "I hadn't my little coxswain with me then, had I, skipper?"

"Hadn't you? Oh! no—of course you hadn't"—and the skipper laughed. "He was only born that night, was he? Dear, dear, how time flies! So he is eight years old to-day! Here's to him!" And the skipper raised his glass, and so did the doctor, saying to me, "It's the little chap you noticed in my boat—my little coxswain."

I drank my glass also to the little fellow's health, and then the captain said:

"Tell the doctor, Gladman, how you came to take him."

"What is his name?" I said. "I saw a curly-headed little fellow

in the stern of your boat, and also that you had four men besides. That is a good large crew, isn't it, simply to pull you out to a ship and back?"

"It isn't a man too much either, doctor, and when you have seen our Breaksea in a storm of wind and rain you'll agree with me. Besides, that gig is all I have to take me to my patients across the bay, up the harbour to the town. Of course there is a path to the town round the cliffs from the lighthouse, where I live."

"You saw it as we passed, doctor. Gladman is lighthouse-keeper, among other things," put in the skipper.

"But," went on the pilot, smiling at the interpolation, "it is a long way round, and I haven't time for long ways round. We get all our provisions too by the boat, and my wife goes to church and pays her calls in it. She is a first-rate sailor, isn't she, skipper? And as for that monkey, Jack—my little coxswain—he's a far better pilot than I am."

"Is he now?" said the captain. "Tell the doctor how you came to take him," he said, with a sailor's love of a good yarn.

"He is not your son, then?" I said, a little surprised; for I had noticed that the child was more carefully dressed than one would expect one of the crew's lads to be.

"Well, he is, and he isn't. My wife and I adopted him. lost our little one—it was a girl though—the day he was born. Yes, it is eight years ago to-day our little one was down with scarlet fever. She was nearly two. There had been an epidemic of it in the town, but I never knew how the child got it, up there miles away, unless, you know, doctor," he said a little sadly, "I took it up to the cottage myself-I always feared so. I used, before then, to think if I had been to any infectious cases in the town, that after the couple of hours' row across and round the point I should be safe and not take anything up to the cottage. Anyhow, the little thing had it, and badly: I hadn't much hope in the morning. My poor little wife—she was one of your Barts' sisters before I married her—literally fought the disease inch by inch, and we both of course did all that could be done. I had sat up half the night—Christmas Eve with the little maid. It was one of those bad throat cases, doctor," said the pilot, a little gruffly, turning to me.

I nodded, and he went on: "About seven one of the men at the lighthouse came to say a pilot was signalled for by a ship off the head."

"That was the 'Badger'—ay. I remember you coming aboard in the cool of the morning, as well as if it was to-day," said the captain.

"The other fellow was away," continued the pilot; "so I had a bath and changed all my things, and left the poor wife, who was beginning to lose hope, sitting with the baby on her lap. I hardly thought it would live till I got back. Just as I rounded the headland—or was it a bit farther on, skipper——?"

"Thereabouts," said the skipper.

"We met a boat from the town, and one of the boatmen called out to know if I was aboard, because I was wanted in Albany. His wife was taken bad."

"You know what that means, doctor!" grinned the skipper.

"I ought to, captain," I said, hearing as he spoke a smothered murmur from our state-room, from which I guessed that the dead silence which had till then prevailed therein was only another proof of the truth of the saying, that women are curious beings.

Wholly unconscious that he had any other hearers than myself and the captain, the pilot went on :

"We were steaming into the harbour as quick as we could, so I told the man to fall astern, and we towed them behind us. When I got to Mrs. Rogers, I found she was better, and that I shouldn't be wanted probably that day at all; but I did not intend to go back home—I thought it best not; but after an hour or two I saw my boat run in alongside the jetty, and one of the fellows come ashore. In a few moments, Rogers brought me a note from my wife begging me to come back if I possibly could; she was frightened about the child.

"I knew I could do nothing, but I couldn't bear the thought of the wife's being all alone up there and looking for me—and perhaps, later on, I shouldn't be able to go—so, as I found when I went up to Rogers' cottage that everything was put off, and my patient preparing her husband's tea, I set off home again.

"The day had clouded over, and the hot wind that had blown oft the land all day had died down, and there was that dead silence we always have before a black squall of wind and rain comes up from the sea.

"Before we got across the bay, gusts of wind dead in our teeth caught us once or twice and curled the water round her bows; and just as I jumped ashore, the first dash of rain came. As I stepped on to our verandah, a great roaring gust nearly swept me away.

"I went up to the windows, and took down one of the outside shutters my wife had put up to protect the glass, and saw her sitting with the little one in her arms. She was relieved to see me, and beckoned to me to go round and come in. But, you know," said the pilot, clearing his throat, "I couldn't go in, going back, as I was, to the good woman in labour over at Albany. It wouldn't have been safe."

"No," I said, "I suppose not"; but I wondered if I should have been so conscientious if it had been I.

"It may have been hard of me, perhaps," said the pilot, looking straight in front of him; "but I thought it right; and I could do nothing; I knew that when I left in the morning. I opened the window and told the wife how it was. She was very good; she wanted me to come in, of course, if only to kiss the little thing before it died. But I told her I did not think I ought. I couldn't do anything for the child; it was dying then."

The good honest fellow stopped a moment, and again I heard a movement, and I thought a stifled sob, from our cabin; but the captain broke in in a rather unnecessarily loud voice:

"You were quite right, doctor. It was very good of you. I couldn't have done it myself, I should have felt so for the missis."

"I felt for my wife," said the pilot, in rather a hard voice; "but I couldn't have done any good," he repeated, as if afraid to trust himself to say anything else. Then he went on:

"She sent the girl out with some food for me in the verandah; and we watched the little one, she inside and I out. I couldn't hear anything in the room, the wind roared and shook the verandah so; but I could see the child was breathing slower. Then my wife put her hand under the wraps to feel its little feet." He broke off, and then added:

"I didn't see the end. One of the men came up to say they had signalled for the doctor from the town. So I had to start back. The gig tore through the black seas before the gale. It was a pitch dark night, about eight when I started. I got to Mrs. Rogers just in time. The youngster was born about midnight. The mother did very well, and when I left, about four in the morning, the bay was like a sheet of glass, and the sun rising without a cloud over the cliffs. The jetty had been washed away, all but the stonework, and my men had had to beach our boat right up on the road.

"When I got back, I found the wife on the look-out by the lighthouse. She had heard nothing of us, of course, since I left the night before."

"That was a hardish day's work," said the skipper—"thirty hours of it."

"Well, I was not sorry to get my boots off, and get some sleep, before I started on my round. I'd a longish ride that day to the

telegraph construction camp, over the hill there," said Dr. Gladman, getting up from the table and taking his cap.

"And your little girl—doctor?" said my wife, suddenly appearing at her cabin door, tears on her cheek and a little gasp in her voice.

"It was dead, ma'am," said the father, and turned to the companion and went on deck.

We saw very little more of Dr. Gladman while we were in Albany. My wife and her sister went up to the lighthouse and called on his wife. They came away charmed with her and the dainty little household she reigned over. My wife was enthusiastic over the trim garden, cool little parlour, and "exquisitely clean kitchen," and "would you believe it," she said, "she has only one maid-servant, and that a girl of seventeen!"

"I think," she said impressively, stopping in our walk up and down the deck, as we were taking our last turn that night after leaving Albany, gliding past the shadowy coast under the wonderful Southern Cross—"I think they are both splendid, those Gladmans."

A burly figure leaning over the bulwarks, puffing clouds of smoke into the still night air, turned round, and the captain's voice said:

"That's what they are, ma'am. That's the sort of colonist this country wants; a man like Gladman is worth a whole shipload of the ne'er-do-weels they're so fond of sending out. As for such like!——" he pointed with his elbow, as he replaced his pipe, to a group of dissipated-looking youngsters coming up from the bar, whose determination to drink more than was good for them had been a source of worry to him all the way out—" As for such like," he said, with a look it would do many intending emigrants good to have seen. "I ask you, doctor, what's the good of them?"

THE ADELPHI AND THE "BROTHERS ADAM."

THE little streets that descend from the Strand to the Embankment are mostly old-fashioned and picturesque in their way perhaps from the contrast they offer to the noise and "sea-shell roar" of that busy thoroughfare. Many end in a cul de sac with an open aërial gallery as it were, whence you can look down on the silverylooking Thames below, with all its noble bridges. These quiet alleys have some interesting or suggestive memorial to exhibit; their houses seem all of the one pattern-sound and snug-of early Georgian era, and mostly given over to the "private hotel" business. It may be conceived how much more interesting and piquant it was when they led straight down, as many did, to the water's edge, now set far off by many furlongs. The curious mixture of associations, as we wander up and down; the strange incredible squalor of some portions, the comparative stateliness and imposing air of others, the way in which memories of Garrick, Franklin, Peter the Great, the Romans, Charles Dickens, and many more, are suggested and jumbled together at every turn, has an extraordinary effect. It will be seen that this is one of the most interesting quarters in London, and is well worth wandering through.

The Adelphi is of course associated with the names of that eminent family of architects the brothers Adam. These remarkable persons in their work have left the most enduring marks of their talent and influence all over London. It is a sign of extraordinary ability, and even genius, to make so strong an impression on one's generation, and leave imperishable tokens behind. The Adams' style is felt and appreciated to this hour, so marked and distinct is it, and, as we walk about London, it constantly forces itself on us for recognition. We know it by a certain grace and delicacy, a generally dignified treatment; above all, by a beautiful proportion that triumphs over inferior means and materials, which must strike even careless beholders. As we walk along it is possible to stop and say "Yonder is an Adam house." All their effects are nicely calculated; such as the depth of a pilaster, the size of a window, the relation of the stories.

The late Mr. Fergusson notes particularly "their peculiar mode of fenestration." "They frequently," he says, "attempted to group three or more windows together by a great glazed arch above them, so as to try and make the whole side of a house look like one room."

The leading and inspiring member of the family, John, went to Italy to study, and there mastered the old system of proportion. He devoted himself to one single building, the famous Palace of Diocletian, which he selected for the sensible reason that it presented a unique pattern of the dwelling-house of the ancients, whereas attention had mostly been concentrated on their public buildings. These studies bore fruit in a perfect system. The enthusiastic Scot, having conceived this idea, betook him to Spalato, bringing with him a skilled French artist to make the drawings, while he himself took all the measurements. As we turn over the sumptuous atlas-folio tome which embodied his labours, we wonder at the energy and magnificence which directed such projects. It was published by subscription, and the roll of distinguished names, from the King down, shows what patronage he enjoyed. The work is one of the most pleasing and romantic of such records.

The arrival of the two dilettante strangers in the ruined and deserted town excited suspicion, and it being assumed they were making drawings of the fortifications, they were ordered to desist. But these and other difficulties were overcome. We hear little now of this extraordinary and astonishing ruin, but from the beautiful drawings we see that it was a picturesque, rather forlorn, town with dilapidated fortifications round it, and resting on the sea-shore. There were to be seen the remains of the superb galleries of the Emperor, the temples and banqueting halls, with the richly carved capitals, colonnades, friezes, &c., all sound and excellent. Even to turn over these pictures seems like being in a dream, with the Claude-like Italian shore before us, the splendid ruins which seemed to want little more than roofing stretching high above the coast, so as to have the finest view of the sea.

More than a century has gone by since that visit, and some strange changes have taken place; the inhabitants have been reverent, but have built their houses through the palace. As you wander through the streets at every turn you come on columns and arches embedded in modern walls, while the two pagan temples which the Emperor built have since been converted into a cathedral and church without any rude violence being done.

No words could give an idea of the size, the richness of details, the comparative preservation of this amazing structure. Most notable

was the beautiful arched terrace or gallery, which was raised up, overhanging the sea, and which stretched along for many furlongs. The splendid courtyard, with its rich friezes, capitals, pillars, and embroidery, all in capital condition, save for the roof, show what Roman work was then. The terrace struck the imagination of the young student.

On his return commissions came pouring in, but the family had conceived a bold, ambitious scheme, which was, indeed, the fruit of the Dalmatian studies. The terrace just alluded to filled the mind of the traveller. In the Strand at Durham Yard the ground seemed to take much the same shape. His dream was to rear, on double and triple rows of arches, just such a terrace which should look down on the Thames. And this was clearly the origin of our familiar Adelphi Terrace.

No sooner was the scheme conceived than it was taken in hand, in a daring and ambitious style. Money was wanting, but, being Scotchmen, the brothers Robert, John, Thomas, and William were patronised by their countryman Lord Bute, without which they could not have hoped to obtain the Act of Parliament they wanted. They began their works on the Adelphi in 1768, leasing the ground from the Duke of St. Alban's, for the very short term of ninety-nine years, at a rent of £1,200. A steep incline, as may be seen now in Buckingham Street, descended from the Strand to the Thames, and their plan was to raise on a series of massive arches quite a new quarter of streets, fronted to the Thames, by a handsome terrace.

The substratum of this great work is really monumental from the size and dignity of its arches. The huge brick arch, such as we see it in a railway viaduct, is a coarse, unpleasing, and even vulgarlooking thing; but the student of the Roman palaces made his work grand, dignified, and Roman too. As we enter the city from Durham Street or from the side in Buckingham Street, we cannot but be impressed with the fine vaulted work, the harmonious proportions, and the air of strength and endurance. In parts there are several tiers of these vast and massive structures. The brothers calculated that they would be used as Government storehouses, but in this they were disappointed. They also found themselves engaged in a lawsuit with the Corporation, as they had encroached on the foreshore of the Thames, and these checks led to serious pecuniary embarrassments in prosecuting the enterprises. In 1773 they found themselves obliged, after mortgaging their property, to take the unusual course of raising funds by lottery. They obtained an Act of Parlia-

ment allowing the issue of tickets for the scheme. The prizes ranged from £,5 to £,50,000, there being 108 in all. In this way they raised some £, 218,000, and the houses appear in some way to have been also prizes. The whole enterprise was brought to a conclusion in a very short time, the buildings, arches, &c., all being completed by 1773, having taken only about five years. Then these stately mansions in the terrace were eagerly sought. Garrick established himself at No. 4; and the ceiling of his drawing-room had been beautifully decorated. Indeed, a pleasant volume might be written on the lives and adventures of the tenants of the Adelphi or those associated with it—the hapless Barry the painter; Dr. Graham the quack, and his "celestial bed;" Lady Hamilton, who was his subject; Topham Beauclerk, the Man about Town, and John's friend, Old Mrs. Garrick, who was there so lately as 1822; and Mr. Blanchard, the amiable and popular littérateur and dramatist, who now resides there. He declares that he is but "two shakes of the hand" away from David. Lord Beaconsfield, an adventurer also, in the better sense of the term, was born on the terrace; also "Tommy" Hill, the friend of Theodore Hook, and the Paul Pry of Poole. Mr. Attenborough has long occupied the gracefully decorated houses that lead from the Strand, and his books and records could unfold some strange stories of adventure. And finally, to bring in a tone of wealth, "the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice," the great banking house of Coutts spreads away in different directions over the quarter. Mr. H. Wheatley, who has written much that is curious and interesting on the Adelphi, tells us the history.

"John Campbell, who died in 1712, and lies buried with his wife in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, is supposed to have been the founder of the bank in St. Martin's Lane. It is not known when the business was removed to the Strand, or the exact locality to which it was so removed, but the house is described as The Three Crowns, next the Globe Tavern, and it is believed that John Campbell was there in 1692. Campbell was succeeded by Middleton, who was succeeded by George Campbell. The firm was then known for a time as Campbell and Bruce; from 1751 to 1755 George Campbell was sole partner. At the latter date James Coutts, who married a niece of George Campbell, was taken into partnership, and the firm became Campbell and Coutts. In 1760, James Coutts, the sole partner, took his brother Thomas into partnership. He died in 1778, and the sole charge of the bank devolved upon Thomas Coutts, and from that time to this the style of the famous house has been Coutts & Co.

"Although the houses built on the site of the New Exchange were not old when the Adelphi was planned out, the brothers Adam, who were known to Coutts, were employed to build a new house. This they did with a slightly architectural elevation, the symmetry of which has been somewhat injured by alterations of late years. In the house built by the Adams, Thomas Coutts lived for many years, and his dining-room and drawing-room, with their handsome marble chimney-pieces and fine mahogany doors, are still unoccupied. When Lord Macartney was on his embassy to China, he sent over some Chinese wall-paper to Coutts, which was hung on the walls of one of these rooms, and there it still is. I shall have something further to say of Coutts in the notice of the Adelphi itself."

The story of the luckless Barry is most pathetic, and as we sit in the fine meeting-room of the Society of Arts and look up at the painter's crowds of animated figures that line the walls, it comes back with a strange vividness. There was something akin to the character and erratic course of Haydon, the same despairing sense of talent neglected and put aside, the contest with the Academy, and a sort of quarrelsome eccentricity. The difference, however, between the two men is, that Barry's works on the walls speak for him and proclaim his fine academic culture, his surprising grace and poetry in the beautiful, well-designed figures and groups, and the refined transparent colouring; with which we have only to contrast the heavily painted earthy-looking portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert, which by some strange lack of congruity have been thrust into this classical company. One can conceive, however, the difficulties of dealing with a man who insisted on representing the death of Wolfe by a number of perfectly nude figures, and who, in his latter days of penury and neglect, when asked out to dine, insisted on tendering from one-and-sixpence to two shillings to his host in payment of the meal! These fine pictures, which are the wonders of the Adelphi. cover a canvas that spreads round the room. To obtain the fame and expanse allowed by such an undertaking, the chivalrous artist offered to do the work gratis; not however, it may be supposed, that when the work was done, the Society would be so mean as to leave him without remuneration. As the result proved, he was fairly well paid for his labours.

Among their other plans, the brothers did not forget a chapel, which was built at the corner of James and William Street, which the bankers, however, soon absorbed into their premises. To join this, however, a covered bridge was necessary, for which the firm had to obtain an Act of Parliament. The old banker "did not wish."

says Mr. Wheatley, "the view from his drawing-room window to be spoiled," so he built a low house in John Street, and arranged with the Adams that the opening, now Robert Street, should be opposite this so as to form a frame for his landscape.

Every one knows the "Adam" work—the long pilasters and medallions on a brick background, each enriched with arabesques and garlands of a delicate character. They know too the virtues of proportion and space, regulated by principle and calculation. In many an old house we recognise their ceilings; a great circle in the centre, filled in with tracery in very low relief. Their designs have been published, and at least display a prodigious fancy and variety. Portland Place and its stately mansions, with their broad surfaces of brick, have a certain dignity; but the houses have been sadly disfigured by additions, and the pleasing old-fashioned-looking Fitzroy Square seems like a bit of Bath. The brothers are said to have been the first, in London at least, who attacked the difficult problem of imparting to a number of detached mansions the air of being portions of one whole, which in architecture is a deception most intolerable and not to be endured. For there is a perpetual struggle of assertion between the two principles going on—the separate houses making protest, as it were, by their individuality against being considered one great expression—while the long façade in its turn contradicts and overpowers this individuality. There are also some Adam houses in York Place, easily recognisable. I confess, however, that Finsbury Circus staggers one. There is a terrible monotony in the place, though the line of the circus is graceful. It was probably a "job" akin to a painter's "pot-boiler," and to be done cheaply. It is to be suspected that Gwydir House, in Whitehall, which has been defaced by alterations, was his work. Plaster and delicate stucco-work—the patterns apparently taken from arabesque work light garlands and vases wrought in very slight relief, these were all combined with yellow brick-work. Ceilings, chimney-pieces, furniture, garde-vins, plate-boxes, were also designed by the brothers on this principle.

Garrick, when he came to London and set up with his brother as a wine-merchant, opened their small place of business where the Adelphi is, perhaps where Durham Street now stands. Towards the end of his life, after an interval of nearly forty years, he returned to this humble spot to inhabit a stately mansion on the terrace. These houses are all well designed, the rooms of noble proportions—particularly the drawing-rooms. They have a unique feature of a basement in two stories, and you seem to descend

into the bowels of the earth. Now they are given up to offices and public purposes, but when richly furnished, decorated, and inhabited by persons in Garrick's position, the effect must have been admirable. After a dinner-party of a summer's eve, the company adjourned to the noble terrace, looking down at the shipping and the bridges, and Boswell describes such a scene. It is curious that the brothers should have—unconsciously, no doubt—renewed the curious old family street names of one hundred years before. Just as they found George, Villiers, Duke, of, Buckingham—so they christened their work, as we have seen, Robert, John, William, James, and Adam. "Off" Lane ran between Buckingham and Villiers Streets—but the name has been changed of late years.

Still, the wonderful work underground excites more interest and astonishment than what is on the surface. The busy passers-by in the Strand will note a huge yawning archway at the bottom of a short inclined street which leads into these catacombs. As already pointed out, the work is of a Roman cast, the arches being regularly groined in Gothic fashion. As Mr. Wheatley tells us: "I have as yet spoken only of the superstructure of the Adelphi, and merely casually alluded to the arches below, which form one of the most remarkable sights in London, but it is a sight that only a few are privileged to see. I have wandered through these arches with wonder, under the obliging guidance of the custodians. Below you there is a very town, much of it filled with bottles of old vintages. The arches were many of them open for years, and formed subterranean streets leading to the wharves on the Thames. They were constructed (as stated on an old engraving) so as to keep the access to the houses level with the Strand, and distinct from the traffic of the wharves and warehouses. They extend under the whole Adelphi, including Adam Street, from York Buildings, and were also carried under the additional buildings at the end of Salisbury Street. In many places there are double tiers of arches. Some twenty years ago the dark arches had a bad name on account of the desperate characters who congregated there and hid themselves away in the innermost recesses, but at last the place was cleared out, and the greater portion of it closed in. The extensive cellarage of Messrs. Tod-Heatly gives evidence of the former state, for one of the alleys is styled Tenny's hole—and the arch above was known as the Devil's Bridge. The disgraceful condition of the arches could not have existed for any length of time, as, some forty years ago, the place was well cared for by the wharfingers, and at nine o'clock at night a gun gave a signal for the gates to be closed."

One of the most singular incidents in this stupendous under-

taking is the short lease which was given and accepted. The result was that it expired in the year 1867, and the whole fee, with streets, houses, &c., passed into the hands of Messrs. Drummond. This was a fine property to gain in such a way. It was, however, rather dilapidated, and there were signs of sinking in the terrace or of failure in some of the arches, but this proved to be merely a trifling matter. The whole, however, was thoroughly repaired and restored. Unfortunately it was thought proper to plaster over the façade of the terrace, which destroyed the graceful arabesques, which are, however, left on the flanking houses behind: though Walpole humorously declared that the embroidered pilasters reminded him of "warehouses laced down the seams, like a trull in a soldier's old coat." Buckingham Street is another of these quaint, bright streets in the Adelphi, leading down to a cheerful opening, whence, as from a balcony, we look down on the animated Thames below. The old York water-gate here displays its upper portion, while beside it runs the sequestered little mall, with its dozen trees, once a charming little promenade when the river ran beside it. Life in "residential chambers" here might seem acceptable enough. the left hand, at the bottom, is a remarkable house of some antiquity, which, as one of the useful medallions of the Society of Arts tells us. was occupied by the Czar Peter on his visit to London. various stories are now given over to the Charity Organisation Society—and a maternity association. But on going up the stairs we see palpable vestiges of the magnificence of the place, which must have had some connection with the old York House. For we find ourselves in a spacious and imposing drawing-room, of which the entire walls are oak as well as the flooring, and the two elegant doorways are embroidered round with a rich carved flowering border. But it is the unique ceiling that will excite admiration, consisting of a thick wheel-like border, filled in with the boldest and richest stucco-work, presenting solidly wrought roses and leaves. encircles a painted allegorical piece, but so grimed with dirt that the subject cannot be clearly seen. It is but little damaged. could fancy this room restored and furnished, and the rude Muscovite seated in congenial proximity to his favourite river. side of the house that looks over the Embankment, though covered with whitewash, displays a tall elegant central window of a decorated kind, showing that the whole must in its best days have been of a spacious and imposing character. The view from this window, as indeed it is from all these corner houses giving on the river, is charming. On the opposite side of the street, a few doors

higher up, is another old mansion of some pretence—also given over to offices—and noteworthy for the twenty or so grotesque heads. one of which is set over every window. It is hard to account for this odd form of adornment, unless it came with the Dutch. They are found in a few quarters of London, some putting their tongues out to the spectators, others crying, laughing, &c. This mansion is believed to have been the one occupied by Mr. Secretary Pepys, and so we look at it with interest.

With the Adelphi are connected some particularly interesting incidents in the life of Dickens. As we stand on the spacious terrace. leaning on the rails, and looking down, we see between us and the gardens below some ancient ramshackle coachhouse-looking buildings and sheds, where some small businesses are carried on. One of these is an old public-house, once standing almost by the water's edge. It was hither that the little boy Dickens, when engaged in the blacking business, used to resort; "one of his favourite localities" was "The Fox under the Hill" public-house. now shut up and dilapidated, but still retaining its name.

There is nothing so forlorn as the aspect of this ruined publichouse—the letters faded out, the doors tumbling from the hinges. Indeed, all the portion under the terrace is an extraordinarily squalid and miserable collection of shanties and tumble-down buildings, which it is astonishing should have been allowed to remain. There are hav waggons, with a suggestion of a tavern yard, sheds, workshops, but all in the saddest state of squalor.

There is no doubt that this is the tavern introduced into "Martin Chuzzlewit," and described as being in "the humbler regions of the Adelphi," where Mark Tapley was hired.

On the higher level of the terrace there are some gloomy-looking hotels, of many windows, "The Caledonian" and "The Adelphi." There is here the air of dingy old fashion, so well suited to Pickwick, and it does seem that this Adelphi Hostelry is "Osborn's Hotel." where Wardle and his daughter Emily put up, and where the droll scene occurred of Mr. Snodgrass's being secreted during dinner -the fat boy running "something sharp into Mr. Pickwick's leg" to attract his attention. As we look up at the first-floor windows, the scene rises before us, and the whole appears in harmony with the humours of Pickwick. Most natural is it, too, that the Wardles should put up at such a house, for the furniture, &c., all seems to belong to that era.

The screen that runs in front of the Admiralty was the work of the brothers, and there is a little history connected with it. VOL. CCLXIII. NO. 1880. K

hideous portico inside is said to be constructed in defiance of all laws of proportion or architectural decorum. The pillars were, in fact, intended for a much larger edifice, and were found "handy" by "my lords" for this building. They, however, presented such an odd spectacle that the Messrs. Adam were called in and devised the screen in front. It now seems singular, but this structure was hailed with delight as a beautiful and classical work; it was engraved, and even in architectural books high praise has been given to it for its "chasteness" and its perfect adaptation to the purpose intended. This has often been a puzzle to the reflecting passer-by of taste; for there is a curiously dilapidated air, a sort of ramshackle look, which seems to exclude it from this category. The present writer one day found out the reason of this failure to impress. It has been as usual mauled and altered, but with completest success so far as the destruction of the motive and purpose of its erection. As it originally stood it was a screen, with a central arched entrance, on each side of which were two short recessed colonnades, which made an agreeable and original break in what would otherwise have been a blank wall. But the spoilers came presently. The First Lord desired to have a gate to enter by, another to drive out when crowded parties were given. Two such were accordingly broken in the colonnades. The centre arch became useless, the whole ceased to exist as a screen, and, pierced with so many openings, lost all character. Few mutilations have been so characteristic and ignorant. At every turn, in London, the amateur of Adam work will find abundant evidence of their taste. In Berkeley Square there is Lansdowne House, built after a favourite Adam pattern. Even the gate and walls show the same grace and proportion, and the elegance of the little ornament on each pillar will attract observation. Stratford Place, off Oxford Street, with its pillared mansion at the bottom, offers a complete design. In Harewood Place there is a fine Adam house, and a few in Dover Street. The library at Sion House is one of the best specimens of this elaborate decorative style.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

NIGHT-PROWLERS.

VERY ONE who loves to be much abroad at night must have noticed, and gradually learnt to recognise, the cries of many birds and animals which he never hears in the day. If he be of an observant eye, and a fisherman to boot, he will frequently find tracks and footprints in the banks of sand or mud which he passes. will help him to understand how many creatures seek their prey or merely gambol during the night. This conviction is still more forced upon a reflective man when he crosses a meadow near a wood or stream which is covered with snow from a fall during the previous night. He will see many tracks diverging in all directions, sometimes crossing and recrossing, at others circling round in apparently aimless curves, showing that the meadow has been tenanted by numerous creatures (or by one or two very active ones) during the hours of darkness. Their footprints are left far more legibly than those of the fairies which, the folklore of the district probably says, are left behind in the dew when the summer sun rises upon their nocturnal dances. More especially will such a one be struck if he follows some of these snowphotographs to the edge of the wood. There he will see most likely a regular beaten path along the hedgerow, and thus he will arrive at the true conclusion that, although the tracks in the open field seem casual and of no significance, yet that they were divergences for something which approved itself strongly to the little quadruped moving away from the ordinary beaten tracks of his kind round the hedgerows. No keeper would dream of setting traps in the open, no poacher would try it; they both know that almost all quadrupeds choose beats near hedges for the comfort of feeling that they have a shelter or defence close at hand. And if such are the views of the smaller quadrupeds. the larger ones which prey on them must necessarily follow their example.

The ordinary cries of birds which startle the nightfarer are in rural districts chiefly those of the owl and the golden plover. By the sea, or in the neighbourhood of estuaries and mud flats, many more birds call and whistle at night. It is a question whether the ordinary

barn owl can hoot. We believe it only snaps its bill, hisses, and snorts: whereas the tawny owl, its brother (Syrnium aluco), utters those loud "hoo, hoo, hoos!" which sound either melancholy or mirthful, according to the hearer's mood; just as poets innumerable persist in deeming the nightingale's song doleful, while multitudes more regard it as a cheerful, merry strain. "My musical friend, at whose house I am now visiting," says Gilbert White, "has tried all the owls that are his near neighbours with a pitch-pipe set at concert pitch, and finds they all hoot in B flat." 1 He saw reason, however, to modify this statement afterwards. The tawny owl, when it hoots, the same writer remarks, swells at its throat as big as a hen's egg. To our great delight we had an opportunity one night of verifying this statement when a tawny owl obligingly lighted on the top of a thatched farm-house, directly before the orb of the full moon, and hooted; then we could distinctly see its throat distended every time it screeched. Still more characteristic to the man returning home late at night is the whistle high overhead of the golden plover. When it has once been recognised the ear speedily catches it repeated, as it were, under a dark cloud far in front, and then it dies away much farther off in a faint cry, the ghost, as it were, of its first whistle. We have heard it late at night passing over the outskirts of London, and yet suggestive, in spite of the glare of gaslight, of a very different landscape in the North, where it could be heard, as Burns says, "wild whistling on the hill." The country people call these plaintive cries the cries of the Seven Whistlers, and in Lancashire the strange belief obtains that they contain the souls of those Tews who assisted at the Crucifixion, and in consequence were doomed to float in the air for ever. South Shropshire the legend is that the Six Whistlers fly about continually together looking for the seventh, and when they find it the world will come to an end.2 All these scraps of folklore are connected more or less with the superstitions of the Gabriel Hounds, or Wish Hounds, as they are known in Devon. curlew, another night-flyer and night-wailer, is more generally associated with the phantom hunt of a ghostly huntsman and his dogs, hurtling through the gloom and scattering death and ruin to the dwellers beneath their passage. That ardent lover of birds, Bishop Mant, has not forgotten to mark the screams of curlews or wild-geese thus traversing the air, and how they,

Shouting loud
To warn their comrades of the way,
Lest darkling from the line they stray,

¹ Selborne, 9th Letter to Barrington.

[?] See Swainson's Folk Lore of British Birds, 1886, pp. 181, 201,

Wake the dull night with startling sounds; Well might you deem the deep-mouthed hounds Raised in full cry the huntsman's peal, Or clamoured for their morning meal.

The nightingale, woodlark, skylark, and sedge-warbler seem to be the only birds that sing, properly so called, in the night; though the cuckoo frequently calls in the gloom of midnight.

A very different assemblage of birds, chiefly ducks and waders, haunt the estuaries of our larger rivers and the muddy foreshores. Many of these feed during the night, others are on the wing, others again ride off the land on the waves in small or large parties; but a good many noisy calls and notes of welcome or warning will be heard as stragglers or little flocks pass and repass. As a rule very few people hear these cries, only coastguards, lifeboat men, or enthusiastic sportsmen, who either attempt to creep up to some of these bodies of wildfowl in gunning punts, or dig holes in the shore, throw trusses of straw in, and shiver on them until the faint light of morning enables them to get a shot at any wildfowl which may incautiously pass too near to their retreat. Peewits are some of the commonest of night-feeding fowls, though they can only do so with success if the moon is tolerably bright. Country dwellers, when belated, well know their cries. Next morning the wary birds may be seen in the fields, but they cunningly place themselves in the centre of these, and thus easily descry their enemies while well out of gunshot. Multitudes of lapwings, however, are taken in many parts of the country on flooded meadows and similar favourite spots, by means of a skilful arrangement of nets and a line or two of dummy birds. If lapwings are hung long enough they will be found not very much inferior to golden plover.

Almost all the native animals of prey hunt by night. The wild-cat in particular does so. It haunts the sides of rivers and lochs in hope of a meal on some disabled fowl or fish. We have seen its tracks next morning in such localities as the sandbanks of Loch Craigie in Sutherland. Even in this large county the wild-cat is not a very common animal. Game preservers almost universally set a price upon its head, as it is a most destructive creature. The badger, again, the last surviving member among us of the bear family, is almost wholly a nocturnal animal. Roots and succulent stems form the staple of its food, although it cannot be absolved from a fondness for eggs. Frogs, insects, and honey are also much to its mind. Mr. A. Ellis, who has carefully studied badgers, writes that they caress each other in the same grotesque manner

as the bear, while "they gambol and play, and at times they utter a cry so loud as to startle any one ignorant of its source. It is not unlike the chatter of the stoat, but many times louder. On fine evenings we can watch them dress their fur-like coats, or do kind offices for each other, and search for parasites after the manner of monkeys. No creature is more cleanly in its habits. Over their earth hangs a birch tree, from which grows a horizontal bough, 18 inches from the ground. On this they scrape their feet in dirty weather." 1 Foxes and badgers dwell together in amity. Indeed, foxhunters like to have badgers in their coverts, as they make earths for what is reputed the nobler animal. Badgers are not much seen, being very timid, and ought to be always protected, partly from their singular habits, partly from their harmlessness. Luckily its own nocturnal habits protect the badger from much persecution. It may be hoped that country gentlemen, too, will say a good word for this singular creature, and forbid its being shot and trapped by their keepers. Their stock of game would not be sensibly diminished in consequence of the small tax levied upon it by these interesting animals. Gilbert White was an enthusiastic and trustworthy observer of nature, but he was not fond of rambling by night. He might indeed "fling a ballad to the moon " from the inside of his window, but to tread the wet fields during the dark held out no inducements to his homeloving nature. We can fancy him night after night writing those admirable letters to Barrington or Pennant, or copying out his diurnal observations upon the hirundinidae, his favourite family of birds, in that little chamber which is still shown to the pilgrim at Selborne; but he would have dreaded the dank vapours and been unwilling to break in upon his settled hours of repose had a brothernaturalist invited him to a nocturnal walk. How different was it with Edward, the Scotch naturalist! Night, especially from opening summer to the end of August, was most dear to him for observation. Many were the creatures and their singular habits with which he thus made acquaintance. "During that sombre time," says Mr. Smiles,2 "when not asleep, he seldom failed to hear the sounds or voices, near or at a distance, of midnight wanderers prowling about. In the course of a few years he learnt to know all the beasts and birds of the district frequented by him. He knew the former by their noises and greetings, and the latter by the sound of their wings when flying. Although he contrived to make himself acquainted with the objects of many of these midnight cries and noises, others

¹ Times, Oct. 22, 1877.

² Life of T. Edward, p. 105 (Ed. 1876) and 121.

cost him a great deal of time and labour as well as some dexterous manœuvring."

The recital of his experiences is very striking. In them the doggedness of the man who is determined to acquire knowledge is conspicuous. He found that night-wanderers were invariably more numerous during the earlier part of the year, and soon learnt to discriminate between the bark of the roe-deer as it wandered at night, and the bleak-bleak of the hare while feeding. Rabbits, he discovered, were not to any extent night-roamers. Among the animals of truly nocturnal habits are the fox, the otter, the pole-cat, stoat, and weasel, the hedgehog, the rat, and almost the whole family of mice. "All these animals, like the deer and the hare, have their peculiar and individual calls, which they utter at night." 1 The weasel family are not pleasant creatures to make acquaintance with in the darkness. They are bold, fearless, and vicious, and thought nothing of attacking Edward while he was lying down and hoping that sleep would visit his tired evelids. The otter is much more often out of the water than in it at night. The bat feeds chiefly on day insects which have not gone to their night's retirement. Indeed, most readers must have noticed the bat abroad in dull but warm days of winter quite early in the afternoon. Homer was a capital observer. had noticed the shrill hissing of this creature, and beautifully attributes their thin cries to the voices of the ghosts in Hades.

The rook, Edward noticed (as have many others who have lived near a rookery), is often very noisy during the nights of summer. We must find room for two night scenes which he described. will call forth a responsive echo in the minds of all lovers of nightly wanderings. "The harsh scream of the heron, the quack of the wildduck, the piping of the common sandpiper, the birbeck of the muirfowl, the wail of the plover, the curlee of the curlew, and the boom of the snipe were often heard at night in the region frequented by these birds. Then, again, by the seaside, he would hear by night the shrill piping of the redshank and ring-dotterel, and the pleck-pleck of the oyster-catcher, as they came down from their breedinggrounds to the shore, to feed or to hold their conclaves." We may add to these the skylark, which in the short summer nights constantly warbles in the clouds long before dawn. We have heard it begin its morning songs soon after one, and, "singing, startle the dull night." The sedge-warbler is another night-croner; its persistent "urr-urr-urr" can scarcely be called a song.

To return to nocturnal quadrupeds, the hedgehog begins its travels

¹ Life, &c., p. 125.

at dusk, and makes a curious grunting noise as it almost silently forces its way through the lush grass of summer. In winter it is of course fast asleep under a heap of leaves at the root of some tree, where the warm spring sunshine may fall upon it and awake it to new life. No creature is more easily observed than the hedgehog. All the naturalist has to do is to stand perfectly still. The harmless creature will then often walk within a yard of him before it suspects an enemy, or rather a human being, for no naturalist, no humane person, would ever harm a hedgehog. The otter is most usually seen in the moonlight. He, too, by day coils himself up in some favourite ditch or drain. The dormouse is another nocturnal rambler, very seldom seen because of its small size, but doubtless killed frequently by owls. It finds protection in thick hedges, just as pigeons and other birds when pursued by hawks always make for trees and hedgerows, as they know that their enemy dare not run the risk of injuring his wing-feathers among the twigs.

These remarks may show the wanderer during the hours of darkness that if he be a naturalist he will find plenty to note above and around him. Some of the pleasantest and most profitable hours which we have spent at night have thus been whiled away by the cries and the sight of birds and quadrupeds; and many a long mile has been shortened by the absorbing occupation of thus noticing the ways of our nocturnal prowlers.

They love the country, and none el e, who seek
For their own sake its silence and its shade.
Delights which who would leave that has a heart
Susceptible of pity, or a mind
Cultured and capable of sober thoughts.

COWPER, The Task, III.

Wild life is everywhere, often most abundant at night where least suspected. Thus the lover of nature may both by day and night, if he will, be among his friends. And the more he knows of them the more he will find still remains to be known. Curious contrivance and prodigality of beauty are everywhere nature's outward expression.

M. G. WATKINS.

JENNY GEDDES AND THE DEVOUTER SEX.

MONG ordinary English readers no Scottish chronicles are half so popular as Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," though, in truth, that charming book savours rather of historical romance than of grave and dignified history. It is, in fact, a collection of legendary stories told with delightful simplicity, and with an earnestness and sincerity that disarm criticism. For vivacious imaginative schoolboys it is a treasure and a joy for ever, but it cannot be regarded as a serious record of events. Take, for instance, such a familiar incident as the riot in St. Giles's Church, Edinburgh, which arose out of the ill-judged attempt to introduce the Service Book into the Scottish Kirk, and in almost every sentence will be found an exaggeration or misstatement. The commotion is said to have begun with one Jenny Geddes, who kept a green-stall in the High Street, and who, moved by fanaticism, bawled out, "The deil colick in the wame of thee, thou false thief! dost thou say the Mass at my lug?" So saying, she flung at the dean's head the stool upon which she was sitting, whereupon there ensued a mighty uproar. We are next told that the women of lower condition, probably instigated by their betters, flew at the dean, tore the surplice from off his shoulders, and drove him out of the church. On the Bishop of Edinburgh ascending the pulpit in the hope of allaying the tumult, he was assailed with missiles and furious execrations, while the windows were broken by volleys of stones flung from the outside. The prelate's life even was only saved by his obtaining a seat in Lord Roxburghe's carriage, which was defended by his Grace's retinue with drawn swords. The picture is full of life and motion, and rivets the attention of the most careless observer. Nevertheless, it is merely a clever piece of mosaic work, of which the constituent parts are ingeniously fitted into one another, so as to acquire a general air of consistency and verisimilitude. It will not, however, bear rough handling.

Let us now compare with this object of art the more prosaic-

account handed down to us in the Rev. James Gordon's "History of Scots Affairs from 1637 to 1641." The Service Book, after being carefully revised by the famous Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, was sent down to Scotland, and printed in the form of a large folio, to which were prefixed the Letters of Horning of the 20th of December, 1636, by which all ministers in that country were enjoined to read, or cause to be read, in their respective parishes, the Divine Service as set forth in Every minister was, moreover, required to purchase two copies for the use of himself and his congregation, under pain of being denounced as a rebel. The first reading was originally fixed for Easter Day 1637, but was ultimately postponed till the 23rd of July, in the fond expectation that the public would in the meanwhile become accustomed to the idea of the proposed innovation; and also to enable the Lords of Session and other influential personages, on their return to their respective homes on or about the 1st of August, to report upon the success of the experiment in the capital. favourable reception of the book was recommended by several preachers in different parts of the country, and notably by the Rev. Henry Rollock, of Edinburgh, who had been designed to succeed to the bishopric of Galloway, on the resignation or demise of the actual incumbent, an infirm, blind old man. Mr. Rollock had thus come to be addressed as "My Lord"; but the aged prelate was in no haste either to resign or to die, and in the end exhausted the patience of the bishop-expectant, who, in high dudgeon, went over to the antiepiscopal party and speedily developed into one of their most popular ministers. So much so, indeed, that Principal Bailie related how, on one occasion, the female worshippers were exasperated that a Mr. Elliot went into the pulpit when they had hoped to hear Mr. Henry Rollock, and "after sermon fell upon him and Mr. Fletcher with many sad strokes."

Neither Charles I. nor his advisers had reason to apprehend that any extraordinary disturbance would arise from the general adoption of the Service Book, which had been daily read in the Chapel Royal at Holyrood House ever since 1617, without protest or demur, and had been resorted to by many members of the Council, by nobility and gentry, by ministers and burghers, and by "women of all ranks." Scotsmen residing in England had voluntarily attended the English Service since 1603, without any sense of wrongdoing. The book had also been used for years in the New College of St. Andrew's, and was habitually read before Charles during his visit to Scotland in 1633. For all that, dire uproar and confusion broke out on Sunday, July 23, in St. Giles's Church, which was crowded to

excess, largely from idle curiosity to see in what spirit the new order of things would be accepted. Let us now turn to the picturesque narrative of the "Parson of Rothiemay," as he is designated on his title-page:—

How soon as Dr. George Hanna, Dean of Edinburgh, who was to officiate that daye, had opened the Service Booke, but that a number of the meaner sorte of the people, most of them waiting-maides and women who use in that towne for to keep places for the better sorte, with clappings of their hands, cursings, and outcryes, raised ane such uncoth noyse and hubbub in the church that not any one could either heare or be hearde. The gentlewomen did fall a tearing and crying that the Masse was entred amongst them and Baal in the church. There was a gentleman who, standing behynde a pew and answering Amen to what the Deane was reading, a she zealott hearing him starts upp in choller. "Traitor (says she), does thow saye Masse at my eare!" and with that struke him on the face with her byble in great indignation and furye. The Bishopp of Edinburgh, Mr. David Lindsey (who had come that morning sooner than his ordinar tyme, it being his intention to countenance the intrado of this new Leitany with his presence, and after the service performed being about to preach), stept immediately into the pulpitt, above the Deane, intending to appease the tumult, mynding them of the place where they were, and entreating them to desiste from profaning it. Butt he mett with as little reverence (albeit with more violence) as the Deane had founde; for they were more enraged and beganne to throw at him stooles and their very bybles, and what armes were in the way of furye. And it is reported that he hardly escaped the blow of a stoole, which one present diverted from twoching the Bishopp."

Many of the rioters were believed to be apprentices and other young men disguised in female apparel, who threw the "faulding stules" with great strength and precision. The Archbishop of St. Andrew's, Lord Chancellor of Scotland, hastened with some other gentlemen to the assistance of the bishop, but fared just as badly at the hands of the raging mob, until his Grace summoned to their aid the provost, bailies, and members of the town council, who had been amused spectators of the affray from their loft or gallery. The rabble were then expelled after a sharp struggle, and the doors of the church were closed and made fast. The Dean thereupon endeavoured to resume his reading for the edification of "the better sorte," while the mob outside hurled volleys of stones through the windows, beat upon the doors, and made such an appalling din that not a word could be heard within the sacred edifice. At the conclusion of the sermon the Bishop of Edinburgh started on foot for his lodgings, which were at no great distance, but was beset and hustled by a multitude of the lower orders, and for a while was actually in danger of his life. Attempting to ascend the common stair leading to his own flat, he was pulled violently by the sleeve of his gown, and nearly fell backwards. On reaching his rooms he found the outer door shut, and

was in a grievous plight, until the Earl of Wemyss, who lodged under the same roof, ordered his servants to rescue the unhappy prelate, who was at last escorted into his apartments, "almost breathlesse and in great amasement."

The Parson of Rothiemay extracts a humorous passage from the "Large Declaration," in which Dr. Balcanquhal remarks that the rioters were "afterwards magnified for the most heroicall sparkes that ever God inspired, and raised upp in this last age of the world, and though they were but asses, yet they were cryed up for having their mouths opened immediately by God as the mouth of Balaam's ass was, to the upbraiding of all the rest of the land who should have cryed as they did." This is followed by an extract from "Lysimachus Nicanor," written in a very different tone. Here we read that "God moved the spirit of these holy women to scourge the buyers and sellers out of God's house, and not to suffer the same to be polluted with the foul Booke of Common Prayer." The same idea pervades the following lines taken from C. Laing's "Pieces of Fugitive Scottish Poetry," principally of the seventeenth century:—

Now Wyffis out of the Church doth chaise the changeris, As Christ chaised out the changeris from the Temple, And stryve to free us from such damnage dangeris Onlie to follow Christes his blessed example, From such Novations Great God be our guyde, And save us from Episcopapall pryde.

Lesser disturbances took place in other churches, but no attempt was made to interrupt the new form of Divine Service in the afternoon, owing to the precautions that had been taken by the provost and baillies to suppress disorder, though the Bishop on his way home was assailed "with a fresh charge of ill-language and execrations," while "the Earle of Roxburgh's coatche, where the Bishopp was sitting in company with the Earle, fared so ill that they beganne to lett flye volleyes of stones at it, and pressed so hard upon the said Lord Privye Seale's coatche, that, if his footmen had not, with their swordes drawne, kept off the enraged multitude, such as were in the coatche had been in some daunger of their lyves for the Bishop's cause; but at last, having continually bickered along the street, they, with trouble enouch, gott to their lodgings." Mr. Gordon also alludes to the common belief that "ther wanted not some men cladd in women's attyre who asisted to the storming of the Bishop and the coatche."

Though more brief, Bishop Guthry's narrative tallies with that of the Parson of Rothiemay, but in neither is any mention made of the popular heroine, Jenny Geddes. The late historiographer of Scotland even quotes Wodrow's "Analecta" (1.64), wherein it is asserted, on the authority of Robert Stewart, a son of the Lord Advocate of the Revolution period, that "it's the constantly believed tradition that it was Mrs. Mean, wife to John Mean, merchant (mercer) in Edinburgh, that cast the first stool when the Service was read in the New Kirk, Edinburgh, 1637; and that many of the lasses that carried on the fray were 'prentices in disguise, for they threw stools to a great length." Many years subsequent to these riots Jenny Geddes is reported to have played a conspicuous part in the public rejoicings at the restoration of the Stewart dynasty. How she comported herself on that occasion is amusingly told in a passage extracted by Mr. Hill Burton from "Edinburgh's Joy for his Majesty's Restoration to England":—

Amongst all our boutadoes and caprices that of the immortal Janet Geddes, princess of the Trone adventurers, was most pleasant; for she was not only content to assemble all her creels, basquets, creepies, forms, and the other ingredients that composed the shope of her sallets, radishes, turnips, carots, spinnage, cabbage, with all other sort of pot-merchandize that belongs to the garden; but even her weather chair of state, where she used to dispense justice to the rest of her lankale vassals, were all very orderly burned; she herself countenancing the action with a high-flown claret and vermilion majesty.

The concluding words sound like an aspersion on the sobriety, or at least on the complexion, of Mistress Geddes, but it may be inferred from the entire passage that she was a well-known and, probably, eccentric character. At the same time her name does not occur in any memoir or chronicle contemporary with the tumult in St. Giles's Church. It is mentioned, indeed, by the Rev. Samuel Johnson, "sometime chaplain to the Rt. Honorable William Lord Russell," a polemical writer who incurred the displeasure of James II. by inditing "An Humble and Hearty Address to all the Protestants in King James' Army," at that time encamped on Hounslow Heath. For that offence he received "317 lashes with a whip of nine cords knotted," which he endured with almost fanatical constancy and composure. He was further condemned to stand three hours in the pillory, besides being deprived of his living. He would even have been degraded from the Order of Priesthood had he not been saved by an informality. somehow happened that his surplice was not stript off his shoulders, and in consequence of that omission he retained all his clerical rights and privileges. He was, however, kept in prison until after the Revolution, but in 1689 a Parliamentary Committee reversed the former sentence, which was declared illegal and void, though it does

not appear that any substantial compensation was awarded to him for the pain and humiliation he endured in the cause of Protestantism. In his "Notes upon the Phenix Edition of the Pastoral Letter," Mr. Johnson commended the line of conduct adopted by the Scots in defence of their religious liberty, and in so doing referred, as follows, to the alleged leadership of the Edinburgh herb-woman:—

After a world of arbitrary proceedings the Common Prayer Book was sent down into Scotland, where the King had no more right to send it, than into the Mogul's country; but it was under a pretence of Uniformity, when there was nothing less meant, for it vary'd from ours and was nearer the original Mass Book, out of which it was taken. No, the design was to enter them of the King's Religion, and then they might have had a new edition of their Common Prayer Book the next year; and then, the reason of Uniformity holding alike in both kingdoms, ours ought to be like theirs. But the old herb-woman at Edinburgh put an end to the same; for, hearing the Archbishop, who watch'd the Rubrick, directing him that read the Book to read the Collect for the day, she made a gross mistake and cry'd, "The Dievil Collick in the wamb of thee!" and withal threw her cricket-stool at his head, which gave a beginning to the war of Scotland, for when the statesmen have reduced a kingdom to tinder, the least spark will kindle it.

The Rev. Samuel Johnson evidently wrote from hearsay, fifty years after the episode, and was otherwise not well informed; but if Mistress Geddes was old in 1637, she must have been decidedly aged in 1660, when she is reported to have made a bonfire of her paraphernalia.

In James Johnson's "The Scots' Musical Museum," the anonymous song numbered 450 eulogises the anti-episcopalian violence of Jenny Geddes; but that work was not published till 1788, and consists in a large measure of contributions from the prolific muse of Robert Burns:

Pat the gown upon the Bishop, That's his miller's due of knaveship, ¹ Jenny Geddes was the gossip, Pat the gown upon the Bishop, Pat the gown upon the Bishop.

There is nothing whatever to furnish a date to this doggerel, while Mr. William Stenhouse, in his "Illustrations of the Lyric Poetry and Music of Scotland," only makes confusion worse confounded by his proffered explanation that it is "a mere fragment of one of those satirical and frequently obscene old songs composed in ridicule of the Scottish bishops about the time of the Reformation." It is only

¹ No reflection is here intended upon the honesty of any prelate. The reference is to the allowance, or fee, due by the farmer to the "knave," or servant, at the mill to which he was bound to carry his corn to be ground.

fair, however, to Mr. Stenhouse to point out that he does not allude to the great religious movement which ended in substituting Protestantism for the Roman Catholic faith. He was thinking merely of the popular agitation against the introduction of the Service Book, which brought about the overthrow of the episcopacy, and instead of the Bishop gave Scotland the Presbyter, the well-known synonym for "Priest writ large." It is not a matter of much importance whether or not Jenny Geddes was the ringleader of the famous commotion in St. Giles's Church. The evidence either way is purely negative. The most damaging point against the fanatical herb-woman is her fantastical energy, nearly a quarter of a century later, in welcoming the king back to his own people. At the same time she may have been a partisan of the Stuarts, notwithstanding her perfervid aversion from the ritual innovations patronised by Charles I. She is at least entitled to the benefit of the doubt.

At Glasgow, at least, the devouter sex needed no prompting. Principal Baillie tells us how the Rev. William Annan, considered "in the towne among the women a great divine," ventured to preach in defence of the Liturgy, but had overrated his influence. For, on the following day, "about thirty or forty of our honestest women in one voyce before the Bishop and Magistrats did fall in rayling, cursing, scolding with clamours on Mr. Annan; some two of the meanest was taken to the Tolbooth." After supper Mr. Annan imprudently paid a visit to the bishop, and started about 9 P.M. to return home "in a mirk night with three or four ministers with him, but some hundreths of enraged women of all qualities are about him with neaves1 (fists) and staves and peats, but no stones; they beat him sare; his cloake, ruffe, hatt were rent; however, upon his cryes, and candles set out from many windows, he escaped all bloody wounds, yet he was in great danger even of killing. This tumult was so great that it was not thought meet to search either in plotters or actors of it, for numbers of the best qualitie would have been found guiltie." The Rev. C. Monroe was even worse treated at Kinghorn, being stoned as well as buffeted.

In the year 1638 the Covenant was signed, with immense enthusiasm, some signatures being written with the blood of the subscribers. "Such ministers as spocke most for it," says the Parson of Rothiemay, "wer heard so passionatly and with such frequencye that churches could not containe ther hearers in cittyes; some of the devouter sexe (as if they had keeped vigills) keeping ther seates from Friday

^{1 &}quot;Bottom. Give me your nief, Monsieur Mustard-seed."

A Midsummer Night's Dream.—Act iv. sc. 1.

to Sunday to gett the communione given them sittinge; some sottinge always let before such sermones in the churches for fear of losing a rowme or place of hearing; or, at the least, some of ther handmaides sitting constantly ther all night till ther mistresses came to tack upp ther places and to releeve them." Some months later, or, to speak more exactly, on the 2nd July, 1639, Lord Traquair, the Lord Treasurer, at the instigation of "the devout wives who at first put life in ther cause," was grievously assaulted in the public street, and knocked down, while his hat, cloak, and rod of office were trampled upon and broken. Two bailies were recognised among the rioters, but it is not stated whether they acted on their own impulse, or were set on by their pious wives. For the loss of his white rod the sum of sixpence was subsequently voted to the Lord Treasurer. After Charles's return to England in 1641, the Covenanters became still more aggressive and talked of their duty to press forward the Reformation in that country likewise—meaning, of course, the abolition of the episcopacy. "The wives at Edinburgh whose help" -Bishop Guthry observes- "was always ready at a dead lift, cryd out against all, especially the ministers who were for a peaceable temper, and would be content to acquiesce in the Reformation we had obtained." It is a good rule to rest and be thankful, but the devouter sex were always for action, and deemed that nothing was done so long as there remained anything yet to do.

JAMES HUTTON.

AN AQUATIC THEATRE.

I N the year 1684, while some workmen were digging gravel in the grounds of Mr. Sadler, a surveyor of highways, at Clerkenwell, they struck, at some distance below the surface, upon a flagstone, which upon being raised disclosed a well; this was very soon identified as one that had belonged to the Priory of Clerkenwell, and that in the middle ages had been accredited with miraculous powers. was just about the time that inland springs were coming into vogue, and chalybeate waters were gathering the reputation of being a golden specific for all complaints. In a very little time hypochondriacs and valetudinarians were flocking to Mr. Sadler's gardens, until the average number of daily drinkers at this new fountain of life amounted to five or six hundred. It was customary to sweeten the bitter draught with Rhenish wine, caraway seeds, and tobacco, which were supposed to assist the action of the medicine. The proprietor, perceiving that he had hit upon a gold mine, exerted himself to the utmost to attract patronage; he enclosed the gardens, planted them with shrubs, had a marble basin formed for the spring to rise into, engaged a lady to discourse sweet sounds on the dulcimer in an artificial glen, from five to eight on summer evenings; while in a shellwork grotto, a man played the pipe and tabor for those who loved to dance.

During the last years of the Commonwealth, the stage being still under the ban of Puritanism, places of amusement, called "Musick Houses," were opened in different parts of the metropolis, and gave a miscellaneous entertainment of singing, dancing, tumbling, much after the style of the modern music hall; to add to the other attractions of the Wells, probably at the suggestion of his partner, a Mr. Forcer, who was a musician and dancing-master, Sadler erected a wooden "Musick House," in his grounds; a platform at one end served as a stage, and a bench on each side accommodated the musicians; there was no separate charge for admission, which was the privilege of those who took refreshments at the bar. From a pecuniary point of view the new attraction was no doubt satisfactory enough, but it certainly did not add to the decorum of the place. Ned Ward, the yol, CLXIII. No. 1880.

author of "The London Spy," in his "Walk to Islington," gives us such a vivid picture of the humours of the "Musick House" in 1699, and of the company that frequented it, that I cannot do better than quote as much of his description as the modern reader will find palatable. He and a female companion, being out for a stroll in the Clerkenwell fields, make their way to Sadler's Wells.

We enter'd the house, were conducted up stairs,
There lovers o'er cheesecakes were seated by pairs.
The organs and fiddles were scraping and humming,
The guests for more ale on the tables were drumming;
Whilst others, ill bred, lolling over their mugs,
Were laughing and toying with their fans and their jugs;
Disdain'd to be slaves to perfections, or graces,
Sat puffing tobacco in their mistress's faces.
Some 'prentices too, who made a bold venture,
And trespass'd a little beyond their indenture,
Were each of them treating his mistress's maid,
For letting him in when his master's abed.

Having refreshed, they

Look'd over the gallery like the rest of the folk, Without side of which, the spectators to please, Were nymphs painted roving in clouds and in seas.

Our eyes being glutted with this pretty sight,
We began to look down and examine the pit,
Where butchers and bailiffs and such sort of fellows
Were mix'd with a vermin train'd up to the gallows,
As buttocks and files, housebreakers and padders,
With prizefighters, sweet'ners, and such sort of traders,
Informers, thief takers, deer stealers and bullies;
Some dancing, some skipping, some ranting and tearing,
Some drinking and smoking, some lying and swearing,
And some with the tapsters were got in a fray,
Who without paying reck'ning were stealing away.

"Lady Squab," now by the side of the organ, favours the company with a song, at which

The guests were all hush, and attention was given, The listening mob thought themselves in a Heaven.

After she retires amidst vociferous applause from the butchers,

Then up starts a fiddler in scarlet, so fierce, So unlike an Orpheus, he looks like a Mars, He runs up in Alt with a hey-diddle-diddle, To show what a fool he could make of a fiddle.

When this is over, a girl of eleven comes on and executes a sword-dance.

Arm'd Amazon-like, with abundance of rapiers, Which she puts to her throat as she dances and capers, And further, the mob's admiration to kindle, She turns on her heel like a wheel on a spindle.

Next appears

A young babe of grace, With Merc'ry's limbs, and a gallows in his face, In dancing a jig lies the chief of his graces, And making strange Musick House monkey-like faces.

He again is followed by Thomas, the waiter, who, dressed as a clown, performs a dance, &c., &c.

The whole neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, though at this period nearly surrounded by open country, was a nest of ruffianism and the centre of the cruel sports which were the delight of all classes. Close to Sadler's Wells, on the site of what is now called Ray Street, formerly Rag Street, stood the notorious gardens of Hockley-in-the-Hole, so frequently referred to in the literature of the early decades of the eighteenth century, notably in "The Beggar's Opera," and in one or two of Steele's papers in the "Spectator." Here were carried on the brutal pastimes of bull- and bear-baiting, and cock-fighting; here, in the days before pugilism became a science, backsword players displayed the nicety of their fence, fighting with sharp weapons that inflicted grievous wounds, for sport had no zest for our ancestors unaccompanied by bloodshed. To see a bulldog hanging on to the nose of a bull or a bear, and gored to death by the horns of the one, or the life squeezed out of him in the embrace of the other were the most fascinating of amusements to the frequenters of these gardens, and the more torture and cruelty there were the more the sports were appreciated. Sadler's Wells occasionally rivalled its near neighbour by providing familiar fare as an additional attraction for its patrons, though rope-dancing, pantomime, and tumbling were always its staple amusements. When George the Third came to the throne, Sadler and dancing-master Forcer both had passed away, and the son of the latter, a barrister, had succeeded to "the Wells." The new lessee seems to have given a more theatrical turn to the entertainment by adding musical interludes, and under his régime the Spa was more flourishing than ever, being patronised by royalty, for in 1735 the Princesses Amelia and Caroline went thither to drink the waters, in consequence of which the nobility flocked in such numbers that the proprietor would take nearly thirty pounds of a morning.

Forcer junior died in 1743; under the next manager, one Warren, the Musick House was most villainously disreputable. In Kirkman's "Memoirs of Macklin" we find the following description of the

place as one of the reminiscences of the old actor: "I remember when the price of admission here was but threepence, except a few places scuttled off at the sides of the stage at sixpence, and which were usually reserved for people of fashion, who occasionally came to see the fun. Here we smoked and drank porter, or rum and water, as much as we could pay for; and every man had his doxy that liked it, and so forth; and though we had a mixture of very odd company, for I believe it was the baiting place of thieves and highwaymen, there was little or no rioting. Some hornpipes and ballad-singing, with a kind of pantomimic ballet, and some lofty tumbling, and all was done by daylight, and there were four or five exhibitions every day. The length of each depended upon circumstances. The proprietor had always a fellow on the outside of the booth to calculate how many people were collected for a second exhibition, and when he thought there were enough, he came to the back of the upper seats and shouted. 'Is Hiram Fisteman here?' This was the cant word agreed upon with the performers. Upon which they concluded the entertainments with a song, dismissed the audience, and prepared for a second representation." In 1744. Sadler's Wells was presented by the Grand Jury of Middlesex as a place injurious to public morals. Two years later we find that there was no charge for admission beyond a pint of wine, which cost one shilling, and as a specimen of the kind of amusements provided, it may be mentioned that Hogarth's "Harlot's Progress" was dramatised with all its repulsive details. Harlequins, mountebanks, tumblers, singers, and dancers still, however, formed the principal part of the company. wonderful equilibrist named Maddox, who seems to have anticipated what we regard as the new tricks of the present professors of the art, appeared here in the middle of the last century. Maddox, balancing himself upon the slack wire, could toss balls and kick straws into a glass he held in his mouth, balance a cart wheel upon his shoulder or his chin, and finish up by poising two wheels with a boy standing on one of them. That these amusements were patronised by the upper classes is proved by an advertisement in the Public Advertiser to the effect that on certain nights a horse patrol would be stationed on the new road between the Sadler's Wells and Grosvenor Square for the protection of the nobility and

In 1765 Rosoman, a builder, whose name still survives in Rosoman Street, Clerkenwell, pulled down the old wooden Musick House and raised a stone theatre—the present building—in its place, at a cost of £4,225, the demolition and re-erection occupying, it is

said, only seven weeks. Rosoman greatly improved the status of Sadler's Wells; the prices of admission were raised to two-and-sixpence for the boxes, one shilling for the pit, and sixpence for the gallery, while for an extra sixpence a pint of good wine, "that had been four years in the wood," was supplied to all who liked to avail themselves of the privilege. Macklin tells an amusing story of Rosoman, who by his various speculations had amassed a handsome sum of money, which he had been in the habit of depositing in the Bank of England, until a friend informed him that he could lay out his fortune with equal security and receive four per cent. interest upon it by purchasing consols. One day he went to the Bank and said he was going to draw out the whole of his account. The cashier referring him to a clerk to have his voucher examined, he took alarm. "Hullo, you Mister!" he cried, "you with the pen behind your ear, you've been robbing me of the interest of my money all these years, and I ain't going to be fobbed no longer, and now I s'pose you wants to stick to the lot; but it won't do, my knowing one, it won't do; I'll have my tots, so look to it."

In the bar of the "Sir Hugh Myddelton" tavern, which time out of mind has been the resort of the Islington actor, there was, and may be still, a picture of Rosoman, with certain of his patrons and players grouped around him; among these were to be seen Mr. Maddox, the slack-wire performer; Mr. Greenwood, the painter; the tailor of the theatre, known as Tailor Dick; a tumbler or two, while all the rest were "highly respectable" tradesmen of the neighbourhood. These portraits also represent some of the most prominent members of a Punch club held at the aforesaid inn, a membership in which conferred the privilege of admission to the theatre on payment for a pint of wine. It is said that Oliver Goldsmith was enrolled in this convivial fraternity. Until 1796 the auditorium was fitted up exactly like a modern music-hall; there were high-backed seats and little ledges behind each on which bottles and glasses could be placed, and the audience smoked and drank throughout the performance. Rosoman retired in 1772, letting the house to the famous actor Thomas King, the original Sir Peter Teazle. King by his professional exertions might have acquired an ample fortune; he had his town house in Great Queen Street, then a fashionable neighbourhood, his villa at Hampton, and kept his carriage; but an inveterate passion for gambling, which it is said cost him f, 7,000, proved his ruin. commenced his London career at Drury Lane, as Allworth, in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," in 1748; and was one of the shining lights in the Garrick management. In the year previously referred

to, 1772, however, in partnership with one Serjeant, a trumpeter, and Arnold, a goldsmith, he undertook the management of Sadler's Wells, and the old Musick House now took a position among the theatres which it had never before attained. Dibdin, the elder, wrote pieces for it; the prices of admission to the boxes were raised to three shillings, to the gallery one; and as King mixed in the best society fashionable audiences were drawn thither to patronise him. In 1778 the interior of the building was entirely remodelled; but although under the new lessees the theatre rose greatly both in respectability and reputation, there was not much change in its style of entertainment, mountebanks being still the principal performers engaged. The playbills of the time announce that a Miss Richer will appear on two slack wires, and pass through a hoop with a pyramid of glasses on her head, and Master Richer will perform on a tight rope with a skipping rope; that one Joseph Dorton will drink a glass of wine, placed upon the stage, backwards and beat a drum at the same time; a man named Lawrence will throw a somersault over twelve men's heads; and one Paul Redige will throw a somersault over two men on horseback, the men each having a lighted candle on his head. The great Sadler's Wells sensation of 1783, however, was a company of performing dogs, the first canine actors of which I have seen any account, and such a rage did they become that the managers in that one season cleared £,10,000. Frederick Reynolds, in his "Recollections," gives the following description of what must really have been a very remarkable performance:—"An enterprising actor, of the name of Costello, collected at the fairs of Frankfort and Leipzig a complete company of canine performers, and arriving with them in England, Wroughton, the then manager of Sadler's Wells, engaged him. There were fourteen in all, and, unlike those straggling, dancing dogs still seen in the streets, they all acted respondently and conjointly with a truth that appeared almost the effect of reason. The star of the company was named Moustache, and the piece produced for their first appearance was 'The Deserter.' The house, crowded nightly, resembled in point of fashion the opera on a Saturday night. I will pass over the performance till the last scene, merely remarking that the actors of Simpkin, Skirmish, and Louisa were so well dressed and so much in earnest that in a slight degree they actually preserved the interest of the story and the illusion of the scene. But Moustache as the Deserter! I see him now, in his little uniform, military boots, with small musket and helmet, cheering and inspiring his fellow-soldiers to follow him up scaling ladders and storm the fort. The roars,

barking, and confusion which resulted from this attack may be better imagined than described. At the moment when the gallant assailant seemed sure of victory, a retreat was sounded, and Moustache and his adherents were seen receding from the repulse, rushing down the ladders and then staggering towards the lamps in a state of panic and dismay." Reynolds then proceeds to explain how the excitement of the scene was worked up: the dogs had been given no food since breakfast, a hot supper with a most appetising aroma was set at the top of the fort—no wonder they stormed it so fiercely—and when the retreat was sounded, Costello drove them back with a whip. Still, whatever tricks might have been resorted to, for an entire play to be performed by dogs was a very remarkable undertaking.

During the medley of now forgotten four-legged and two-legged mountebanks that occupied the stage of Sadler's Wells at this time, occasionally crop up names that were thereafter to become famous in theatrical annals. In 1786, Miss Romanzi, afterwards better known as Mrs. Bland, one of the most delightful of English ballad singers, made her first appearance; two years later, "Master Abrahams," who had made his *début* a twelvemonth previously at the Royalty in Wellclose Square, then a mere boy, sang at the Islington house, before he had softened his Hebrew patronymic, by cutting off its first and last letters, to Braham. As the nursery of pantomimists "the Wells" was always celebrated; here Boyce, the most finished representative of harlequin of his own day and far surpassing anything that has been seen since, unless an exception be made in favour of Byrne, was first introduced to the public. But most famous of all names connected with the old theatre is that of Grimaldi. Long before the period at which we have arrived, it was familiar enough to the frequenters of the house in the person of Giuseppe Grimaldi, the father of immortal "Joey"; the former came over to England in 1760, in the capacity of dentist to Queen Charlotte; in his own country he had been professor of fencing and dancing, and having a preference for the last of his three callings, he begged permission to resign his post of royal tooth extractor, and this being granted, he henceforth devoted himself entirely to Terpsichore; he was engaged as Maître de Ballet at Drury Lane, and during the summer months occupied the same position at Sadler's Wells, while many of the nobility availed themselves of his instructions in a private capacity. The signor was a very eccentric personage, of whom many curious stories are told, the following not being the least singular: he had purchased a piece of ground at Lambeth in the depth of winter which he

intended to lay out as a garden; but, too impatient to wait for the summer to deck it in vegetation, he hung the bare trees with fruit bought at the fruiterer's, and covered the bushes with flowers and leaves made in the property room of the theatre. Young Joe was born at the end of 1779, his father being then sixty-five years of age; at one year and eleven months he made his first appearance upon the stage at Sadler's Wells as a sprite, and soon afterwards played "little clown" to his parent at Drury Lane, with such success that he was accorded the weekly salary of fifteen shillings. In 1782, being still under three years old, he performed the part of a monkey at "the Wells," and made such a hit that he was at once put on the staff, and from that time, with the exception of one season, continued to be a member of the company for forty-nine years. But Joey must have had as many lives as a cat to survive the unmerciful floggings he received at his father's hands-for Giuseppe Grimaldi was of Solmon's mind in the rearing of children—and the many accidents incidental to his dangerous calling. In "the business" of some monkey scene his father had to swing him round and round on the end of a chain; one night the chain broke, and the child was hurled across the pit; another time, when he was only four years old, he fell through a trap-door to a depth of forty feet, breaking his collar-bone and terribly bruising himself. Toe was scarcely eight years old when his tyrant died; not long before the eccentric Giuseppe had feigned death in order to test the affection of his two sons. One day he instructed the servant to tell the boys as soon as they came home from rehearsal that he had suddenly expired; but first of all they were to be brought into the darkened room where he lay stretched out beneath a sheet, so that he might hear how they took the news. Joe, suspecting a trick, began to roar lustily, but his brother danced and sang with delight at the prospect of being released from their tormentor. Up sprang the sham and infuriated corpse, and oh, the thrashing that unhappy junior received for his want of filial affection! while the more artful Joseph was caressed and rewarded. Grimaldi left his wife and children totally unprovided for, and while Sheridan raised Joev's salary to a pound a week, the management of Sadler's Wells took the exactly opposite course, and reduced it from fifteen shillings to three, at which pittance he remained for three years, making himself generally useful both on and off the stage. Nothing could exceed the drudgery of this mere child; every morning he had to walk from Great Wild Street, Drury Lane, where he and his mother lodged, to Sadler's Wells for rehearsal; back to dinner at two; then again off to the theatre, where he worked from six to eleven, and then had to walk home; sometimes he performed both at Sadler's Wells and Drury Lane on the same night; on one occasion he was so pressed for time that he ran from Islington to Drury Lane in eight minutes—but it must be remembered that much of his way would then lie across fields; another time he ran from "the Wells" to the Haymarket Opera House, where the Drury Lane company were performing during the rebuilding of their own theatre in 1794, in fourteen minutes, and after walking on in a procession, which was all he had to do, ran back to Sadler's Wells, to play clown in the pantomime, accomplishing the return journey in thirteen minutes. But by this time he was receiving £3 a week from the Drury Lane treasury and £4 from Sadler's Wells, and was rapidly rising in fortune and reputation.

In the meantime, however, many changes had taken place in the management of Sadler's Wells. At the end of ten years, that is to say in 1782, King gave it up in consequence of being appointed Sheridan's manager at Drury Lane, and sold his interest to Arnold, his partner, and Wroughton, a Drury Lane actor, for £12,000. After Wroughton's time, in the closing years of the last century, Mrs. Siddons' husband took up the sceptre. During his reign a boy named Master Carey, the great-grandson of that Henry Carey who wrote "Sally in our Alley," and composed many of the most successful ballad operas for the theatre, made his début here under the title of "The Pupil of Nature," and recited Rollo's speech from "Pizarro." Little thought Mr. Siddons that this boy, under the name of Edmund Kean, was destined, "at one fell swoop," to destroy the great Kemble school that then reigned supreme.

It was not until 1804, when the house was under the management of Charles Dibdin, a Mr. Hughes being the chief proprietor, that Sadler's Wells began that series of nautical dramas, with sensational effects and real water, that obtained it the name of the "Aquatic Theatre," and formed its principal attraction during the next forty years. For these effects a gigantic tank, fed from the New River, was constructed beneath the stage, and a drama entitled "The Siege of Gibraltar" was produced; in this piece real vessels floated on real water for the bombardment of the fortress; the heroine fell from the rocks into the sea, and her lover plunged after her; there were a naval battle and a ship on fire, from which the sailors sprang into the waves to escape the flames, and in another scene a child was cast into the water and rescued by a Newfoundland dog: here is sensation enough for an autumn season at Drury Lane or a two years' run at the

Adelphi. Truly there is nothing new, except gas and lime and electric light, in things theatrical. In 1807 an awful accident occurred at Sadler's Wells, which threw a shadow upon its fortunes for some time afterwards. Grimaldi used to give a most graphic description of the event, which happened on October 15. The pantomime—pantomimes were not confined to Christmas-tide in those days—was played first on that evening, being followed by a nautical drama called "The Ocean Fiend," and Grimaldi had gone home to bed very early. About midnight he was aroused by a terrific knocking at the street Upon jumping up and presenting himself half-dressed, he found a crowd outside, who, after congratulating him upon his safety, told a terrible tale-how, during the performance of the last piece some scoundrels had raised a cry of "Fire!" how the audience had risen en masse and made, pell-mell, for the doors, with the usual consequences. "I waited to hear no more," he said, "but rushed to the theatre. Upon arriving there I found the crowd so dense as to render approach by the usual path impossible. Filled with the most awful fears, I ran round to the opposite bank of the New River,1 plunged in, swam across, and finding the parlour window open, and a light at the other end of the room, threw up the sash and jumped in à la harlequin. What was my horror on looking round to discover that there lay stretched in the apartment no fewer than nine dead bodies! Yes, there lay the remains of nine human beings lifeless, and scarcely yet cold, whom a few hours before I had myself been exciting to shouts of laughter. Paralysed by the sad sight, I stood awhile without the power of motion, then hurried to the door; I found it locked; I knocked loudly for assistance. At first the family of Mr. Hughes were greatly terrified at hearing these sounds issuing from a room tenanted, as they imagined, only by the dead; but at length, recognising my voice, they unlocked the door, and glad enough was I to emerge from the apartment." Twentythree persons lost their lives on that awful night, suffocated, trampled to death, or dashed to pieces by leaping from the gallery into the pit. The theatre was opened two nights for the benefit of the relations of the deceased, and of the large number who lay dangerously injured in the hospital, and then closed until Christmas.

The playbills of Sadler's Wells are monotonous enough: year after year "red-hot" melodramas with astounding titles, ballets, and pantomimes succeed each other with persistent regularity. But in

¹ It must be borne in mind that at that time the New River flowed in front of the theatre where it is now covered over by the green, and that the whole place was perfectly rural.

1817, in consequence of a disagreement with the management, for the first time since his infant début, the name of Grimaldi is missing. The next season, however, unfortunately for himself, he returned as manager and a large shareholder. This speculation resulted in a heavy loss, and notwithstanding the large sums he had made by his professional exertions both in town and country, his resources were considerably But that was not the worst: his long life of arduous toil had brought on premature decay; his frame was debilitated, his joints were stiff, his muscles relaxed; every effort he made was followed by cramps and spasms of the most agonising nature. Men were obliged to be kept waiting at the side scenes to catch him in their arms when he staggered off the stage, while others chafed his limbs, the sinews of which were gathered up into knots by cramp. The spectators, who were convulsed by laughter a moment before, little thought of the excruciating agony his exertions inflicted upon him. At length he was compelled to relinquish his engagement at Covent Garden, which brought him in £1,500 a year, including benefit. And on Monday, March 17, 1828, the Sadler's Wells playbill announced that on that night Mr. Grimaldi would make his last appearance at that theatre, and bid his patrons and friends "Farewell." "The entertainments," to quote the programme, "will commence with the successful romance of 'Sixes, or the Fiend,' Hoch, a drunken prisoner, by Mr. Grimaldi. After which the favourite burletta of 'Humphry Clinker,' to which will be added the popular farce of 'Wives and Partners,' and the whole to conclude with a grand masquerade on the stage, in the course of which several novelties will be presented: Mr. Blackmore, on the corde volante; Mr. Walbourn's dance as Dusty Bob; Mr. Campbell's song of 'Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman'; Mrs. Searie's skipping-rope dance; Mr. Payne's juggling evolutions; and the celebrated dance between Mr. J. S. Grimaldi (Joey's son) and Mr. Ellar. After which Mr. Grimaldi will deliver his farewell Address, and the whole will conclude with a brilliant display of fireworks expressive of GRIMALDI'S THANKS." It need hardly be said that the house was crowded to the ceiling, for Londoners are always faithful to their old favourites—that the faltering accents in which the old actor bade adieu to those present, many of whom had followed his career from boyhood, were listened to in tearful silence, to be followed by burst upon burst of applause. So deeply affected was he by the trying ordeal, that it was days before he recovered from its effects. A little over three months afterwards he took his final leave of the stage at Drury Lane. With presents, he realised by his Sadler's Wells night £,285, by Drury Lane £,580. He survived his retirement nearly nine years, dying in the May of 1837. Wonderful as was his grotesque humour, creating inextinguishable laughter, Grimaldi was much more than a mere buffoon. On one benefit night he gave the dagger scene of Macbeth in his clown's dress. R. H. Horne, who was present, says: "Notwithstanding this, and that he only made audible a few elocutionary sounds of the words, a dead silence pervaded the whole house, and I was not the only boy who trembled: young and old seemed to vibrate with the effect upon the imagination." When he sang "An Oyster Crossed in Love," such touches of real pathos trembled through its grotesqueness as he sat in front of the footlights, between a cod's head and a huge oyster that opened and shut its shell in time to the music, that all the children were in tears. How he sang "Tippitewichet," "Hot Codlins," "Me and my Neddy," has often been descanted upon by those who had the good fortune to hear him.

During the next ten or fifteen years the history of the Aquatic Theatre presents few points of interest; during the twenties Mrs. Egerton—the house being under the management of her husband—a very fine actress in such parts as Madge Wildfire and Meg Merrilies, well-known in the West End, was the bright particular star of this northern hemisphere. In 1832 Sadler's Wells was presided over by the celebrated Mrs. Fitzwilliam; Buckstone was a member of the stock company, and wrote pieces for it. For many years Honner—the husband of a famous melodramatic heroine of the olden time, better known in the East than in the West, however—swayed the destinies of the old Islington house. In 1842, Ducrow, the celebrated equestrian performer, for a season turned Sadler's Wells into a circus, and re-christened it "The Royal Amphitheatre of Arts"; but at the end of that year it went back to its original purpose under the management of Greenwood. During several years the style of entertainment had been improving; dramatic versions of Sir Walter Scott's novels, and, when a star came, occasional incursions into the realm of the legitimate drama, had varied the highly-spiced fare which had formerly been invariably presented to the patrons of this theatre, and it was upon these lines that the new lessee conducted the business until 1844, when, most important of all epochs in the history of the Aquatic Theatre, he let it to Samuel Phelps and Mrs. Warner—the then finest tragédienne of the day.

Phelps was at this time a metropolitan actor of seven years' standing, having made his first appearance at the Haymarket under Benjamin Webster in 1837 (August 28th) as Shylock. Previous to this he had been engaged by Macready for the winter season at

Covent Garden at £,12 a week, and there he appeared in the October of the year just named, playing Jaffier to the manager's Pierre in Otway's tragedy of "Venice Preserved." So great had been his success at the Haymarket that Macready confesses when he read the account of it in the Morning Herald it depressed him. "An actor's fame and dependent income," he writes in his journal, "is so precarious that we start at every shadow of an actor." Phelps's success at "the little theatre" was fully confirmed by the Covent Garden audience, and after he had performed Othello, Macduff, and two or three other parts, Macready dropped him out of the bill. In a letter written to a friend at this time, Phelps expresses much bitterness at this ungenerous treatment. "I see very little of London," he adds, "have refused all kinds of invitations, resolved not to put myself in the way of temptation. Our house is within a stone's throw of Cockney Mount, alias Primrose Hill. Thither I bend my steps daily; look down upon the great Babylon—at least as much as I can see of it; sometimes get a peep of St. Paul's just peeping over the smoky curtain, always fancying it gives me a friendly nod and tells me to keep where I am." He adhered to this resolution, and when Macready left Covent Garden engaged himself with that gentleman for Drury Lane. Indeed, while the legitimate drama could be performed only in the three principal theatres of the metropolis, a tragedian had little option. But when, in 1843, free trade was established in the dramatic kingdom, the aspect of things theatrical underwent an entire change. Nevertheless it was a daring idea to convert such a theatre as Sadler's Wells, which for nearly two centuries had been the resort of one of the rowdiest audiences of London, from the house of the lowest form of dramatic entertainment to that of the most strictly legitimate temple of the drama that this country has ever known. Far more remarkable than the idea, however, were the energy and tenacity of purpose that enabled him to carry it out with supreme success. The first thing necessary was to establish order in the unruly gallery. Few men would have had the courage to discard one set of patrons on the mere chance of securing a better: not so Samuel Phelps; upon the slightest disturbance the offenders were instantly expelled, and he would even put on a cloak over his stage dress and go up in the gallery himself to help in the enforcement of his rigid laws. Upon the stage there was a company of thoroughly efficient actors, such as Henry Marston, then a Sadler's Wells favourite of some years' standing, and George Bennett, quite equal to anything the great houses could show, and thoroughly trained by the most exacting rehearsals. Phelps opened on May 27th, 1844, with

"Macbeth," Mrs. Warner being the Lady Macbeth, and Marston Macduff. Within two years, chiefly in consequence of ill health, his fair partner had to retire, and in the July of 1846, the theatre, after some very considerable alterations had been effected, was announced to be under the management of Messrs. Greenwood and Phelps. Their récime was inaugurated by the production of "The First Part of Henry IV.," in which Phelps played Falstaff for the first time, and Creswick made his London début as Hotspur. The highest price of admission for years had been only two shillings, but this season a first circle was added, for which three shillings were charged, and at this the price was the highest throughout his management. "Henry IV." was the first of that noble series of Shakespearian revivals which included all the great dramatist's plays, except "Titus Andronicus," "Troilus and Cressida," and the three parts of "Henry VI." In addition to these, alterations of Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and Webster were put upon the stage, and original plays by Westland Marston and other writers of repute were added to the repertory. Although not equal in cost or splendour to similar productions of Macready's at Drury Lane or Charles Kean's at the Princess's, all these works were admirably mounted, and with a correctness and attention to details and a reverence for the poetical that have seldom been surpassed. Under the rule of Samuel Phelps the drama fulfilled its highest purpose—that of interpreting and bringing home, both to the cultured and the uncultured, the noblest truths of poetry, the grandest conceptions of genius. While the once great patent theatres were handed over to wild-beast shows and were sunk in the deepest slough of degradation, while the fashionable world deserted the drama for the opera, the little remote suburban theatre-for it was remote in those days from the great centres of London-was nightly filled by an eager and a rapt audience, most of them fresh from the workshop, drinking in immortal ideas, of which but for the stage they would have lived and died in ignorance. To the refining and educating influences of the actor's art under such conditions there is no limit.

Those who had not seen Phelps in the great parts of tragedy until his last appearance at Drury Lane were scarcely fair judges of his capacities, for his powers were already on the wane. He was the last of the old school of tragedy; with him the traditions that, through Betterton, Booth, Garrick, Kemble, Macready, had been handed down more or less faithfully from Shakespeare himself, died from mere senility and decrepitude, for what had once been the spontaneous outcome of genius had now shrunk by constant repetition into the merest conventionalism. Phelps was always thoughtful, artistic, and

imbued with a thorough knowledge and appreciation of his author; his delivery of "To be or not to be" was the most impressive I have heard; his acting in the mad scenes of Lear was unsurpassable; there were points even in his Othello that for subtilty of interpretation it would be difficult to match; his address to the soldiers in "Henry V." never failed to rouse his audience to enthusiasm; but he never electrified by any flash of genius, never passed the invisible line that separates the good actor from the great. To see him in one of Shakespeare's tragic pieces was an intellectual pleasure, satisfying the judgment, though seldom or ever rousing the imagination. But, as a comedian, or rather a character actor, he stood supreme. The stage has never given anything more wonderfully perfect than his Sir Pertinax Macsycophant—and oh, ye gods, his Bottom the weaver! who that had the privilege of seeing it can ever forget that marvellous performance? Before his time actors had made the part a mere buffoon; but the manner in which Phelps elaborated and drew subtle meanings out of every line, his delivery of the soliloguy after the awakening, a few broken sentences, conveying to the ordinary reader nothing, but, as he pronounced it, a whole psychological history: the manner in which the conceited clown after his transformation became densely asinine, ever surreptitiously feeling for the long ears that have gone; this was indeed great acting. Justice Shallow, Job Thornberry, King James, Trapbois, were in their way equally fine; nor must we forget his powerful performance of Manfred and Werner. The recent revival of Lord Byron's tragedy at the Lyceum recalls a memorable night at Sadler's Wells-it was somewhere in 1861—when the lessee's son, Edmund, made his first appearance upon the London stage in the character of Ulric to his father's Werner. Perhaps the old actor never performed the part so finely as he did on that night. The identity between the real and ideal relations of the characters was as vivid to him as to the audience, and gave a deeper intensity, on both sides, to the scenes between father and son. More than once the self-control so necessary to the artist in the very tempest of passion nearly forsook him; but such falterings struck home to every heart, rousing the spectators to vet stronger demonstrations of enthusiasm, that mounted higher and higher to the end of the tragedy, and culminated in a rising en masse and bursts of cheering as both actors were summoned again and again before the curtain. The mantle of the father, however, did not descend upon the son, for Edmund Phelps never rose above mediocrity. His career was a sadly brief one, and his early and sudden death was a blow from which the great actor never recovered.

Samuel Phelps's latest biographers deny that he was an imitator of Macready; but those who have seen the two famous actors in Werner aver that the one rendering was a facsimile of the other; indeed, Phelps was not only Macreadyish on the stage, but off it as well, and was too much given to reproduce the moroseness and overbearing airs of his former chief, accompanied by those grunts and mutterings which made the elder tragedian a constant butt for imitators. There was little or nothing of the professional type about Samuel Phelps, and an actor was about the last thing that a stranger would have taken him for. He was an ardent disciple of Izaak Walton, and for several years during the summer vacation used to go down to Farningham, and put up at the hotel there to enjoy a little fishing, and everybody about, it would seem, took him for a quiet country gentleman; but during the run of "The Doge of Venice," a farmer of the neighbourhood happened to go to Drury Lane; there was no mistaking those nasal tones, and, after listening to the Doge for some little time, he whispered to a companion. "Why, dang me, if that ain't our old fisherman!"

With the management of Greenwood and Phelps, which terminated in 1862, the history of the old Aquatic Theatre, as far as it can interest the general reader, ends. After their retirement it soon went back to its old ways, though its old manager occasionally revisited it. In 1879 Mrs. Bateman, upon leaving the Lyceum, became the manageress, reconstructed the interior, and made an attempt to revive something of its old form. But since the days of Greenwood and Phelps a complete revolution had taken place in things theatrical: the generation of playgoers that had hung delightedly on the lips of their oracle had passed away, tastes had changed, audiences had persistently turned their faces westwards—and failure was the result. Since then the old house has gone from bad to worse. Although the interior is for the most part new, the outward walls are the same that Rosoman raised a hundred and twenty years ago, so that Sadler's Wells is certainly the oldest theatre in England, and probably in Europe.

H. BARTON BAKER.

SAN AGUSTINO.

"SEÑOR, in Catalonia we were always faithful to the rightful cause," said my hostess, closing her fan abruptly as if to accentuate her loyalty, then opening and waving it slowly with an indolent grace that seems almost a special Spanish attribute.

We were walking in "La Rambla," a long avenue of plane trees running through the centre of the town, where, after sunset, all the world of Barcelona takes the air. On either side of the avenue tramcars and carriages flit past in narrow roadways, which again are bordered by a succession of shops, hotels, theatres, and innumerable cafés, all brilliantly illuminated. Strains of music, mingling with the sharp click of the ivory domino, float out to the loungers beneath the broad-leaved foliage. The vendors of matches offer their wares with the cry of "Mistos! Mistos!" The newspaper hawkers shout "El Diario! El Imparcial!" further advertising their journals by means of a lighted lantern at the end of a long pole; and pretty flowergirls thrust their nosegays almost into your hands, lisping seductively, "Compra, señor, compra!" Even the mendicants, professional and pathetic, do a brisk trade at this time of day. Here is the blind man, seated on the ground with his back against a tree, accidentally rapping your boots with his stick as he asks for alms in the names of the blessed saints; whilst the beggar bereft of legs propels himself forward on a board upon wheels, in the midst of a crowd sauntering with dignified leisure. And perhaps, out of Spain, there is no other town in Europe where the great lady in satin and mantilla; the peasant in sandals, velveteen jacket, and red Catalan cap; the priest in long black soutane and shovel hat; the gay cavalry officer in silver-braided tunic; the artisan in his blouse; and the grave Don in his cloak, all meet and touch elbows so naturally and happily as in this, the capital of Catalonia. In groups of two and three the medley throng pass and repass, chatting soberly and gaily, whilst all the men smoke cigarettes, and all the women toy with gorgeous fans.

Picturesque as is the general effect of this moving multitude, its

composite elements are yet more attractive. With some exceptions the ladies still wear the poetic Andalusian headgear, their glossy tresses piled high, the black lace covering them drooping in front in a point. The Barcelona shop-girl or seamstress, however, instead of the mantilla, prefers a crimson or deep yellow silk kerchief, that suits to perfection her dark skin, jetty locks, and glorious orbs. Probably their eyes become trained by the constant contemplation of vivid colours in mountain and sky, for even in such slight matters as the selection of a flower to place in the hair, or the choice of a stocking to match the petticoat, the Spanish lass never errs on the score of harmony. The peasant, too, is no less romantic than artistic. In dress, deportment, and physiognomy, in fact from head to foot, his appearance is characteristic. His woollen cap is in reality shaped like the leg of a stocking—happily he does not stiffen or distend it to its full-length capacity, the effect would be too grotesque for even his inborn gravity; the lavish superfluity he draws forward, and, folding it in a scroll over the forehead, it not only shades the eyes but is most becoming. It is generally red, and thus not altogether unlike the Phrygian cap; old men, however, often choose a dark brown, purple, or grey colour. His short jacket is of black or blue velveteen, with clusters of tiny silver filigree buttons; he wears knee-breeches, knitted hose, and round his waist a red sash no less than five yards in length. To put this on he lets it trail on the ground, and winds himself into it by turning round and round. In the folds of this scarf he carries a clasp-knife of singular shape, presumably of Moorish origin, and peculiar to Catalonia. The blade is from five to seven inches in length, and, laying it flat in the right hand palm, with the point touching the tip of the two forefingers, the "muchacho" knows how to throw it with deadly accuracy. A pair of sandals, light and suitable for the climate, complete his equipment, and no doubt contribute greatly to the marvellous feats of speed and endurance for which he is remarkable. On many a day's journey in the mountains the young man who acted as my guide was able with ease to keep pace with the horse, and where the path became rocky he would stride in advance, springing like a goat from boulder to boulder.

Society, both better and best, with officers in uniform of every grade, from the sub-lieutenant to the captain-general commanding the district, come here to stroll in the cool of the evening. Facing the "Rambla" is the "Liceo," the principal theatre, which is—so my Barcelona friends informed me—next to "La Scala," the largest in Europe. During the operatic season a box at this house is a

desideratum which people with any claim to position consider indispensable; and here on the first, second, or third tier, according to the length of the family purse, upon certain evenings in the week official and commercial society receives its friends. In full evening toilette the ladies occupy seats in the front part of the box; behind, in an anteroom, the men play whist or écarté. Now and then, when some diva or tenor of note is warbling a favourite strain, the fair dames will summon the card-players into their presence to listen. Their cavaliers obediently appear, and stand decorously enjoying the music, the hand of cards and the lighted cigarette secreted behind their back; and, should the melody happen to be lengthy, these hardened sinners may be observed to turn slightly from time to time, taking surreptitious whiffs at the cigarette—a proceeding which causes a strong odour of tobacco to pervade the entire building. The forefinger and thumb of the right hand of most Spaniards are scorched brown, from the perpetual holding of lighted cigarettes. Between the acts—intervals of seldom less than half an hour—visits are paid from box to box. As a rule, the anteroom attached to each loge is furnished and decorated at the expense of the holder for the season, and much luxury and good taste is there displayed.

In spite of railways, novels, newspapers, and the rest of the modern machinery for blending manners into a colourless similarity, in Spain social customs and forms of speech are but slightly changed from what they were in the beginning of the century. To profess an ardent desire to prostrate oneself at the feet of one's hostess would be considered extravagant politeness anywhere else, here it is merely a sign of good breeding. "Que beso su mano" (he who kisses your hand) takes the place of "Yours truly" in a letter, and to conclude an epistle otherwise would be decidedly rude. The ancient and charming habit of the Spanish gentleman, when an admiring comment has been made upon one of his possessions, to reply by gravely offering the object in question as a gift, is as much in use to-day as formerly. Nor has his well-known formula, which places the whole house with all its inmates, without exception, at the disposal of the stranger who is welcomed as a guest, yet become obsolete, notwithstanding all that has been said and written anent this extraordinary magnanimity. Every one knows, of course, that these things are mere conventions, and respects them as such. these sayings and doings are also the visible signs of a cloud of romance, which in this matter-of-fact age still clings refreshingly to this sunny land. You recognise it in the melodramatic cloak, religiously worn, be the weather warm or cold, from the 1st of

November to the last day in March. You trace it in the watchful attitude of the dueña, so persistently by the side of the pretty girl; or it appears here and there after supper hour in a quiet back street, where a figure stands pressed against the house wall, whispering sweet nothings to "his soul" in the iron-barred window above. As you turn a corner, absorbed in thought, lo! a rose drops at your feet. While hesitating whether to stoop for it at once, or ascertain first where it came from, a young fellow steps from the shadow of the house, picks it up, and, completely ignoring your existence, he presses the flower gallantly to his lips. With a pang you realise it was not meant for you; and, if there be a lamp-post in the neighbourhood, you will probably discover a balcony, protected by curved iron rods extending to the top of the window, and seated behind these a lady, shielding her face with her fan, leaving just visible a pair of brilliant eyes. "Amantes de ventana" they call these lovers here, and they are in lawful possession of the pavement, for it is only after parental sanction of the bethrothal has been obtained that such interviews are permitted.

But in provincial towns it is that the true Spanish manner and the old distinguishing courtesy is chiefly to be encountered; and there, no doubt, the ancient ceremonious habits will continue in force for many years to come. Essentially a proud people, the Spaniards still regard the off-hand tone of the foreigner as undignified and derogatory, and glory in their own customs as national heirlooms. Were it not for Cervantes one would feel inclined to add that the sense of humour is not a strongly developed faculty in the nation; otherwise it would surely long since have acted as a countermine, and have exploded these outworks of pompous gravity and ostentatious decorum.

In Barcelona the chief topic of conversation, both in official and other circles, is home politics. On this subject differences of opinion enter even the sacred precincts of the family circle, without apparently leading to serious disputes or other disagreeable results. Thus, my hostess was a staunch Carlist, whilst her husband professed himself a devoted Alfonsist; but mutual respect for conviction precluded heated discussions. No such considerations, however, prevented them successively giving their guest the benefit of their respective views. My host in particular had an amiable trick of rolling a cigarette between his fingers, finishing it with careful minuteness, and then presenting it to me. Having further produced a match, and courteously held it to enable one to light, he would forthwith buttonhole his victim, to discourse at length, in choicest

Spanish, upon the advantages and disadvantages of the two dynasties to his country in general, himself and his family in particular—a long dissertation, with the constantly recurring refrain, "Que lástima! que lástima!" It was impossible not to reflect inwardly what a capital motto it would have made for a treatise on Spanish history, "Such a pity! such a pity!" Society in Barcelona seemed, speaking generally, to be always expecting-not to say longing for-some sensational thunderbolt on its own political sky; but then an appetite for strong emotions is here decidedly a national characteristic. In foreign politics dramatic events alone excite an interest. thus last year, it was thus the year before; but in the spring of '74. when Don Carlos besieged Bilbao, when his brother, Don Alfonso, had thrust a wing of his army nearly to the gates of Madrid, and when on the hills round Barcelona skirmishing was an everyday event, then, indeed, did the sensational thermometer stand at bubbling point. The streets appeared as gay and busy as ever, but rumours and undefined scares flew about like sparks from an overcharged electric battery; gossips spoke with bated breath, and when battalion after battalion marched through the town, with stirring music and flying colours, a thrill of excitement ran through the entire community, which, to all appearances, it seemed thoroughly to enjoy. At this time it was that my hostess declared her unflinching loyalty to the Pretender, when we were walking in "La Rambla." At this time also an opportunity offered to visit Palamos—a small town on the coast, half-way between Barcelon and the French frontier-an opportunity so tempting that not to avail myself thereof was utterly out of the question. To be the guest in a real Spanish household. to meet with people who lived entirely in the country, who had never travelled beyond Barcelona-except on one grand occasion to Madrid-and who were not in the remotest degree related or connected with foreigners, their ways and manners, was a privilege not to be foregone.

The old diligence had ceased to run, and the trains went only to Mataro, a town some 30 or 40 miles east of Barcelona; further on "los Carlistos" had cut the telegraph wires and torn up the rails. In fact, notwithstanding the large number of troops massed in Barcelona, only a few days before my departure the Carlist outposts actually descended upon Gracia, the fashionable suburb where the wealthy merchants have their summer residences. The intruders were of course driven back by the regulars, and the day after we all went gleefully to gaze on the bullet-marks on the white walls of the villas, and great crowds attended the obsequies of the one poor

fellow who had been killed, the only casualty. The Carlists, it should be said to their honour, always respected private property, and though it was their habit to summon the "Alcalde," and demand, or decree, without further argument, that his worship immediately disburse a couple of thousand or so of pesetas as a war contribution, yet they never committed any wanton destruction. As an illustration of their tactics I must mention an incident which had happened to me some three weeks previous to the skirmish at Gracia. Travelling peacefully by train to Tarragona, much to my astonishment, half way between the latter town and Barcelona, I found the station in the possession of a band of Carlists. In some mysterious manner they had obtained information that an officer's charger would be despatched by our train, and their captain probably being in want of an animal of that description, they had suddenly swooped down upon this station, which lay just at the foot of a mountain ridge. As the carriages pulled up, men armed with rifles, posted at intervals along the platform, patronizingly requested all travellers to keep their seats. These men were mostly young, and apparently under perfect discipline, although the only attempt at uniformity of dress consisted in the wearing of the "boina"—the Basque headgear, which is undoubtedly half-sister to our Scotch Tam o'Shanter-whilst on the left side of their woollen shirt was sewn the image of the sacred heart. Having secured the horse, which was saddled and bridled, they politely allowed the station-master to despatch the train, and withdrew with their booty.

Still determined to go, there was but one route left, and that was by steamer. Once a fortnight a boat left Barcelona for Cette, stopping on the way to take in a few bales of goods at Palamos, and on this I embarked when it was barely daylight. It turned out to be a French packet, small and grimy, her deck encumbered with winecasks, her cabin chiefly remarkable for a pungent flavour of garlic, that asserted itself over and above the ordinary compound of steamship odours. However, a fair prospect of being landed at our destination towards evening, combined presently with an enchanting view from the deck, made these associations count for nothing. "Mont Jouy"—a steep rock of imposing height, reddish hue, bold outline, and fortified crest—juts out into the sea on the west side of Barcelona, sheltering a harbour crowded with craft of all sizes. As we steamed out some of the larger vessels were sending their crews aloft to loosen and dry their sails; the white canvas, falling idly from the vards, festooned by the buntlines, catching the first rays of the rising sun. Behind this tanglement of masts and cordage a mystic

haze hung like a gossamer curtain over the landscape far and wide. Suddenly, from the ramparts crowning "Mont Jouy," came a gleam, followed a second later by the boom of a cannon, and, as if it were at this preconcerted signal, the cloud of vapour began slowly to recede before the coming warmth, revealing white walls, tall houses, flat roofs, slender minaret-like spires—now touched by the golden light—and a background of deep blue mountains. One by one the church bells commenced to peal, chiming together a slow and measured rhythm, softening as our distance increased. Before us stretched the Mediterranean, flecked here and there with white-winged ships.

Outside the harbour we passed through a shoal of small fishing-boats. In each a man sat by the tiller, keeping the picturesque lateen-sail well filled, and dragging the bait quickly through the water; amidships, on either side, a long rod with a line protruded over the gunwale, and half way up this rod a tiny bell tinkled cheerfully the moment there was a bite, warning the fisherman on which side to haul in his line.

All day we glided with an easy roll along the coast. In the afternoon we sighted Cape San Sebastian, at the foot of which lies the town of Palamos; and just before sundown the engines were stopped and a boat came alongside. Our first inquiry was, Were any Carlists there? to which the old boatman, whose face was so thickly lined that it looked like a Kentish railway map, replied with a wave of his hand and a shake of his head so reassuring that we at once jumped into his boat. In the small harbour were one or two coasting feluccas; a barge was being loaded with bales of corkwood; and on the quay a boy, with a pronounced squint, sat on a barrel, singing at the top of his voice with stolid solemnity, and an expression as if it caused him physical pain—yet the burden of his song was but in praise of the fair sex in general, and of a little red-haired girl in particular. An elderly gentleman in a cloak and a furry soft-felt hat approached, warily picking his way in the mud; the boatman informed me that this was Señor M-, and the next moment we were exchanging grave obeisances, to the evident edification of the youthful minstrel, who brought his song to an abrupt conclusion. Then my host led the way through some very narrow streets just recovering from a state of hopeless morass. In nearly every small provincial town in Spain the water-spouts-frequently richly worked—stretch only about a foot from the flat roofs, pointing straight out, with the result in rainy weather that the streets become

¹ Me gustan todas las niñas en general, Pero essa rubia me gusta más.

a double row of falling cascades; time, wind, and sunshine, without the unnecessary adjuncts of shovel or broom, alone making these unpaved roadways passable again. All the houses had iron bars before the lower windows—a custom that lends an air of doubtful security—and balconies with gaily coloured awnings at irregular heights. Here and there, in a niche over a door, a small lamp burned before a statuette of the Holy Virgin; and once or twice we had to stop and draw ourselves up tightly against the wall to let a donkey and his panniers pass; then the street opened into a small square, enlivened by a church with spire and clock, and by a big house with green shutters and a broad finely-carved oaken gate, in the middle of which was a postern-door with a quaint brass knocker. A servant opened this door, and we stood at once in a large hall. On each side a row of chairs ran along the wall, and in the middle of the tesselated marble floor stood a chased brazier with live charcoal. With a sweep of his hand that took in the whole building my host informed me that this was his house, and that it was entirely at my disposal. Later I was conducted with ceremony through room after room. The house was very large, containing some suites of really fine apartments furnished in Parisian style; but they all were stiff and stuffy, with the unmistakable air of state rooms rarely or ever used, and after our passage through was accomplished the shutters were promptly re-shut. The hall was the real receptionroom; there evidently my host felt at ease, and relaxed as much as a provincial Spaniard might.

Nothing makes the mind more keenly alive to the absence of customary sounds than to wake early for the first time in a strange Through the chinks in the closed shutters the sun is squeezing in a few narrow streaks of yellow light, by the aid of which the surrounding objects become dimly visible. The room appears ever so much larger and loftier than it did the night before, the long heavy curtains look like dark spectres, the crooked arms holding candles on each side of the oval mirror are thrown into sudden weird prominence, the watch under your pillow ticks louder and more peremptorily, and the small strip of crimson carpet seems a ridiculous anomaly on the waste of parquet, and reminds you forcibly of the cruel stain that marks some horrid deed. You hear no rumbling wheels, no jingling harness bells, no shrill cries; not even the patter of the goats which used to pass through the street at this early hour, stopping at each door to be milked. At last the stillness is broken by the distant plaintive he-haw! of a disconsolate donkey; and immediately after some one in the courtyard below, in

a half chanting, half drawling voice, calls out, "Juanita! el chocolate por el inglés!" Then you recollect where you are. A little later there comes a gentle tap at your door; a servant enters softly, carrying a tray with a small cup of very thick chocolate, an "encimada," or light bun, and a large tumbler of fresh water; this he deposits gently on a table close to you, and withdraws, firmly believing that you are fast asleep, and that your morning beverage will be all the better for a little quiet cooling—as in truth it will.

Coming straight from a city remarkable for its life and movement, the sleepy existence in this rusty old place was wondrous. All interests centred in the produce of fields and gardens, the demand for corkwood, and the departure of the steamer. Every one in town knew, of course, of the arrival of a foreigner, and before noon the presentable male population—with the exception of a few who possibly suffered from shyness—had dropped in accidentally to be introduced. We sat round the brazier warming the palms of our hands, smoking endless cigarettes, and keeping our hats on all the while. In the country a Spaniard only uncovers his head at meals, when in bed, or whilst going through the ceremony of an introduction. The preference evinced by a stranger for remaining bareheaded is invariably mistaken for excessive and inconvenient politeness, and provokes profuse protestations, under which a weak character is sure always to succumb. After a few random inquiries concerning the doings of the great world of Barcelona, conversation almost immediately drifted back into purely local channels, ebbing and flowing with the state of the weather, condition of crops, and family jokes. Sitting there, in convivial contemplation of the back of your own and your neighbour's outstretched hands, you could not help noticing that, not only is the young provincial "señor" of to-day very proud of his nails generally-allowing them to grow long, and cutting them to a point—but the nail on the little finger of the right hand is treated with more than usual care and attention, and not unfrequently permitted to become abnormally long. In the course of time I was introduced to a youthful dandy who had succeeded in producing such a monstrous horny appendage that he was able to have it cut like a pen, and use it for signing his name. Imagine an English youth giving up football, cricketing, boating, hunting, bearfighting, and fisticuffs, for the sake of a monstrosity regarded by a brainless clique as fashion. This young fellow naturally thought a great deal of himself; I believe he had serious thoughts of espousing Don M---'s only daughter. She was a pretty girl, but afflicted apparently with incurable shyness. If addressed she did little but blush deeply, and look to her father or dueña to supply the response. Her parent informed me that she spoke English, which was possibly true, though she never permitted me to judge of her fluency; in fact, the proud statement seemed to have closed her mouth for ever after. She afforded a startling contrast to the lively señoritas of Barcelona.

One event in connection with my visit caused general interest. For years, it appeared, my host had longed to possess a first-class English chronometer. A mutual friend in Barcelona, recently returned from a visit to London, had just executed the old gentleman's commission, having brought him one of the best that money could procure. Hearing of my intention of seeing Palamos, I was charged with the mission of conveying it to its owner. Everybody came to see this gem, which, attached to a heavy gold chain, had now found a permanent home in Don M---'s capacious waistcoat pocket. With a slight sense of pride the old gentleman would pull it forth with his right hand, rest it on the palm of his left, and touch the spring, when the gold case flew back, and a pleased smile suffused his benign countenance at the exclamations of genuine admiration which invariably followed. But every one in Palamos set his watch according to the church clock, a venerable timepiece susceptible, perhaps, to climatic influences. Be this as it may, after a few days rumours began to get abroad that the English watch was all very well to look at, but kept no time worth mentioning. At first the various other watches went rather fast, and a unanimous public opinion held that the English chronometer lost at the rate of from two to five minutes in the twenty-four hours. Then the town was visited by a night of continuous downpour, after which, when Don M--- was asked what time he made it, his friends discovered that the chronometer gained. Thus matters went from bad to worse. I learnt after I had left that the church clock came out victorious, the old gentleman's faith in his costly toy was completely undermined, and I believe his health suffered in consequence.

Occasionally a week seems a very long time. Notwithstanding a truly Spanish hospitality, seven days sufficed to utterly exhaust every form of amusement in Palamos. In our own homes, with our ideas taken in tow every morning regularly at breakfast by a leading article in the *Times*, and sent adrift on a sea of troubles in the money article or among the short billows of telegraphic news from Bulgaria and elsewhere, we manage to find a variety of interests, the value of which are never really appreciated till we have to try what it means to get through the week without such stimulants. No doubt the provincial

Spaniard proves conclusively that happiness does not depend solely upon communion with the outer world, for few things short of an earthquake in the neighbouring village bother him in the least; yet he is, in every sense of the word, serenely happy. But with our notions of what is due to our, hum! superior understanding and personal importance, cheerful contentment under such circumstances becomes a problem a trifle difficult to solve. Too hopelessly backward in the matter of finger-nails to dream of an honourable competition with the dandy before alluded to for the favour of the Señorita M-, or even for that of the ever-present dueña, and too tired of further simulating any decent show of interest in farms or estates where vines and corkwood were the principal products, it was perhaps only natural to determine at all hazards not to wait for the steamer, but to return to Barcelona by road—a two days' drive under ordinary circumstances. This project met with a storm of friendly remonstrances: the Carlists were all over the place it was urged, to venture inland would be perilous, not to say reckless, and much more to the same effect. Being anxious to get a glimpse of the interior I persisted; but another difficulty arose in the consideration that, however much my passport might afford personal protection, it would not prevent horse and carriage being requisitioned; and, unwilling to cause my host or anybody else such a risk, I was on the point of giving up my plan. Meanwhile the perplexities of the stranger went the round of the town, probably affording matter for grave discussions over dominos in the café; at any rate, one morning a young peasant presented himself, offering to drive me whither I would. He had an excellent horse, and his "tartana" (a spring cart on two wheels, with a leather covering on hoops, open in front and at the back), furnished with cushions, seemed all that was needed. At the mention of Carlists the fellow simply shrugged his shoulders, an indifference my friend interpreted as meaning that he paid a tribute which secured him a free pass, and under these circumstances his services were engaged. At the first glimmer of dawn the following morning I took leave of my genial old host, who bade me farewell with a distressed air, shaking his head doubtfully. The driver took his seat inside the "tartana," passing his reins through the opening in front, and soon we were jogging along at a fair trot.

For some time the road mounts gradually, closing out the view of the sea and entering the hills. Winding across a rugged mountain side it descends again into a succession of pleasant valleys. Here and there were farm buildings, with walls of every hue from purple

to white, fenced in by hedges of weird cactus and prickly pear; from these dogs came flying out, resenting our progress with a vehemence as if our appearance on their particular roadway was a matter of personal injury, and dark-eyed children gazed open-mouthed, spellbound with wonder. My driver was a stalwart young rustic, with no signs as yet of beard or moustache, but surly and with a shifty eve. An attempt I made to open up conversation by inquiring, comfortably and sociably, what might be his name, he appeared to regard as merely an eccentric habit of the foreigner to converse aloud with himself; and when I repeated my question, pointing out-perhaps somewhat forcibly—that I was speaking to him, he returned a snappish "José!" and then, addressing himself in violent language to his horse—a strong, well-conditioned stallion, perfectly able to take care of himself—he turned his back upon me in a pretence that driving absorbed all his attention. Henceforth we continued in silence. We passed through dingy hamlets, where the houses were piled one against the other, clustering thickly round the church. After awhile, however, we were obliged to make our way round these, the entrance to the narrow streets having been blocked up with loopholed stone walls, behind which the inhabitants hoped to defy the dreaded Carlists. All this looked very warlike, yet by breakfast time we had not seen a single soldier.

Crossing a river at a fording-place the road passes into a district where the hills are covered with cork strees, and just as we entered one of these woods we heard, quite close, two or three volleys of musketry in rapid succession. "Carlistos!" whispered the driver, growing suddenly pale, and, pulling up, he went to the horse's head. For some ten minutes he waited motionless, ignoring my various suggestions and inquiries; but the firing was not renewed, and, recovering his wits, he turned the cart in among the trees to a secluded spot, where we were entirely hidden from the road. This done he condescended to explain, with considerable awe, that the Carlists were attacking San Agustino, the principal town in the district, and one through which our route lay. It struck me that the theory about his paying a tribute was completely demolished by his present state of fear, and I hinted as much, but he took no notice. Fully an hour we remained hidden in the copse, argument and persuasion alike failing to induce him to advance. At the end of that time we descried a bowed old peasant coming from the direction of the town, and after a consultation with this aged individual in an incomprehensible patois, we finally returned to the highway. About a hundred yards further on our road made an abrupt turn, and in front of us lay

San Agustino, a village larger than any we had hitherto passed, and possessing a church with tall spire and golden cross.

No people were visible. A wall had blocked the entrance to the street; but the masonry now lay scattered across the roadway, and we had some difficulty in getting the cart-wheels over the rubbish. As we clattered up the narrow street scared faces came to the windows, and their looks grew utterly puzzled at our appearance upon the scene. At the "posada" host and hostess, with a buxom lass of about fifteen and five infants of graduated age, surrounded us, and gazed in mute expectation, till presently there was a burst of explanation. The Carlists had come; the "Alcalde" sent out word for every man to assemble by the wall; but, unfortunately, the Pretender's soldiers at once began to fire, whereupon that order had been considered futile. The troops battered down the walls in no time, entered, summoned the "Alcalde," commanded him to have a sum of money ready for them by that evening, and had then marched off again. Two of their men, however, were left behind, and were now asleep in the stable at the "posada." Would the señor inglés like to have a peep at them? Of course he would; and we went gingerly across a dirty yard to a small hole in the wall of an outhouse. Inside, reposing on fresh straw, lay two rosy, healthy-looking youths fast asleep, with a rifle in their arms, supposed to be doing vedette duty.

It was now long past noon, and dinner was the most pressing interest. A chicken, swift as a racer and with a length of leg truly remarkable, was chased round and round the yard and captured in the principal sitting-room, to appear presently as a roasted skeleton served on an earthenware dish; followed by fried eggs, bread, and a piece of hard yellow cheese, flanked by some very poor wine, rather sour. At parting a general handshaking with our host and his family took place as a matter of course; the innkeeper reiterating a hope that I would find wife and children well and safe, although I had previously assured him that, unhappily, I possessed neither. It is difficult adequately to describe the dignity, the absence of self-consciousness, the "not in the slightest degree abashed" manner that distinguishes the Spanish peasantry. Under all circumstances their demeanour is characterised by a lack of curiosity or surprise, which lends much towards an air of good-breeding. Speaking invariably a patois, as well as pure Spanish, themselves, practically two tongues, they accepted it quite as a matter of course that the stranger in their midst should speak Castilian, effectually quenching any pardonable pride he might feel in his linguistic attainments by commiserating him upon his ignorance of Catalan.

Just out of San Agustino the road descended abruptly into an extensive plain, over which the sun lorded it far and wide, and where every inch of ground bore signs of industrious cultivation. of Indian corn, patches of all kinds of vegetables, orange groves, and the shady "algaroba," or bread-fruit tree; then, again, up a steep hillside, whence San Agustino looked most picturesque, perched high over the fertile plain, the gilt cross on the spire and every windowpane in the houses aglow with the rays of a sinking sun. hitherto moody and taciturn José now began conversation by confiding to me that the Carlists were a very bad lot, utterly devoid of respect for anybody; not only had they killed a friend of his, a poor "muletero," a brave fellow, but he also knew for a fact that they were in the habit of hanging every foreigner they met; and continuing in this cheerful strain he turned into a rough path, winding through copsewood without sign of habitation, till we came upon an uncultivated clearing, in the midst of which stood a mean-looking farm-house. Here he stopped, coolly explaining that the delay in the morning made it impossible to reach the town where it was originally intended we should have passed the night. I was not favourably impressed with the aspect of this isolated dwelling; but the horse had had a hard day's work and looked fagged; the driver besides had already begun to unharness, and grumbling was of no avail.

No one appeared to receive us. With what philosophy I might, therefore, I carried my dressing-bags into a room that held a rough deal table and two clumsy benches, brown with dirt; then, whilst the driver led his horse to a water-trough, I made an inspection of the place. It consisted of two low buildings: a stable and a square The latter contained a smoke-begrimed kitchen, with some blackened crockery, and an uninviting passage with four roomsone with my luggage, two empty, the fourth locked. Returning to the stable I found an unkempt repulsive-looking brigand with a stubbly beard assisting the driver, and jabbering in a patois which was Hebrew to me. Instinctively I felt a desire to look after my luggage. Presently José joined me, bringing a bundle of fresh straw, which he arranged on the floor in the corner, expressing a hope that, with my travelling rug, I would find it a not uncomfortable bed. Again he returned with bread, cheese, and a jug of wine, which he placed before me, and, offering some excuse for the meagre fare, left me to my solitary meal. Mechanically I sat down and began cutting the bread into slices with my pocket-knife; my first vague feeling of insecurity gradually giving way to a sense of undefined apprehension. It was growing rapidly dark, and the more I reflected over my

position the more I felt some bold decision ought to be taken at once. But what? unless it were to make a rush for the horse, and gallop away bare-backed as fast as the poor tired brute would carry me; but then this course of action might only precipitate my fate. seemed self-evident that the disturbed state of the country had been too tempting an opportunity for a rascally driver to resist. How easy, in a lonely trap like this, to relieve one of purse, watch, and luggage; fling an inconvenient body over a precipice, and blame the Carlists, or perhaps join their ranks to avoid further explanation. In Barcelona thrice foolish friends had advised me not to carry any kind of weapon, since it was rumoured the Carlists treated all armed persons as prisoners of war. What a simple fool I had been to put myself in such a ridiculous hole! Thoroughly imbued with the gloom of the situation, I decided to search out the driver, urge, if need be threaten, him to continue the journey or take the consequences; but to my astonishment and dismay I found I could not open the door. It was barred from without.

The window had iron bars; the small panes, covered with dirt and cobweb, were set in a frame that did not open. That the room would be entered when I should be considered asleep I felt firmly convinced, and, having settled the question in my mind, I reviewed my means of defence. In my dressing-bag was a razor, an awkward weapon, but better than nothing; and, putting this in my pocket ready for action, I barricaded the door with the table, which was heavy, placing the benches on its top, and sat on a corner to await events. The night was very still, and the air grew chilly, forcing me after my exertions to wrap myself in my rug. Presently the moon threw its light on a clump of trees visible from the window, but left the room in utter darkness. For about an hour I watched the moving Once or twice I heard the horse stamp in the stable, shadows. otherwise the silence was complete. Suddenly a dog barked close by, an angry voice called it and cursed, then all again became quiet. Listening attentively, there came from a distance an unmistakable sound—the rapid thud of horses' hoofs, now drawing nearer and nearer. I sprang to the window in time to see two horsemen passing the moonlit space at a brisk trot. The next moment I heard the musical clank of cavalry swords—the men were dismounting; there was a rapping at the stable door, followed by an exchange of voices from inside and out. A few minutes later came a tap at my door, an angry expostulation, a bolt shot back, and some one called out : "Abierta, señor ; soldados del Rey !" I dragged away my 1 Open, sir; king's soldiers!

table, the door opened, and there in the moonlight stood a soldierly figure in "boina" and blue cavalry cloak. Behind, his comrade held their horses, and there, too, was José, with hang-dog look and cap in hand.

The Carlist informed me his orders were to escort me back to San Agustino. It appeared the regiment had returned, and the Colonel, on learning that a "tartana" had passed through the town, had given instructions to overtake the stranger. José was told to get ready, and it did my heart good to notice the tone of voice and manner in which they sent this skulking lout about his business. On my intimating the presence somewhere of another individual, one of the soldiers searched the premises, emerging presently from the stable holding the rascal with the forbidding countenance by the collar. "Did I wish the fellow taken before the Colonel?" I turned the proposal over in my mind; but, beyond the fact of the bolted door, I felt there would be some difficulty in substantiating my suspicion, and did not therefore press his being made a prisoner, to the soldiers' evident regret. Shortly after we were on the road again, the Carlists riding on either side of the "tartana," relating all their recent doughty deeds with characteristic braggadocio; the moon glittering on the barrels of their carbines and on their steel scabbards, and tracing equestrian shadows across the dusty highway.

At the municipal building in San Agustino sentries were posted, and lights shone in the windows on the first floor. In a large white-walled room an officer received me, and, after reporting my arrival, conducted me to a smaller apartment wherein sat the Colonel. He proved to be a most courteous and amiable man, who, when he had examined my passport and heard my reasons for travelling through a country disturbed by civil war, showed no disposition to regard me as other than an eccentric and inquiring foreigner, athirst for innocent information, but without any ulterior motives of a pernicious character. He further requested some information as to who were my acquaintances in Barcelona, and, upon hearing the name of my host and hostess there, stretched out a cordial hand, saying: "Señor, the friend of my cousin Doña C—— is my friend; right well has she worked for the cause."

A genial hospitality was the outcome of this lucky accident. Instead of passing the night upon a bundle of straw, I slept in a comfortable bed in a decent room, was awakened the next morning by no dagger, but by a welcome call to breakfast from a respectful orderly. During the well-served and thoroughly civilized meal I heard much of interest regarding Carlist doings, their hopes and aspirations. At

its finish I was furnished with the same mounted escort who had unwittingly rescued me from my unpleasant position the night before, and who rode on either side of my vehicle to within sight of Mataro. This town swarmed with regulars, billeted all over the place; none of them, however, troubled themselves about me, and a few hours' journey by train landed me once more in Barcelona.

A. C. DE EORRING.

LUCIFERS AND THE POETS.

NE of the most satisfying and impressive facts in nature is, I think, the illumination by phosphorescent creatures of the Popularly, the ocean depths stand as a synonym for deep sea. more than sepulchral darkness, and in legends and poetry some incidental lustre is imagined in order to make the profundity fit for the habitation of the sea-folk. So their cavern-palaces are lit up by gems. Sometimes, as in Keats, where the hero follows the curves of the shore in his sub-aqueous excursions, and so keeps in the comparative shallows, the water is of course sufficiently translucent to afford the Nereids' grottos and the mermaids' haunts a soft, dim light of deep sea-green. But the real abysses of oceans are not the scenes of adventure either in legend or in poetry, for these concern themselves only with the smaller seas and with bays and straits and rocky coasts. In the days when legends were making, the midocean lay outside the sphere of song-smiths' knowledge, and almost of their speculation. It had its monarch, and he his court; but their apparitions and apocalypses occurred only in waters within the mariners' ken, and, as a rule, at such distance from the shore that men standing on the cliff could point out with the arm to the haunts of the waterpeople, the Mediterranean's bay-indented coasts, resounding Scandinavian fiords, or labyrinths of Grecian archipelagos. But the veritable hollows of the sea, its more prodigious depths, were a mystery that lay below even the soundings of fancy; so they remained a blank of intense darkness, these inmost recesses of ocean.

Now, however, we have learned something of the truth, and the secret that science has discovered is certainly as fascinating as anything even in astronomy. For it is known that (in many places at any rate) the ocean depths are not dark at all, but illuminated perpetually by myriads of living lamps; and what is true of the known may possibly be true of the unknown. Down, down, down you may go till the sca is nearly at freezing-point, the pressure two or three tons to the square inch, and some four miles of water rolls between you and the keels of over-passing ships; and yet all through the

descent, and when you can get no deeper, you will find that the sea is still faintly luminous, and that the creatures about you live in twilight, seeing each other come and go.

Myriads of tiny things, living closer than blades of grass in a meadow, than leaves on forest trees, illustrate each their own specks of space, till the whole republic is luminous, and speck by speck, and inch by inch, cubic miles of sea glow incandescent. Among these atoms, these motes of light, move other and larger bodies, ranging from the great cyanea with sparkling tentacles that trail fifty yards behind it, to the monads invisible to the naked eye, yet which if a tumbler is filled with them show light enough to read by two feet off. One jellyfish, the largest invertebrate animal ever seen (it weighed two tons) was stranded near Bombay, and for several nights its body was visible half a mile away as a shapeless luminous mass. Darwin tells us how his nets sparkled brightly the night after they had been used to drag the deeps. A dead aurelia put into a quart of water made the whole so luminous that cards could be comfortably played by its light. One night in a phosphorescent sea a ship's crew beheld a water-spout a moving pillar of solid fire. Sir Wyville Thompson dredged up from 600 fathoms mud that was like pure gold. A haul of starfishes off the Shetlands flashed like brilliants in the nets. Boats have rowed for miles over green lambent flames, a forest of sea-pens. On the Patagonian coast after a storm virgularia lay heaped so high on the beach that at a distance it seemed as if the watch-fires of an army were burning all along the shore. Off Somerstown for a week together some disturbance drove the creatures of the depths to the surface, and the crew of a vessel lying there read at the portholes all night through. Holden tells us of wondrous displays in the Southern Seas--how, "drifting over coral reefs, he saw the bottom studded with gleaming gems, yellow and purple gorgonias bathed in soft lights, which, when lifted to the surface, illuminated all about them with a mild radiance; flashes of light came and went, appearing again in the distant depths like spectres; the silver sand, turning over on the oar that disturbed it, flashing with sparks of living light; processions went winding by, breaking up, and reforming in aggregations of light, nebulæ of breathing stars." Humboldt passing through a zone of pyrosomas in the Gulf Stream could distinguish by their light far down below the surface the forms of dolphins and other fishes, thrown up in strong relief against the gleaming myriads. Naturalists have again and again written down the descriptions of these creatures by their own light. Off the Mauritius amazing scenes have been beheld, especially after violent storms. Moseley captured a pyrosoma four

feet long, which when touched glowed like metal at a white heat and flashed for hours afterwards in brilliant colours as if chemicals were being thrown on a molten surface.

But enough of facts. These few suffice, however, to show how various, how important in combination, the light-givers of the ocean are. Yet even they, the radiant bodies in motion, do not suffice for Nature. For she has made many, if not all the submarine corals phosphorescent, and much of the deep-sea sand is filtrated with minute organisms that are on occasion, or always, luminous. As if this were not enough—that she should provide the fishes with incandescent walls and floors, and should set affoat in all directions moving lamps— Nature has affixed to the rock-edges deep under water, and to the dangerous cliffs which the mariner-fishes might strike on if not for danger-signals, actual light-houses, and with revolving lights too! These are some of the anemones, which, as they throw out and withdraw their tentacles, alternately show and extinguish a beacon on the brink of projecting ledges or the entrances to gloomy caverns. Others, again, like the pholas, are veritable light-ships, having lustrous bodies enclosed in shells, and steering their way along the edges of the submarine cliffs as if warning off the incautious navigator.

Is not all this wonderful? But surely it surpasses all—the regular electric light "laid down" as it were, the phosphorescent walls and so forth, the light-houses and the light-ships—that there should be races of fishes who carry bull's-eye lanterns about with them. For what else is the ipnops which we read of in the *Challenger's* voyages, whose two eyes throw out blazing rays before it as it swims? or what else are the score of species which have their bull's-eyes on their flanks, and, like a hansom with its lamp on either side, shoot along by the light of the lights they carry?

What a delightful range of subject and metaphor all this, had it been known, would have offered to the poets of pre-Tennysonian days! How many old ideas would have had to be dismissed! how many more beautiful might have taken their places! As it was, the poets' only glimpses of Nature's ingenuity in lightening the darkness was "the earth-wandering star" (the glow-worm), and the "traveller's friend" (the firefly). Yet each in its small sphere is an exquisite touch. Indeed, among the prettier devices of nature must take high rank the "impassioned light" (as Darwin calls it) which the glow-worm holds out to tell her winged Leander the way across pathless wastes to her bower. It is true the Leander himself sometimes shows a faint sympathy of incandescence; but such luminosity is not more regular than beards on women's chins. The privilege of shining belongs to the fair sex alone.

Innocent as is the light
The glow-worm hangs out to allure
Her mate to her green bower at night.

No one who has watched the insect on its grassy bank can have failed to notice that its light seems green. Some poets, however, call it "silvery," which it surely never is; others "golden," which it only sometimes is; and one, Eliza Cook, has "azure ray."

Shelley's "like a glow-worm golden, In a dell of dew" is, like everything of Shelley's, exquisite. His admiration of night and the natural features of night is always eminently noteworthy. His poems are full of delightful moths, and he is tender to the owl, "sad Aziola." Both glow-worm and firefly sparkle throughout his verse. And, indeed, who knew the twilight and the starlit hours so well as he? He has a charming fancy about the glow-worm, that it lives in lilies and that the petals fold over it to keep it from the dew, which otherwise might quench its tiny spark. In the "Sensitive Plant," the flowers drooping at evening "fall into pavilions white, purple, and blue, To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew"; and, again, in the "Witch of Atlas,"

A green and glowing light, like that which drops From folded lilies in which glow-worms dwell, When earth o'er her face night's mantle wraps.

I do not understand the "dropping" of the light—the poet repeats it twice elsewhere—for the glow-worm's light always strikes me as being constant in place even though fluctuating in degree. It certainly is not, as many poets describe it, "glancing," or "glittering," nor can Cunningham's moral commend itself from any point of view, whether real or imaginative.

How bright the little insects blaze
Where willows shade the way,
As proud as if their painted rays
Could emulate the day
'Tis thus the pigmy sons of pow'r,
Advance their vain parade,
Thus glitter in the darken'd hour,
And like the glow-worms fade.

The "modest" and "humble" glow-worm are both better, and its light is best described in such of the poets' phrases as "lustre mild," "pale lustre," "soft green light," or "harmless ray."

There is one idea, sufficiently obvious, which might occur to any imaginative intelligence as he watches the insect after nightfall "move with green radiance through the grass, An emerald of light";

¹ Did she get the idea from Joanna Baillie's "sapphire beam" of the firefly?

but yet it is one which, remembering not only the gentle circumstances of this little creature's effulgence, its wingless groundling state, and the dangers which its far-seen affection attracts, but admiring also its curious beauty—the little "fairy-lamp" of elfin revel, the wee pale glimmer in the green—I, for one, would rather forego. What if the creature is only a grub-like obscurity by day, and comes forth in the dark to shine and to allure? The analogy ends there. For half of the insect world our day is their night, while as for the glow-worm herself, her taper is meant for one alone; and just as among the Ana the wife hangs up her wings after marriage, to show that she has found a home and final abiding-place at last, so the glow-worm once mated pales her useless fire and forgets that once she shone. But not so the poets, who tatter the base idea to shreds.

The following represents compendiously the aspects which it assumes:

Thus oft we see a glow-worm gay
At large her fiery tail display,
Encouraged by the dark;
And yet the sullen thing all day
Snug in the lonely thicket lay,
And hid the native spark.

FENTON.

But thou, with spirit frail and light,
Wilt shine awhile and pass away,
As glow-worms sparkle through the night
But dare not stand the test of day.

Byron.

Confiding glow-worms, 'tis a night Propitious to your earth-born light, But, where the scattered stars are seen In hazy straits the clouds between, Each, in his station twinkling not, Seems changed into a pallid spot.

WORDSWORTH.

Its transcience, in that melancholy tendency of the poets to see vanity in everything, is constantly adverted to; its light is "feeble," "fitful," a "soon-quenched" spark. In the same vein, too, are the following:

The man who first upon the ground A glow-worm spied, supposing he had found A moving diamond, a breathing stone; For life it had, and like those jewels shone; He held it dear; till by the springing day Informed, he threw the worthless worm away.

WALLER.

Yet with the morning shudders to behold His lucid treasure, rayless as the dust.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

How the nightingale and the glow-worm made sad acquaintance is a fable that is well known. So Marvel's opening stanza of "The Mower" is all the more delightful:

The living lamps by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And, studying all the summer's night,
IIer matchless song does meditate.

But more generally accepted is the version that points the moral of the danger of lamp-carrying when the enemy is abroad in the night:

The glow-worm must shine, though the light which it shows But guides the attack of its wandering foes.

And so it happened in the fable, for the bird was looking on while the insect crept in conspicuous phosphorescence in the herbage below:

Nor spares, enamoured of his radiant form, The hungry nightingale the glowing worm; Who with bright lamp alarms the midnight hour, Climbs the green stem, and slays the sleeping flower.

DARWIN.

Moore, too, relates the episode, drawing the moral from the fable:

The prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose The lily and the blushing rose, From public view her charms will screen, And rarely in the crowd be seen; This simple truth shall keep her wise, The fairest fruits attract the flies. One night a glow-worm, proud and vain, Contemplating her glittering train, Cried, "Sure there never was in nature So elegant, so fine a creature." She spoke: attentive, on a spray, A nightingale forbore his lay, He saw the shining morsel near, And flew, directed by the glare; Awhile he gazed with sober look, And thus the trembling prey bespoke:

"Deluded fool! with pride elate, Know 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate; Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain Unheeded on the velvet plain, Pride soon or late degraded mourns, And beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

But Cowper represents the nightingale as won over to mercy by the glow-worm's appeal:

"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he, "As much as I your minstrelsy, You would abhor to do me wrong, As much as I to spoil your song; For 'twas the self-same Power Divine Taught you to sing and me to shine; That you with music, I with light, Might beautify and cheer the night." The songster heard his short oration, And, warbling out his approbation, Released him.

Wordsworth sees it offering "nightly sacrifice" to the skies; and Savage is excellent in his glow-worm's "glimmering through the night and scattering like hope through fear a doubtful light." For it often seems, when watching "in the grass-green haze the glowworm's living light," that they are trembling every minute on the point of going out.

With the necessary differences on account of its being a foreigner, and therefore comparatively unfamiliar, the firefly is virtually a repetition of the glow-worm—but on wings.

Columbus finds, in Rogers's verse, the firefly "spangling the locks of many a maid"; and, again, the poet familiar with "the shining race in Tuscan groves" sees the Roman Floretta "spangling her hair with stars." In Moore they frequently recur, once in connection with "the favourite tree of that luxurious bird which lights up the chambers of its nest with fireflies"; and again as used in palace illumination—

The chambers were supplied with light By many strange but safe devices, Large fireflies, such as shine at night Among the Orients' flowers and spices.

Once upon a time, when I was at large in the United States, I took that wonderful trip from San Francisco to St. Louis by the Texas and Southern Pacific railways. I have notable memories of that journey, and many touches of nature remain on the mind—the huge sea-

lions in the Pacific below the Cliff House at San Francisco, clambering on their rocks of refuge, sprawling, scuffling, splashing; the owl-lands of New Mexico, where bird and snake and groundsquirrel live together; the cities of the prairie dogs; the bee-ranches; the leagues of vucca in full-flower; the wonders of the cactus. above them all stands out the firefly country of Texas and Arkansas, where the land is all swamp, and the old haggard trees, tapestried with ragged moss, wade ankle-deep in brown stagnant water. The forest glades are long pools, and wherever a vista opens there is a thin bayou stretching away between aisles of sombre moss-ragged trees. There is a strange antediluvian gloom about the place—this forest standing in a lagoon. The world was something like this when the Deluge was subsiding. Uttermost silence abides here; except when a turtle stirs in the mud, or a water-snake makes a ripple on the dull pools. Sunlight! Not a ray of light ever pierces to the roots of the trees. But at sunset, when the orb goes down rosy-red behind the water-logged trees, and their trunks stand out black against the glaring sky, and the pools about their feet take strange tints of copper and purpled bronze—what a sight it is! The railway pierces an avenue straight as an arrow for miles and miles through the belt of forest. either side along the track lie ditches filled with water. And at sunset the ditches seem all filled with blood, and the sky seen away in the distance underneath the trees hangs like a furious crimson curtain.

And as soon as the sun begins to set the awesome forest-swamps awake, the sluggish waters lap and mumble upon the snags as the creatures that live in them arouse themselves, and out from the rotten heaps comes the frog, and out from their dormitories on the boughs the katy-did. "Yank," cries the one. "Katy did," replies the other. And thereupon the spell is broken. As if by some talisman, the charm of the enchanted sleep is snapped, and in an instant there grows upon the air such a volume of sound as beggars language. The fatal word of the fairy-story is spoken, and on the instant the tempests rage. Every inch of swamp has its "mud-compeller" in full song, every inch of forest overhead its katy-did in ceaseless clamour, assailing and pursuing the flying train. It sounds as if the whole country were screeching and jeering at the carriages as they fly by. Stop thief! stop thief! Katy-did! Yank! Yank!

No wonder Greece thought of the frog as it did! We in England know nothing of the "damnable iteration" of its multitudinous rioting. But Arkansas does. Like the stars past counting, and the wrinkles on the sea beyond arithmetic, the pen shrinks from de-

scription of the din. It is like launching on "the tenth wave" for an infinite natation upon cycles of floods. The subject is impossible; for the air vibrates, throbs, seems bursting full of, and ready to crack with, the soulless metallic babel of the frogs. Yank! Yank! Yank! And yet through it, over it, under it, all round it, shrills supreme the strident cry of the cicadas, without number and without shame, countless katy-dids swearing their confidences to all the reluctant stars. It is no use trying to talk in the carriage; all you hear is "Yank! Katy-did! Yank! Yank!"

It was enough to make Arkansas a memory for ever. And yet whenever I remember that most strange railway journey it is neither swamp, nor frog, nor katy-did that first recurs to me, but the fireflies. The black night with its glistening pools, its interminable clamour of brazen-throated batrachians and tin-lunged cicadas are forgotten while recollection conjures up afresh that miracle of the lantern-bearing myriads. As far as the eye could reach into the water-logged forests, and up in the air among the invisible branches of invisible trees, flickered in inextricable bewilderment hosts of fireflies. The air was thick with them—a spoon would have stood up in it. And such flighty, fitful creatures as exasperated the intelligence, perpetually striking matches as if to look for something, and then blowing them out again, flick! flick! in countless millions; and all, apparently, desperate of any other purpose but to confound confusion. The frogs sounded as the sand of the shore for multitudes, and there were at least two katy-dids for every frog; and yet multiply the frogs by the katy-dids and you would not get the total of the fireflies. It seemed as if each "yank" and "katy-did" struck out fireflies just as flint and steel strike flashes, or as if the recriminations of batrachian and insect caught fire as they flew and peopled the inflammable air with phosphorescent points of flame; a battery of din perpetually grinding out showers of sparks.

In the poets, however, it flits, "a bright earth-wandering star," "tall majestic trees between"; it plays "around the pillared stems," sparkles "in deep cedars" and "through the brakes," lights up "forest bowers." But the "emerald" light no longer serves, for "the fireflies' lanterns of green light" now becomes as inaccurate as before it was correct. Shelley repeats his glow-worm fancy in the lines "carved lamps and chalices which shone, In their own golden beams, each like a flower, Out of whose depth a firefly shakes his light, Under a cypress in a starless night." In another poem he has both insects together—a licence of geography that entomology scarcely, I fancy, authorises.

Without much industry the poets discover that (like the glowworm) the firefly is only luminous in the dark—

Fled.

This morning when the earth and sky,
Were burning with the blush of spring,
I saw thee not, thou humble fly,
Nor thought upon thy glowing wing.

So, again, Rogers, who, to do that rhymester justice, had evidently (from the last two lines) really seen a firefly:

There is an insect, that, when evening comes, Small though he be, and scarce distinguishable, Like evening clad in soberest livery, Unsheaths his wings, and thro' the woods and glades Scatters a marvellous splendour. On he wheels, Blazing by fits as from excess of joy, Each gush of light a gush of ecstasy.

But perhaps it is worth noting as the experience of one who has travelled that the firefly does *not* show the traveller the way. Of course in imagination it seems obvious that it must; but this is just one of those occasions when imagination is useless. For the sober fact is very much to the contrary.

To the traveller the firefly is an unmitigated nuisance. Seen at first, it pleases; the spectacle is engaging. But when the myriads break from their resting-places as night draws on, and flicker up and down in mazy multitudes, the result is utterly baffling and bewildering. And herein (of which I believe I am now the first true exponent) lies the secret of the legend of the will-o'-the-wisp and the ignis fatuus generally. Naturally enough, a belated traveller looks upon a light as a friend. There is a firefly in his path. Therefore it is his

1 Moore's moral is this:

But now the skies have lost their hue,
And sunny lights no longer play,
I see thee, and I bless thee too
For sparkling o'er the dreary way.
Oh! let me hope that thus for me,
When life and love shall lose their bloom,
Some milder joys may come like thee,
To light, if not to warm, the gloom.

friend. By-and-by he cannot see his path. But there is another firefly. So he thinks, That is "another friend." Alas! it is anything but that, and will lead whomsoever follows it into uttermost swamp and jungle—the natural habitats of the creature. This is no effort of imagination.

I was once riding in Sind, the second march beyond Jacobabad, and for several miles at midnight my way lay through woodland. A straight road, at least twelve feet wide, had been driven through it for our artillery and wagons to go by, and it was as flat and soft as tan. Had the night been pitch-dark I could have cantered the whole way. But, as it happened, the place was ablaze with fireflies, and I could not see an inch before me. Wherever there was a natural glade or break in the vegetation, to right or left, there at once opened out a glittering vista of these dancing, flicking creatures. could see, apparently, a road, lamp-lighted, straight before you. But turn round. It was the same behind you. There was a straight road. Look to the right or the left. There, too, stretching away into a hazy confusion of twinkling points, were straight roads too. Stupidly mazed, I once got my horse's head round; but the beast was more sensible than I, and told me the right direction, and I listened to it. But to speak of fireflies being a help to the traveller is utter nonsense; they are the most provoking, distracting mischiefmakers possible. Leave a path alone, and even on the darkest night a sober man may learn to distinguish it. But light up tens of millions of fireflies in the bushes on either side, in all the openings in the undergrowth, and the path, even though twelve feet wide and straight as an arrow, is nowhere.

Suppose you filled Trafalgar Square as full as it could hold of fireflies for a depth, say, of ten feet from the ground, and made the night pitch-dark. Could you find your way from Charing Cross to, say, the Carlton Club? If you think you could, begin first by chartering a hundred policemen, placed at different angles, to keep their bull's-eyes full on your face while you try to grope your way from one point to the other. When you can do this, charter a thousand, and by-and-by you will come to appreciate what a wretch the multitudinous firefly can be. For myself, all I can say is this, that I scratched myself to pieces, broke my horse's knees over a log, and eventually led him in, walking, four miles—the whole distance from start to finish being about eleven, and very nearly as straight as a crow could fly.

So much for the "dear firefly" that "shows the weary traveller his path." It is one of the frauds of poetry.

PHIL. ROBINSON.

THE CAIN PATRAIC, OR LAW OF PATRICK.

On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's declining, He sees the Round-Towers of other days In the wave beneath him shining; Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are over; Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time For the long-faded glories they cover.—Moore.

If the parable may again be taken up, and ancient law and custom traced down to their survival in modern Irish thought and action, no fitter field upon which to begin can be found than the position of women in ancient Ireland. Burke said on a memorable occasion, The age of chivalry is past; and a sweet singer, modifying Burke's hard judgment, held—

The world's male chivalry has perished out, But women are knights-errant to the last; And if Cervantes had been Shakspeare too He had made his Don a Donna. . . ."

I, for one, should have little difficulty in agreeing with politician and poet were Ireland made an exception to their rule. Irishmen are knightly still. The only European country in which to be born a woman is not a pain and a penalty is Ireland. It is one of the singularities of that strange country that there it is a positive advantage to be a woman; and this, not only among the rich, but also in the peasant class. This last fact may or may not be because most of the old kingly blood of Ireland runs now in peasant veins. Moore's somewhat hackneyed Irish melody, "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," is no fanciful exaggeration. It expresses literal truth as exactly as if the pretty verses were mere matter-of-fact prose.²

¹ See "The Senchus Mor," Gentleman's Magazine, April 1887.

² Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But, oh! her beauty was far beyond Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

The ballad is founded upon an incident dating from the time when Brien was king,1 but the spirit of the ballad lives on even "in these degenerate days." That this is true, is so fully accepted by those qualified to judge that attempted proofs would be tiresome and superfluous; still, it is not uninteresting to trace the Irish vote in the English House of Commons during the last twenty years in divisions upon questions affecting women, and to find it constantly telling on the side of justice and liberality towards women. It is true that the Irish members did not vote to a man for the passing of the Married Women's Property Act on the occasion of each division taken on that measure, but the majority of them voted on the side that eventually won. In the struggle for political rights, already fifteen years ago, the women's battle would have been gained had women's suffrage depended on the Irish vote at Westminster. And in other cognate questions the members from across the Channel have been in a majority on what true-hearted women must consider their side. Whether or not the present body of Irish members in the House is regarded as-in the largest, truest sense-made up of representative Irishmen, these facts are certainly not without their value.

It has been often said that the position it gives its women is the best criterion of a nation's civilisation. Judging by this standard, Sir Henry Maine declared that ancient Ireland stood high—far higher than Imperial Rome, where wife and daughter were "under the hand" of the male head of the family. At the very time that the Senchus Mor was being compiled by the historical "three bishops, three kings, and three judges," the Salic law and the Theodosian code were also being drawn up—surely a time when code-making must have been a sort of epidemic!—and the Cain Patraic, the Irish code, bears favourable comparison in many points, as I have just

[&]quot;Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and so lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

[&]quot;Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm, No son of Erin will offer me harm; For though they love woman and golden store, Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue more."

On she went, and her maiden smile In safety lighted her round the green isle; And blest for ever is she who relied Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

¹ Warner's History of Ireland, vol. 1. book x.

said, with the other two—notably in its justice to women. Irishmen of to-day

Know the rich heritage, the milder life, Of nations fathered by a mighty past,

and betray that knowledge—if knowledge and "mental latency" are convertible terms—in a thousand particulars of their hourly life.

Under the ancient Irish law, where the husband and wife had equal property, the wife was described as "of equal dignity," and was recognised in all respects as her husband's equal. It was not lawful for either party to make contracts without the consent of the other, except in matters tending equally to the welfare of both—such as alliances of co-tillage with a lawful tribe, alliances for collecting food, or for buying stock and other necessaries. To quote from the preface of the editors of the reproductions and translations of Old Irish Documents, who wrote before the passing of the Married Women's Property Bill: "At a time when the English law of husband and wife, which has now for three centuries been substituted for Irish law, has been condemned by a Committee of the House of Commons as unjust towards the wife, and when the most advanced of modern thinkers are trying to devise some plan by which wives may be placed in a position more nearly approaching to equality with the husband, it is interesting to discover in the much despised law of the ancient Irish the recognition of the principle on which efforts are being made to base our legislation on this subject."

Mr. Walpole, in his "History of the Kingdom of Ireland," says, in comment on the early condition of the Irish: "The law relating to husband and wife was of a singularly enlightened character." many "seds" (cows, or the value of cows) were fixed as fines to be levied upon those convicted of injuries to women. Fines equivalent to three dowries were due from the false husband to the injured wife. and a further indemnification in case she did not leave him when the fact of his infidelity was established. It must not be supposed that the levying of fines in punishment of crimes argued venality. was the form of punishment universally decreed against law-breakers in ancient Ireland. In common with the Teutons of Britain and Germany the ancient Irish lived under the law of compensation for murder. A murdered man's family was entitled to a fine from him who had killed the bread-winner. If the murderer could not compensate, then his relations paid the fine for him, and his share of the property of the tribe went to indemnify his people for damages paid on his account, while he himself was deprived of the enjoyment of "We can" (to quote from Mr. Walpole) "form his civil rights.

some idea of the criminal branch of the Brehon law from its digested form in the Book of Aicill, which is believed to have been put together in the middle of the third century. The distinction between a crime and a civil wrong was not very clearly defined, the former being to a great extent treated as a 'tort,' and compensated by damages. This was mainly due to the tribal character of society, in which every illegal act was a personal injury, but could not be an offence against the State where there was no State to take cognisance of it." The "erics," or fines, by which the law was enforced, might be levied upon the offender under the Athgabail, or law of distress, described in the article on the Senchus Mor in the April number of the Gentleman's Magazine. If the right to the distress were disputed the Brehon intervened, settling the point in question; or, to put the whole matter shortly, in the light in which it appears to strike the editors of the Ancient Irish Documents:—The features of early law in criminal matters, which come out with peculiar clearness in the Brehon Law Tracts, may be summed up as follows: (1) The entire absence of any legislative or judicial power; from which it follows (2) that the law was purely customary, and theoretically incapable of alteration; and (3) that all judicial authority was purely consensual, and the judgments were merely awards founded upon a submission to arbitration, whose only sanction was public opinion; (4) that all the acts defined [now] as crimes are classed as "torts"; and (5) that the form which all judgments assumed was an assessment of damages.

If the legal status of the wife in those old days was high, so also was that of the mother. The preface to the second volume of the Senchus says: "The Irish law demands for the mother a position equal to that of the father, and there is no trace of the exercise of that arbitrary power which was wielded by a Roman father over the members of his family, and which in effect reduced them to the condition of mere slaves. The Irish law, in its provisions that the father and the brother should receive a share of the daughter's wedding gifts, resembles the Hindoo law." In a former article I quoted Sir Henry Maine, who pointed out the absolute identity of custom under Hindoo and ancient Irish law in the matter of the creditor "fasting upon" the debtor. The relation between pupil and literary foster-father in ancient Ireland, to which I shall have occasion to refer farther on, had also its prototype in Hindoo law.

To return to the subject of parental rights, a father had a diminishing right to a daughter's *coibche* wedding gift, down to the twenty-first of these gifts. Now, in the days when the Irish lived in

long, low, mud-and-wattle huts—the chieftains being accommodated with a second hut, to be used as a kitchen—and when a bridegroom might deck himself in "a wide-folding purple cloak with a gem-set gold brooch over his breast, a gold torc round his neck, a white-collared shirt embroidered with gold upon him, a girdle with gold buckles and studded with precious stones around him, and two golden net-work sandals with golden buckles upon him"—in those days, I repeat, the fashion of wedding presents was not, yet at least, in its modern promiscuous sense; and only the bridegroom offered the coibche to the bride; consequently we may well conclude, either (1) that life was much the reverse of secure in those far-off times, or (2) that the work of providing for remote contingencies was specially dear to the ancient Keltic jurist's mind; otherwise, there would not have been enactments devising a share to her father in the presents of a twenty-one-times-made bride!

But perhaps, after all, the second supposition is the right one, and that the old Irish lawyer loved the task of providing against every possible contingency. For example, amongst the Brehon Tracts many learned pages are devoted to "Bee Judgments," discussing such knotty points as this :- Supposing a swarm is known largely to frequent the heather on the land of one who is not the owner of the swarm, how much of the honey-harvest is due from the bee-keeper to the owner of the tract of heather? Or again, the portion of the Book of Aicill which deals with thefts of food by cats, pronouncing judicially—" The cat is exempt from liability in committing trespass against pet animals in the night, but it is unlawful to trespass against them in the day," and the weighty reasons therefor. That specially legal bent of mind which foresees everything down to combinations that are all but impossible, is many times exemplified in the Old Irish Criminal Code. Mr. Richey, and his co-editor of the translated Book of Aicill, point to its decisions on the hiring of chattels, on tenure, and on partnerships, saying, "than these portions of the law, nothing can be less archaic. A very remarkable instance of the anticipation of the present principles of law is the clearness with which the doctrine of contributory negligence on the part of the party injured, and of notice to the injured party of any defect in the instrument which was the cause of the injury, are worked out and illustrated." In these and similar points the modern turn of thought of the early Irish jurist is remarkable, as will be at once evident to any student who will compare the Book of Aicill with the lately passed Act affecting employers' liability. It is sad to say that the Custody of Infants Bill, which became law in England last year,

does not secure for the modern mother a position "equal with the father," which was her legal right under the Senchus Mor. It is curious to observe that, even to this day, it takes long residence on foreign soil to make a wife-beater out of an Irishman, while, in the sister isle, among the lowest of the people, the killing and torture of wives has assumed the dignity of a national pastime. A daughter, under the Brehons, had certain rights as against her father, foremost among them being the parent's liability for fosterage, and her claim against him for all that was necessary "to wed her with an equal." When the chieftain system was growing weak, the daughter was planted out, just as a son might have been, in Gielfine; and, in the earlier times decisions, establishing the rights of the female members of families to their share of the land, are duly placed on the statutebook. Very strange it is to find, side by side with enactments as subtle and well-drawn as they are enlightened, the announcement of sundry miraculous consequences which follow upon the pronouncing of unjust judgments—the guilty Brehon's eyes turn in, or antlers grow upon his front! An admirable statute is not more gravely chronicled than the legend that because Nuada Derg slew O'Dhran, St. Patrick's charioteer, the Apostle of Ireland caused an earthquake to occur, in which the hill of Tara became crooked—which it remains to this day! Which of these contrasting attributes—subtlety and an affinity for "nice distinctions," or love of the marvellous—can be said to be uncongenial to the spirit of the race in the present day? Of drawbacks to the national character in the past or in the present it is unnecessary for me to speak, as, alas, there are but too many ever ready to harp on that "mouldered string."

A few words on the ancient Irish system of fosterage will exhaust the limits of an article. The most touching point, perhaps, in this system was the liability of the pupil for the maintenance of the broken-down scholar to whom he owed his learning. Mr. Bagwell, in his recent and very misleading book on "Ireland under the Tudors," professes to find in fosterage an evidence of the weakness of the national character; but the learned editor of the second volume of the Senchus Mor points out that the only promising scheme developed in recent years for the bringing up of children thrown upon the State or a benevolent public for maintenance and education is simply a return to fosterage as practised in Ireland in the olden time. He remarks that it is curious that "after the lapse of so many years, and after the failure of the attempt to rear children on the non-family system in the charter schools, and on the half-family system of the foundling hospitals, the true family system, corre-

sponding to Irish fosterage, should have been revived in modern times by the Protestant Orphan Society of Ireland, adopted by other orphan societies, and finally urged upon the Legislature (of England) as the proper mode of providing for orphans supported by the poor rates." To Mr. Bagwell, who sees in fosterage merely the miserable confession of weakness which makes the twig crave to be part of the faggot, this tendency of nineteenth-century experts to influence Imperial lègislation to mould itself on Brehon law must seem a fatal retrogression.

Three or four generations back, in many parts of Ireland, if not in all, the universal custom of "persons of quality" was still to place their children "out at nurse," and the tie between fosterers and fostered was often lifelong and intensely warm. In old days, it was only those who were within the Gielfine tribe-relationship who were eligible to receive the foster-child. It astonishes the "Sassenach" (Saxon) to find the way in which distant cousinships are borne in mind, even among the peasants, to this day. But, like so many other Irish characteristics, this is an inheritance from tribal times. In Scotland, too, the same extraordinary interest in relationships exists, and it will be remembered that the Irish (or Scotic) race colonised Scotland, giving its name to a line of kings of that country, and planting in fresh soil the customs, laws, and learning of the "Isle of Saints."

A foster-child was liable for the support of foster-parents. childless, and impoverished men were supported by their tribe. was the law of old. To this day that law survives as a custom in Ireland and wherever the Irish race is found. The poor old body who is cared for nowadays is, perhaps, not of the same clan or name; but the tribe-feeling in America, or England, or any foreign land, has come to be extended to a whole nation—to all sons and daughters of "that most distressful country," Erin. Not long ago, the Pall Mall Gazette, in an article entitled "The Irish Love-tax," made poetry out of statistics, and drew tears by the eloquence of mere arithmetic. It is a well-known fact that, of all emigrating nations, the Ireland beyond the Seas remits the largest annual sum to the native land. Very well worth consideration is it in this connection that, in the reign of James I. of England, Irish law was abrogated, and the legal obligation of providing for the support of parents ceased to exist in Ireland for more than two centuries—in fact, neglect of this natural duty only again became penal on the passing of the Poor Law of 1836. But custom cherished all the time what law enforced only intermittently; and even the collateral

claims of sisters upon the son who inherits the farm on the father's death are at the present day a recognised charge upon the land in districts where tenant-right prevails. It may be objected that it was not the ancient law which had acted formatively on the Irish conscience; that Christianity stepped in, and preached filial piety and a sense of duty towards all members of the family when there was no longer a penal code enforcing these obligations; but for this objection to be weighty it would be necessary to prove one of two things: either (1) that Ireland alone was Christian, or (2) that family obligations were not more fully recognised among the Irish than elsewhere; neither of which propositions is true. In studying these laws and this race the question continually arises, Did the men make the system, or the system the men; or did men and system act and re-act upon each other? Certainly in each is the other most easily discernible—the men of to-day in ancient laws and customs, and in the latest-born children of the race, all unconsciously, the formative action of the old ways. Will thoughtful politicians continue to neglect a kind of knowledge which might be as a lamp to their feet in the thorny ways of the Irish Question?

E. M. LYNCH.

A JAPANESE EXECUTION.

In the month of March 1874 the last public execution took place in Japan, or at any rate in the neighbourhood of the capital, Tokio, and, as we had heard that it was to be the last, we determined to witness it, prompted it might have been partly by motives of morbid curiosity, and partly by a desire to see even the ghastly phases of a condition of national life which was then being gradually swept away for ever by the wave of Western civilisation.

At even so comparatively recent a date as thirteen years ago the state of law in Japan as regards criminals was very much what it was in our own country during the middle ages. The sword reigned supreme, and an almost invariable accompaniment of the sword was torture. The prisons were veritable hells upon earth—foul, overcrowded, ill-ventilated, insanitary pest-houses, wherein festered without distinction of sex or crime every sort and condition of malefactor—the brutal "ronin," whose hands were steeped in blood, by the side of the half-starved rice-stealer, the house-burner together with the political offender, the newspaper libeller cheek by jowl with the common pickpocket.

All this has since been changed; even the sword has given way to the garrote, whilst torture is unknown, or at any rate is illegal; the prisons are comparatively humane institutions, and the criminal law, which for centuries was of one character for the rich and another for the poor, has been completely reformed on the basis of the principal codes of European nations.

This eventful March morning was cold and bright, and as we, in company with a crowd of British marines and blue-jackets and natives, took our way along the rough narrow path leading up to the fatal plateau of Tobé, the most unsentimental and unromantic of us could not refrain from drawing a contrast between the extreme loveliness of the scene, brightened by the sunshine of a cloudless blue sky, and the awfulness of the spectacle by which it was soon to be blurred.

I had always regarded Tobé Hill with horror. I remember two of us, acting as hares in a foot paper-chase over the surrounding

country, bursting suddenly in upon it through the dense thickets of fairy bamboo one autumn afternoon at sunset, and, forgetting about pursuers and the beating of record time, standing aghast at the sight of a wooden cross, still bloodstained and hair-dabbled, whilst a crowd of evil-looking curs—a special breed of this locality—crept away, growling and glaring, from their task of feeding on the remains of the victim—a woman, we were afterwards told, who had been crucified that morning, and of whom little remained but the skeleton.

Instinctively after this I turned my head away when I passed the spot, and although I had often seen the ominous square holes, each with its little mound of earth, which proclaimed an execution, I had never yet summoned up sufficient courage to "assist" at the spectacle.

Especially beautiful seemed Tobé on this fair, bright, fresh March morning. Around the space on three sides stretched trees and thickets, displaying that wealth of variety in shape and colour which is so characteristic a feature of Japanese woodland scenery, and broken here and there by the red roof of a temple or the thatch of a humble cottage. On the fourth side lay spread out a peerless panorama of the Bay of Yedo, with the line of the green hills which overlook the house-dotted Tocaido road trending away into indistinctness until they sank to the level of Kawasaki Point.

I have never felt before or since as I felt during the long two hours we waited for the tragedy to begin; I knew that the sight would be a horrible one and that it would powerfully affect me both mentally and bodily, yet I seemed bound to remain by a sort of fascination. The native crowd, packed closely together, swarming on the trees and availing themselves of every point of advantage, seemed to treat the matter as a holiday exhibition provided for their entertainment, and laughed, chatted, and smoked with the callous indifference bred by constant familiarity with such scenes; and if we felt rather disgusted at their demeanour we forgot that in the heart of our own civilised capital not many years before similar indifference, coupled with very much more blackguardism and brutality, might have been witnessed every Monday morning in front of Newgate Gaol.

So, whilst the crowd thickened and the monotony of waiting was broken by constant false alarms of "Here they come!" we set to work transferring the scene to our sketch-books.

In the midst of an open space some twelve yards square were five square holes a foot deep, the earth out of which was piled into neat heaps in front of each hole, just large enough to enable a man to squat on his heels more Faponico. Behind the holes was a pile of coarse mats, such as the coolies use for rain-coats, and near them

a couple of pails of water and a camp-stool, the whole being railed in by bamboo posts and cords.

At nine o'clock a murmur of more than usual intensity and unanimity announced the approach of some part of the procession, and we saw over the heads of the crowd a small body of officials and coolies coming up the pathway from the prison.

The first arrival, a man attired in a burlesque of the French military undress uniform, seemed to be the superintendent of the arrangements, for he proceeded to examine closely the holes and the heaps, pointed out where alterations were needed, turned over the heap of mats, and finally, with much the same sort of dignity that a monkey seats himself on a barrel-organ to crack nuts, sat himself on the camp-stool in the midst of the space, and gazed round at the crowd in the full consciousness of being for the time one of the most important personages in Yokohama. But his supremacy at once paled when no less an individual than the executioner arrived on the scene. I have his likeness before me as I write these lines—a short. sturdy man with a forbidding face, clad in a policeman's uniform, with his white trowsers tucked into big boots, a mushroom-shaped hat on his head, an ordinary "katana," or large sword, at his side, and in his hand the sword of execution wrapped in yellow silk. too, inspected the preparations, and gave instructions to the halfdozen coolies, who had stripped their blue and white garment off their shoulders, tucked up their skirts, and were naked except around their loins.

Presently a detachment of police arrived and cleared a passage through the crowd on the prison side of the plateau, and we saw a procession slowly filing up the pathway.

There were seven victims in all, five of whom walked, and two, who we were afterwards told had been tortured to death's door, carried in common "kagos" or palanquins. The five men walking seemed to treat the matter with that indifference which is such a remarkable characteristic of the Chinese and Japanese races, who are predestinators, laughing and chatting as unconcernedly as if they were walking to their daily avocations. But the two poor fellows in the chairs seemed more dead than alive, their limbs bandaged and bloody, their faces livid and their eyes half closed. Of these seven men only one was a murderer, the crimes of the others ranging from arson to petty theft. I remember that as they brushed by us we were so impressed with their utter misery and helplessness that we whispered to each other the utterly insane idea of attempting a rescue, and I am quite sure that, so brutal was the behaviour of the policemen toward them,

if we had made the attempt every marine about the place would have aided us.

As each man stepped from the path on to the plateau his eyes were firmly bandaged with white paper, the only act of mercy I saw vouchsafed that morning. Finally they were ranged in line, the two cripples huddled on the ground, their poor heads as they drooped from shoulder to shoulder being roughly buffeted to a proper angle by the policemen in charge.

This accomplished, amidst a silence so absolute that we could almost hear our hearts beat, the great man in the camp-stool rose, and, unfolding a large document, read in a loud voice what we supposed to be a description of the crimes for which the poor fellows were to suffer and the process of condemnation and sentence. This was a very long business, and before it had nearly finished the native spectators were laughing and joking upon the appearance of the doomed men, with that callousness to human suffering which so much blackens the otherwise amiable and pleasing character of the Japanese people.

At last it was finished. As there were but five holes for seven prisoners, two would be obliged to remain in blind agony whilst their companions were being despatched. Five men were accordingly thrust forward with the staves and fists of the police; each man was made to squat on a mound, his clothes—if filthy, tattered rags could be called clothes—stripped from his shoulders, his hands tied behind his back, and his head pushed forward over the hole. Our feelings at this awful moment can better be imagined than described, but I think we felt quite as much pity for the two poor wretches left alone to listen to what was going on without that artificial aid to fortitude which the sight of a crowd sometimes gives, as for their companions on their death seats. Undoubtedly execution by the trenchant Japanese sword is as merciful a death as can be desired; but the Oriental nature, as if to compensate for this erring on the side of mercy, counterbalances it by an undue prolongation of the preparations for death, which is worse than a hundred deaths.

So in this case. As the poor fellows knelt over their holes the executioner slowly and deliberately took off his coat and bared his arms. Then he took from its silk casing the fatal sword, examined it fondly and lingeringly from the Yasuri me, or filings on the hilt to keep the grasp from slipping, along the Kirimon, or groove in the blade, to the point, held it over a pail whilst a cooly trickled water down it, and with a great deal of settling of his feet was ready.

I felt sick and giddy, but I kept my eyes fixed on the scene. At a sign from the official on the camp-stool, the executioner raised his sword slightly, hardly half a dozen inches, and almost before I could realise it the man's head was hanging over the hole by a single ligament, and the blood was gushing forth in torrents.

I then saw why the executioner had not completely severed the head; and the wonderful skill of the Japanese swordmen, using as they do the most perfect weapons in the world, can be imagined in so arranging the force of the blow that absolute decapitation does not take place.

He tore the head off, and held it towards the four sides of the square; then he gave it to a cooly, who roughly plastered the severed portion with clay and stuck it on to a kind of elevated shelf. In the meanwhile two coolies were thumping on the back of the prostrate body to hasten the rush of blood, after which one of the coarse mats was thrown over it and it was laid aside.

I had seen enough, and I turned my head away as the executioner, after wiping his blade with paper, approached the second poor wretch, who was shouting out something at the top of his voice, whether a confession or a denunciation of injustice I was not scholar enough to understand.

But, although I turned my head away and saw not, I heard every sound, and could follow every act in the ghastly tragedy with exactitude. A movement amongst the crowd in a short time made me look round, and to my amazement within that square space there was not a living human being but the officials and their subordinates. The execution was over, and when I looked at my watch I found that since the executioner had raised his sword over the first man's neck only twelve minutes had elapsed, but in that brief time seven human beings had been hurried into eternity.

Then the crowd dispersed. I watched their faces, and not on the features of one single native man, woman, or child did I see a sign of the smallest emotion; but when the honest "jollies" came along I saw more than one stalwart Devonshire- or Cornish-man looking unmistakably white and ill, whilst the silence of the redcoats as they filed down the hill, compared with the chatter and laughter of the natives, was a sufficient comment upon the different effect of the scene upon the two widely separated families of the human race.

We lingered behind to finish our sketches, and a strange circumstance occurred. My friend Pearson was transferring to his book the features of the seventh man executed, from the head stuck on to the shelf of ignominy. Suddenly the eyes of the dead head opened

and the tongue shot out. Never have I seen a man more scared in my life than was Pearson at this; and well he might be, for under the circumstances, and considering the highly-strung condition of our minds, there was something unspeakably weird and supernatural in a circumstance which at the moment we translated as an expression of resentment at our proceedings on the part of a dead man; of course we knew that the contortion was caused by the relaxation of violently disturbed facial nerves and muscles, but the effect was none the less awful and terrifying.

The executioner was still on the ground, perhaps lingering fondly about a scene in which he had played his last part, and we, in spite of our repugnance to him, addressed him concerning his profession and his marvellous sword. He was, or rather he had been in the good old days, he said, a "Hon Namo," or expert, whose duty it had been, when young gentlemen studied the sword as a branch of necessary knowledge and not merely as an accomplishment, to teach the lore of swords, their marks and their manufacture, and to give lessons in the use of the weapon. For an executioner he was most mild and courteous, and unfolded the weapon of which he had just made such fatal use to describe to us its beauties and history. It was, he said, a genuine Kotô, an old sword, made by Kane-Sada, the great swordsmith of Seki, at the end of the fourteenth century, and he valued it at three hundred yen, although, he added, he would never part with it, as it had been a parting present to him from the old lord in whose service he and his family had been until the great revolution which upset the power of the Daimios. He especially called our attention to the characteristic marks of the Seki style of sword, the five curves and a straight line alternating along the blade, and the inscription, "Honest and patriotic bosom," and handled the glittering old weapon with the fondness of a parent for an only child.

What had made him turn executioner? Well, times were degenerate; good swordsmen were getting rarer and rarer, he was a poor man, and he had accepted the office of executioner to the Kanagawa Ken. It was distasteful to employ one's skill upon packs of worthless hounds, but what could one do when the country was going to the dogs and honest men were dying of starvation? Now that execution by the sword was to be abolished he did not know what would become of him, and he spoke so sadly about the future that part of the pity we had so profusely expended on his victims we now bestowed on him. He frankly admitted that he viewed the daily increasing influence of Europeans with jealousy and distrust, but said that foreigners had given an impulse to the sword trade of Japan,

although very few good weapons were made nowadays, and that he might perhaps start a business.

Then he took leave of us, as he had to make his report to the *Kencho*, or mayor.

Upon this occasion, either because the execution was the last of its kind or because it had been on a bigger scale than usual, the bodies of the victims were carried away by their relatives instead of being thrown into the thicket to be devoured by the dogs, and this operation was being carried out when we left.

Two years afterwards I revisited Tobé Hill. All traces of the dread scenes enacted upon it during so many years had disappeared, even the skulls and bones in the thickets; but the square space still remained bare and unsown, and the keeper of a neighbouring teahouse told me that so it would remain until the end of time—an accursed spot to be looked at askance, haunted by gibbering phantoms who would never allow foundation to be dug or seed to be sown where so much criminal blood had been shed. Since that time it has been my lot to witness not a few horrible scenes, but I cannot recall any one which produced such a lasting impression on my mind as did this execution on the plateau of Tobé Hill.

FRANK ABELL.

SCIENCE NOTES.

DISEASE AND MICROBIA.

THERE are some eminent physicians who have not yet adopted the current fashion of attributing nearly all diseases to bacteria, bacilli, and other microbia, but still believe in chemical poisoning as the primary source of those diseases now so freely attributed to the microbia. The recent researches of Brieger, which were briefly summarised in the address of the President at the last anniversary of the Chemical Society appear to me, if I may venture to form an opinion on such a subject, well worthy of attention.

He has succeeded in isolating a well characterised alkaloid from the liquid used for cultivating a certain bacillus which causes tetanus traumaticus in animals.

This substance, which he calls tetanine, seems to be the immediate cause of the disease.

The question here suggested is whether the bacillus or the tetanine is the primary cause of the mischief. The tetanine may be the *immediate*, and yet not the *primary*, agent. It may be the poison which produces the tetanus, which would produce it if there were no bacillus; but, on the other hand, if it be a secretion, or other product of the existence of this creature, the bacillus is the primary cause, the tetanine the secondary and immediate cause.

Or the alkaloid may possibly (though not probably) be a direct result of chemical action in the cultivating liquid, and necessary for the sustenance of the bacillus. If so the bacillus becomes merely an accident.

SPARROW SLAYING.

N OW that the foolishness of supposing the sparrow to be an insectivorous bird, or a feeder on caterpillars, is pretty generally admitted, and the descendants of the sparrows that were exported to

America and Australia are officially recognised as vermin, the time has arrived to consider the best means of exterminating them.

Readers who are acquainted with my antipathy to these pests, expressed when it was the fashion to gushingly eulogise them as farmers' friends, will not be surprised to learn that I have been engaged in experimental warfare against them. I find it easy to destroy them by poisoned wheat or bread-crumbs, but these, especially the latter, also kill some of the singing birds, and therefore some other lethal weapon is demanded that shall destroy the sparrow only.

This is to be found in the revival of an old and disused contrivance, the "sparrow basket," which is a trap or cage of open wicker-work, with a hole at the top from which descends a tube or funnel of wicker-work, down which the birds may pass into the basket. The mouth of this tube reaches about half-way to the bottom of the cage, and there is a small door at the side.

When the birds are in the cage they run round it and try to escape by the side, but fail to return by the down-hanging tube above. The sparrows may be taken out and killed, the robins, linnets, and other harmless birds released.

My object in describing these traps is to induce an enterprising basket-maker to bring them again into the market. Now that so many reside in suburban villas, with gardens growing peas, cherries, &c., and some may like to have an opportunity of tasting the produce of their own gardens, the demand for sparrow baskets would be considerable if they were offered at a fair price.

BORATES IN THE DISSECTING ROOM.

In previous notes I have described the antiseptic properties of boric acid and its compounds, and have advocated extension of its use. Such extension is rapidly taking place. An example of this is supplied by a telegram from the Daily News correspondent announcing a "discovery" by Dr. Bouchard of Bordeaux of a method of preserving dead bodies. "According to a paper read in the Academy of Medicine the tissues of corpses prepared after this method remain unaltered for upwards of two months." The newly discovered compound is boroglyceride, which I described in a note headed "Professor Barff's Antiseptic" in May 1882, and which has for some years past been commonly sold in the shops of British druggists. Dr. Bouchard's method of applying it by injection into the carotid or femoral artery is practically the same as Dr. Jones's method which I

described in this Magazine of June 1884, under the title of "A Curious Banquet," and in September 1884, under the title of "Borized Meat." The banquet was at the Adelphi Hotel, where a select party partook of a luncheon on a sheep that had been injected with boric acid and hung for two months in the basement of the Society of Arts. We tried it roasted, boiled, and stewed, hot and cold, ate heartily and enjoyed it (I did so certainly).

The "borized meat" was a quarter of another sheep that I hung at home from July 19 until August 14, in excessively hot weather.

Although there is no novelty in Dr.Bouchard's device, it may have been a discovery to him and quite new to a French Academy of Medicine, one of the specialties of Frenchmen being a curious ignorance of what is done in the little island that lies to the northwest of the Great Nation.

Be that as it may, Dr. Bouchard will render a great service to all students of anatomy if he can bring about a general practice of effectively borizing every subject that is laid on the dissecting tables of anatomical schools and biological laboratories.

BORATES AND OUR MILK SUPPLIES.

THE use of borax for the conservation of milk that has to travel from the country to London and other cities is now fully established. The objections that have been raised on the ground that borax does mischief when small quantities are taken internally appear to be baseless. It is about as harmless as common table salt, though, like table salt, may do mischief if taken in excess.

Recent revelations, proving that milk is a most effective and dangerous carrier of scarlet fever, and indicating a strong probability that this terrible scourge is originally a cow's disease communicated in the first instance to human beings by cow's milk, suggest an important and very practical subject for investigation by officers of health and others who have opportunities of carrying it out.

This is, the determination of whether or not the borates used to prevent the decomposition of the milk exert their disinfecting energies in destroying the scarlet fever germs that milk has been proved to carry.

In connection with this it is a very significant fact that in all the cases where an outbreak of scarlet fever has been traced to milk the dairy has been a local one, that is, a dairy that has supplied milk to

families in its own immediate neighbourhood, or so near as to render the use of borax unnecessary.

On the other hand we have a rivulet of milk pouring into London continuously by railway from distant parts of the country, constituting by far the greater part of our metropolitan supply, and no epidemics appear to have been conveyed through this source of supply.

Is this owing to the disinfecting action of the borates that are used for the commercial preservation of the milk?

OTHER APPLICATIONS OF BORIC ACID.

THE Chemical Trade Fournal tells us that the new method of curing herrings by boric acid has proved quite successful in Norway, has called into life a new industry at Bergen.

This being the case, we may expect shortly to hear of its further application in the cod fisheries of the Lofoddens and the Arctic coast of Norway, where between sixty and seventy millions of cod fish are annually caught and salted, chiefly for exportation to Catholic countries for consumption on fast-days.

These "stok fisk" and "klip fisk" (the first dried on sticks, the second on the rocks) have but one fault, they are too salt. As a very little boric acid does the work of a large quantity of salt, its application may enable the hardy Norsemen to greatly extend the demand for their boundless supplies of cod fish by mild curing, *i.e.* using much less salt, supplemented by a modicum of the boric acid.

For corresponding reasons we may hope to be supplied with mild cured salmon from Norway and Labrador, split and dried for breakfast grill.

TENDER BEEF AND VIVISECTION.

OST of us have read the stories told by the older travellers in Africa concerning the Abyssinian epicures who cut their steaks from the living oxen in order to have them juicy and tender. It is well for the credit of human beings and the comfort of oxen that these stories are not verified. They probably had their origin in the fact that there are two stages of tenderness in flesh meat, and that the Abyssinians avail themselves of the first.

If the flesh of a slaughtered animal be cooked while yet warm, *i.e.* before the *rigor mortis* or stiffening of the muscles is established, the

result is tender; later it becomes tough, and after this the muscles again become flaccid, and we have the well known tenderness due to hanging.

I should have said "well known in these latitudes," for in tropical countries the second stage is unattainable excepting by scientific refrigeration, as putrefaction sets in simultaneously with the rigor mortis, or even anticipates and prevents it.

According to *Iron*, another method of obtaining tender beef, very suggestive of the traditional Abyssinian device, is suggested by some experiments of Dr. H. C. Wyman of New York. He has observed the result of dividing certain nerves in the necks of rabbits. The muscles to which these nerves convey vitality become subject to fatty degeneration.

The suggestion is that oxen should be thus treated in order that "the large tough muscles of the necks of beeves may be converted into tender and more saleable food."

Some readers may suppose that the people who scream so loudly against what they call "vivisection" will combine to prohibit such vivisection of oxen for the sake of epicures. Judging by what they have done hitherto I think this is very unlikely. The people to whom I refer are actuated not by love of animals but by hatred of science.

This is proved by a multitude of facts. They know that all the male animals that come fully grown to market, all the rams, the bulls, the boars, &c., are subjected to horrible mutilation, one of the most painful that can be performed, and that this is done merely to improve the flavour of their flesh.

A prominent member of the screeching sisterhood has been seen lounging in her carriage drawn by a pair of horses that have been thus tortured for her luxurious convenience. To this she is supremely indifferent, but raves most virtuously against those who puncture the skin of a dog or rabbit in order to save thousands of human beings from cruel disease.

While denouncing such hypocrisy I most earnestly except those enthusiasts who prove their consistency by personal sacrifice. All who proclaim that it is sinful to give pain to any lower animal for the benefit of mankind are bound to abstain from eating the flesh of slaughtered animals, from wearing furs, kid gloves, or other clothing made from their skins. There are many among us who are doing this, and I respect them accordingly, though I think they are mistaken.

But we need not fear that any additional cruelty will result from

Dr. Wyman's researches. Fatty degeneration is not at all likely to improve the flavour of either beef or mutton. We have too much of it already produced by the stall feeding which now prevails so largely that the superiority of "the roast beef of Old England" is becoming a mere tradition. Scotch and American beef from healthy cattle that pass directly from the pasture to the butcher are rapidly superseding it where high quality is demanded.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND VEGETATION.

THE electric light which on festive occasions illuminates the Winter Palace of the Czar at St. Petersburg is found to injure very seriously the exotic plants used for its decoration. The leaves turn yellow, dry up, and then fall off.

Engineering says: "The late Dr. Siemens showed that electric light promoted the growth of plants, and it is difficult to understand how even the bright light of the Imperial galleries can have the reverse effect, but so it is reported"; and further, that "it is somewhat singular that a similar effect has not been reported from other quarters."

It is painfully evident that the writer of the above is sadly neglecting his own education, that he is not a constant reader of my Science Notes in this Magazine, or he would have learned from one of those of March 1883, how M. Déhérain, by a carefully conducted series of experiments performed in the Palais d'Industrie, refuted the conclusions of Dr. Siemens, and obtained results which accord with those accidentally produced at St. Petersburg.

The following was my explanation of the anomaly, which I repeat lest anybody should imagine that I question the *bona fides* of Dr. Siemens:

"We are told that in Dr. Siemens's experiments the waste steam from the engine driving his dynamo was used for heating the greenhouse instead of the ordinary boilers. It is quite possible that this waste steam did a great deal more towards the production of the February peas, the March raspberries, the February strawberries, &c., than the electric light. At any rate such unseasonable abortions were commonly enough produced by simple heating long before Dr. Siemens made his experiments, and are still in course of production for the market by the same means, while the magnificent anticipations of early fruit and vegetable results from electric agency have collapsed as completely as the premium on electric light shares."

LIGHTNING AND BIRDS.

DURING a severe storm in California on April 29, a flash of lightning passed amidst a flock of geese in flight. Six of the birds fell dead to the ground. This appears to be the only case of the kind on record.

The old theory of the cause of the zigzag course of lightning and of artificial electric sparks, which take a similar course when of considerable length, is that the discharge on its way through the resisting air darts aside towards particles suspended therein which are better conductors than the air itself. If such is the case flying birds would be in greater danger than appears to be the case.

A more probable explanation is that owing to variations of moisture the conducting power of different portions of air is variable, and that the electric discharge follows the course of least resistance, as we know that it does in other cases when media of varying conducting power are experimentally presented to it.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

THE JUBILEE REJOICINGS.

UBILEE has come and gone, and has furnished the sight-seeing world with a species of pageantry rarely seen in the past, and likely to be still rarer in the future. Many causes have combined to detract from the frequency and the splendour of Court ceremonial. So long, however, as we have monarchy it is fitting we should have state. In an age at once sceptical, cynical, and utilitarian, it is natural that a show such as on the twenty-first of June defiled through the London streets should provoke some derisive comment. Yet the whole was, in truth, magnificent, and, to employ in a full sense an often misused word, Imperial. No other country, not even Russia, could exhibit such a spectacle, nor could Rome in her most elaborate "triumph" point to the like. Surrounded by monarchs allied and tributary, that almost realised the burlesque imagination of the poet, "a mob of kings," the Queen showed herself to the crowded leagues of her subjects, and in the great historic Abbey of Westminster returned thanks for fifty years' reign. It is difficult to invest with romance the actualities of the day, and the soldiers, scholars, statesmen, and courtiers round the Queen do not impress us as the Cecils, Sidneys, and Raleighs who graced the progresses of Queen Elizabeth. A hundred years hence, through the perspective of distance, the occasion will look august and impressive, and the presence of those great tributary rulers, the descendants of all that is most illustrious and heroic in that gorgeous East which England holds in fee, is enough to hush the voice of the scoffer, whatever may be his political views. There may be aspects of the Jubilee that suggest considerations not wholly pleasant, profitable, or reassuring; there is none, however, that is insignificant or contemptible.

A Model Jubilee Accomplishment.

FINE as has been the spectacle furnished by the Jubilee, its abiding results are less satisfactory to contemplate. Where so much money was gladly and spontaneously contributed, some

attempt should have been made to erect some national monument worthy of the occasion and the reign. As it is, the money has been frittered away in the construction of a variety of buildings and in other things, none of them likely to serve a very definite purpose, and none of them inspiring a very genuine enthusiasm. A scheme worthy of the great days of Roman empire would have been to convey through the Midlands, and so to London, the purest water of the Welsh, the English, or even the Scottish lakes, and so secure for ever to our large towns the greatest of all necessities next to air and light. This is but one of many suggestions that might have been made, the execution of which would have involved a victory of peace no less renowned than war, and would have conferred on the reign of Victoria a brilliancy such as few, if any, preceding reigns can claim.

THE ENLARGED NATIONAL GALLERY.

TOW that the full treasures of pictorial art which England Possesses as a National property are disclosed, we are justified in holding our head high among the nations. Half a century ago, while the private collections in England were known to include a large number of masterpieces, our National Gallery was, what it was subsequently called by Mr. Ruskin, "a European jest." The last fifty years have been turned to profitable account, both as regards the acquisition of pictures and the extension of space, until we can now point to a collection of paintings practically priceless, and galleries in which the history of general pictorial art can be studied better than almost anywhere else in the world. The additions to the galleries which have been made during the past month are important in themselves, amounting as they do, exclusive of the noble portico and staircase, to something not far short of a fourth of the entire buildings. The effect of the new arrangements, the gain to the student of the different schools of art, and the marvellous wealth of paintings of the highest order that is revealed furnish materials for a volume rather than for an occasional note. So admirable is the taste with which the whole has been done, so happy are the decorations, and so good is the general effect, that there is absolute cause for national pride. Not only is the reproach now removed that we accept pictures to bury them in cellars, we may claim to have one of the most carefully selected and representative, and one of the most judiciously arranged galleries that the world can boast. Meanwhile if any spirited, rich, and patriotic citizen wishes to leave money for the

further extension of the collection, he can with advantage devote it to forming a nucleus for the representation of the modern French and Belgian schools, which are practically unseen in the National Gallery.

THE VITALITY OF CLUBS.

T is only natural that in a world of instability and vicissitude human institutions should prove as freil as it has in him. human institutions should prove as frail as is human life. To students of sociology and lovers of statistics it would be a curious and an edifying investigation to ascertain what number of members is necessary to prolong the existence of any human gathering such as a club or the like much beyond the span of life of its founder. In the case of small gatherings disappearance or change of base is in-A club such as the once "Sublime Society of Beef Steaks" stands, while its founders live and are young and active enough to frequent it, on the pinnacle of popularity and fashion. As the original members die out, however, the new-comers begin to find no element of consistency and cohesion, and most probably dissolve the club or allow it to perish of inanition. A club on a larger scale and on a less intimate social footing knows no similar risk, and such institutions as the Athenæum, the Travellers,' and other clubs see, without any diminution of attraction or popularity, a constant change of members, and will assuredly live down indefinite generations. The statistics I should like to see are of the numbers in the case of different social institutions that are necessary to permanency. In the case of an academy, wherein membership of a limited body involves high distinction, and wherein vacancies are filled by a careful process of selection, the same rules do not apply. Printing clubs rarely outlast a generation. How many spirited clubs or societies-Roxburgh, Abbotsford, Bannatyne, Philobiblon, Percy, Shakespeare, &c.—have sprung into existence, done good work, and disappeared. In these cases even the same rules apply as in social clubs, and larger associations such as the Camden Society outlive smaller, but as it at one time seemed more vigorous rivals. I can point to many printing clubs which are now sickly or moribund. As they disappear others spring up to fill their places, and to go, doubtless, through similar experiences. The Selden Society began its work this year with an influential committee headed by the Lord Chief Justice of England, and other clubs, in places so far north even as Aberdeen, which has started a Spalding Club, sprang this year into existence. At the same time the Holbein Society appears to be suspending operations, and the

once brilliant Spenserian Society of Manchester and the Hunterian Club of Glasgow are vainly striving against the operation of a law unfailing if imperfectly understood.

REVIVAL OF THE MASQUE.

O students of the drama the revival in the hall of Gray's Inn of "The Maske of Flowers," a work originally played by Members of the Society in the Banqueting House, Whitehall, on Twelfth Night, 1613-14, before King James I. and his court, possesses exceptional interest. Though some attempt at masque writing was made after the Restoration, and Milton's "Comus" has often been revived, the Masque, properly speaking, has not till now been seen since the days of Charles I. During the century and a quarter in which it flourished it formed one of the costliest of Royal entertainments. According to Hall the chronicler, the performers in the earliest masque ever seen in England consisted of Henry VIII. and some of his principal nobility. The statement is that in 1512, at Greenwich, "on the daie of the Epiphanie at night, the King with a XI. other were disguised after the manner of Italie, called a maske, a thyng not seen afore in Englande. Thei were appareled in garments long and brode, wrought all with gold, visers and cappes of gold, and after the banket doen, these maskers came on, with sixe gentlemen disguised in silke, bearyng staffe torches, and desired the ladies to daunce; some were content, and some that knew the fashione of it refused, because it was not a thynge commonly seen. And after thei daunced and communed together as the fashion of the maske is." Ladies took an active part in masques more than a century before any woman appeared on the stage, and the tremendous punishment awarded Prynne for his "Histriomastix," was due to his supposed reflection upon Henrietta Maria, who, with the gentlewomen of her court, was given to appearing in masques. On these, ultimately, the most reckless expenditure was lavished, and in the masques of Ben Jonson, the decorations and machinery to which were supplied by Inigo Jones, pageantry attained the highest point it had then reached.

THE MASQUE OF FLOWERS.

A VERY humble and unpretentious work is the masque which Mr. Arthur à Beckett, in whose honour Gray's Inn has revived the old title of Master of the Revels, has edited and reproduced.

Its literary merits are slight, and the smallest possible amount of invention is displayed in its plot. Upon its production, however, before James I., his Majesty, who was greatly pleased, called again "for the Anticke-Maske of song," and bade the performers share his banquet. The whole was in honour of the sadly ill-omened nuptials of the Earl of Nottingham and the Lady Frances Howard, the daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, the Lord Chamberlain. In the revival, the first part, with which King James was so much pleased, proved dull and meaningless, the reason probably being that too little of the broad farce for which opportunity is afforded The second portion, however, according to the was introduced. modern division, which is not found in the original, was very pretty and graceful. Mr. Wingfield had, with marvellous skill, reproduced the dresses, and the appearance of the gentlewomen in their ruffs and farthingales, and the men in their pink silk costumes and long white cloaks, was excellent. The execution of the old dances, the pavane, with its slow, grave Spanish movement, and its imitation of the spreading of the peacock's tail, from which its name is derived, the galliard, and other measures, was highly creditable. had, indeed, extreme interest. It is worthy of being carried out on a more extensive scale. A reproduction by the four Inns of the great Masque of the Four Inns of Court, or the Masque of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn, by George Chapman, or that of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn, by Beaumont and Fletcher, might well succeed this first and most pleasing experiment.

THE FAUST LEGEND IN GERMANY.

OMPARATIVELY few German students are aware that long before the subject was treated by Goethe the Faust legend enjoyed a great popularity in Germany. That Marlowe's play of "The Tragical Historie of Dr. Faustus" was played in Germany is known. A catalogue of the pieces performed by English actors in 1626, at the Court of Dresden, is still in existence. Among many plays of Shakespeare and other writers occurs the mention of Marlowe's masterpiece. The notice is as follows:—"Julius 7. Ist eine Tragoedia von Dr. Faust gespielt worden." (July 7. A tragedy of Dr. Faust was performed.) That the old German play on the subject of Faust, of which frequent mention is made by stage historians, was a translation of Marlowe's work is probable, but is not known for a certainty. It disappeared from the stage, according to Engel ("Zusammenstellung,") in 1770, and nothing appears now to be

known concerning it. Another play which obtained some popularity in Germany, "Arlequin als Faustus Diener" (Harlequin as Faustus' servant), seems to have been a rendering of "The Life and Death of Dr. Faustus . . . with the Humours of Harlequin and Scaramouche" (4to, 1697; Svo, 1720), a pitiable farce of Mountfort. It is, however, as a puppet play that the story of Faustus appears first to have obtained high popularity in Germany. Only in the present century has the curious work been rendered accessible to the reading public. The showmen who knew the words or possessed a copy refused on any condition to make either public, nor was it ultimately obtained without great difficulty and more than a little treachery. Of this "puppet play," published anonymously in 1850 by Dr. Wilhelm Hamm, Mr. T. C. H. Hedderwick has now issued a translation,1 from the admirable preface to which most of the foregoing information is derived. Without justifying the praises passed upon it by German criticism, which, in some cases, places it before Marlowe's work and on a level with that of Goethe, the puppet play has extreme interest. Its termination, so far as Faustus is concerned, is tragic—Faustus being carried off by furies through the air. To leave, however, a pleasant flavour in the mouth, some comic scenes follow, in which Casper, the servant of Faust, who has made with a demon called Auerhahn a bargain similar to that of his master, escapes, owing to his being a night watchman, over which mysterious fraternity the demons have, it seems, no power. The concluding words are, "Now I'll off at once to my comrades, and we'll make merry with a can of schnaps over the stupid devils." In this form the legend is well worthy of being studied. In his translation and its accompanying introduction and notes Mr. Hedderwick has rendered an important service to scholarship.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

1 Kegan Paul & Co.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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A DAY-DREAM.

By the Author of "Miss Molly."

That tender light Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

E were two old fogeys—at least we had arrived at the debateable ground in the eyes of irreverent youngsters, and only held claim to their tolerance on that score; it is so easy to laugh when you are young, and what more provocative of mirth, whilst the petrifying waters fall harmlessly from your active limbs, than the crystallised results on those upon whom time and the waters have worked their will? We two had a long life of friendship to look back upon, and, though separations had come of necessity, there had been none so violent or so lengthy that to come together again had left a scar.

One of us had been married—had known the height of happiness and the depth of sorrow; had known one year of that peaceful possessive happiness that can only find realisation in wedded bliss—and had then followed wife and child to the grave.

The other had seen his happiness afar off, unattainable, and had fought through the mystery of pain to some shadowy peace which had seemed the consecration of life.

But though our experience had been thus different, we had both learnt to wait in patience, looking for the dawn of another day, which shall set a seal to that which we have suffered here; a day on which hope deferred, and hope cut off, shall alike attain the consummation of which this life holds the promise. Perhaps viewed from those peaceful far-off heights, there will not seem such a wide difference between those who have known the shelter of memory's hovering wings, and those to whom no such fair haven has been granted.

VOL. CCLXIII. NO. 1881.

Anyway, to both of us now, the calm wide plain of middle life stretched between us and the troubled storms of our youth; and if in that desert march we had lost much, we were none the less grateful for that which remained.

The sun rose fairly still, and set in the same golden clouds, though no loved eyes watched its beauties with us.

Mountain and valley, wood and stream, still kept their hold on our hearts, as in the days when we were young and dreamt impossible dreams, inspired by their presence.

We were a little more careful of ourselves to-day. We openly rejoiced that the sun shone in such a blue unclouded sky, and that no treacherous east wind lay in wait for us. And when we found this to be the case, and realised how hot and dusty the three-mile walk was which led from the village up to this old castle, no false pride had prevented our sheltering our heads, which were growing very grey, under the one large white cotton umbrella, which much wandering in sunny France had taught me not to despise.

It was I who provided the umbrella; a geological hammer, a tin for flowers, and a book prevented my friend from taking thought for sun or storm.

Talk of the enthusiasm of youth, I believe it is nothing to the enthusiasm of elder age. It is a growing passion, and, duly encouraged, will increase till death calms it.

I, who had never possessed a great stock, had long used up all that had been mine. I had seen all there was to be seen, or at least all that seemed to me worth seeing, long before my companion had satisfied himself.

His enthusiasm led him, where I, in my cooler judgment, did not care to follow him.

I saw him with the custodian of this mighty ruin—a man who had grown grey in telling its histories and legends—climbing the narrow stair that led to the flag-tower. Round the framework of the windows ivy grew thickly, hiding as well as it could the rents of time. I was content to rest below, though even here the magic that attaches to another age haunted me.

These decaying walls had once frowned defiance on all around, had once proved a defence in times of sore distress to the dwellers in that smiling valley, who now went and came with never a fear. The reign of Law had conquered that of Force, and its symbols, these giant ruins, were falling to decay, in the calm that had succeeded.

It stirred even my calm blood to think of all the tragedies, of which this spot where I stood had been the theatre, whilst the great

flag floated from the tower overhead, where to-day stirred softly in the summer air a long spray of delicate wild roses.

I was scarcely tired of my own thoughts, which were almost dreams, when my companion returned, and together, under the shelter of the old walls on the soft grass that grew so thickly, we seated ourselves, to eat our sandwiches.

We enjoyed them; there was a flavour to both of us, in the simple repast, of many a bygone day, when we had been boys at school, and had shared the like, and with scarcely more enjoyment or better appetite than we felt we had honestly earned to-day.

The old custodian's histories of the castle beguiled the meal. Such was our custom often, for my friend was one who would always seek to learn all that might be learnt; whilst I was willing to wait, and hear from him, later on, such facts as he had gleaned. And today was no exception; as we sat in our sheltered corner, I listened to all that history assigned to this world-renowned spot. Through the still summer sunshine, soldiers crossed and recrossed the enclosure where we sat; lances gleamed, armour shone, reflected in the sunset glow; men passed by with the cross upon their coats of mail, stately Elizabethan warriors, Cavaliers, and Puritans—they had all written their line across the history of the old castle.

A queen had spent the night here, one brief night, on a journey which led from a throne to a scaffold. Here, a discrowned, hunted man had sought shelter on his way northwards, to those whose love he could trust. Faith and treachery, war and peace, here they had all alike found an abiding place; what mattered it that it was past. Fancy's colours are undying; her subtle blendings of light and shade are not alone dependent on the skill of the painter, they are as magic in the eye of the beholder. Her voice will linger on in the ears of her worshippers long after stern reality is hushed in death.

Blake's great words will always find an echo in some hearts. "You watch the sunset night after night, and see something round and yellow like a golden guinea fall into the sea. I watch it also, and I see heaven opened, and thousands of angels standing round the throne of God."

"I noticed that the guardian took you up into the tower—was the view worth the climb?" I questioned of my friend. "It looked rather dangerous."

"The view was worth something, but it was more that he wished to point out to me the ruined chamber within it which was the scene of one of his tales. A mere legend of but little note, and not bearing much on the history of the castle, which is very interesting, but the

story, such as it is, moved me as these fantastic legends have a way of doing"

"Tell it to me," I said.

It seemed an agreeable prospect to linger on where the shade was most welcome, in this, the hottest hour of the day—far more agreeable than trudging back along the dusty high road, or seeking for strange flowers in sunny corners. I was ever a good listener, even as my friend was well reputed of as a talker. He needed no second bidding, but told the tale he had heard.

Legends are dateless, but to this one, historical circumstances seem to assign its vague beginning to the earlier part of unhappy Charles's reign, when, on some business of the court, perhaps even on some mere frivolous message of his queen's, Sir Lovelace Carew, Lord of Heydon, a French scholar of some repute, was sent to France to transact it.

Journeys such as his were not lightly undertaken in those days. Many months had elapsed since he set out; spring with its promise, summer with its fulfilment, autumn with its memories, had all alike passed away, and stern cold winter was at hand, when he once more came riding home.

The last ten miles had been ridden in a bitter north-east wind that foretold coming snow, and had it not been for that threat in the air, and the news of the disordered state of the country that had met him on his arrival, Sir Lovelace would have obeyed the wishes of his followers, and stayed the night at the inn where he had dined, but prudence had urged a different course.

And the journey over, standing once more under his own roof, unseen for so long a time, it seemed well worth the extra fatigue and discomfort.

The great hall was well lighted; maids and men were hurrying hither and thither preparing the supper of which the wanderer stood in need, and, after his long absence, the mingled splendour and comfort were well worth looking on.

And whilst the thought yet passed through his mind, his mother was by his side, welcoming him with the loving words that she had for no one else. For Lady Eleanor Carew was the haughty descendant of a proud line, and she was cold and hard to all but this cherished son.

And a son well worth the cherishing, as he stood before her echoing her tender words; in his grey eyes, though, there shone a softer light than in her own, which had never smiled on the world as his did. If she had given him the fine, well-cut features of her own race, something tender and human had softened them from chill marble outline into warm flesh and blood. But though her stern soul revolted from the levity of the thought, she found pleasure in his beauty, pride in the memory that her snow-white, lace-veiled hair had once been as bright as the soft curls about his brow. Eager questions and answers, there was so much to hear, so much to tell; for a moment holding his hand in hers, conscious only of his return, she was unaware of aught else. But that first supreme mement over, there was forced upon her consciousness that which up till now had taken nor form nor substance. A slender figure wrapped in furs, that stood apart in the shadows of the old hall; stood apart, and yet whose soft eyes, with something appealing in their dark depths, never quitted this travel-stained figure by her side.

But before she had time to say the words that hovered in her brain, he had turned, as with a sudden reminder, and had stretched out his hand, speaking a few words in French. Words to which the girl responded with a smile, whilst she drew nearer, glancing from mother to son, as if striving to gather the sense of the explanation he was rendering in this unknown tongue.

"She is orphaned and penniless," he explained. "Her mother, a distant relative of the queen, has committed her to her care, and General Ashworth, with whom I was travelling, had undertaken to give her into her majesty's charge, at the request of a brother, who, a soldier, could do nothing for her. But when the general learnt of the disasters here, of the uncertainty that hangs about the court, he deemed it best she should come to Heydon, until he had seen the queen and learnt what could be done."

There was no reasonable word to be said against it, and yet to Lady Eleanor it held some subtle hidden sting.

She was conscious of something almost approaching dislike, as she noted, now that the hood had fallen back, the close dark curls which lent additional youth to the girl—and she was in truth little more than a child—the soft rounded outlines of cheek and chin. "I will bid a room to be prepared for her," she said. "I will call Dorothy to see to it." But, unheeding of the words, the girl still remained by the man's side till he turned, repeating them in her own language.

"She speaks no English," he explained.

But when she understood his words, before following the old servant, who had been summoned to help her, she said, "I will learn," and with pretty ceremonious grace stooped and kissed old Lady Eleanor's white hand before following her attendant.

But at night, when the substantial supper was over, and mother and son sat side by side by the great open hearth, talking over all the new terrors that had arisen to shake the heart of England with a prophecy of coming woe, she did not accept Lady Eleanor's suggestion that she was wearied and had better retire, neither did she seat herself on the vacant chair by Lady Eleanor, but drew a stool up to the side of Sir Lovelace's great oak chair, and seated herself where the flames glanced fitfully on to her dark curls, and there, maybe, she dreamed dreams of her own future, whilst overhead, dimly heard and quite uncomprehended, surged the low earnest talk in that foreign tongue.

The fierce storm that had greeted their arrival blew itself out in time. February dawned with faint gleams of wet sunshine, which yet encouraged the bolder spring flowers to find their way into the upper air. Sir Lovelace, going hither and thither, renewing acquaintance with those from whom he had been separated so long, taxing his brain to make arrangements for the fresh departure that was so close at hand, was scarcely more conscious of the girlish figure that was ever by his side than of his deerhound or his shadow. But to Lady Eleanor it bore another significance, which threatened her, though formlessly.

"What plans do you intend to make about this child when you go?" she asked. "Would it not be as well to place her in a convent? Happily her religion admits of such shelter for homeless women."

"Nay, not homeless, mother. Heydon is surely big enough to shelter that child till better days dawn for her."

And to the lady of Heydon, to the daughter of the Veres, it was alike impossible to frame a word that might savour of inhospitality. Perhaps Félicité was heedless, she was but a child at heart. Anyhow, she failed to note anything amiss in the home where she was. She would learn English, she would say to him with whom alone she could hold facile converse; and to her he did not talk of wars and battles, of an uncrowned king and queen, and of the dire necessity that prompted every loyal heart to their succour. No, to her he taught only such words as seemed to him most needful for her to learn: the names of the bare leafless trees under which they walked —of the scented violet that grew in the sunny corners of the court; and thus learning the new language, or speaking in the old of her home, of which he alone had any knowledge, the preparations were made, the day approached for his departure, whilst she alone remained ignorant of the storm that was at hand.

So when the last day came, and he himself told her that duty

called him away—that all the pleasant converse, which formed her link with the world in which she moved, was a thing of the past; that the morning would see him riding away to an unknown, uncertain future, in which she held no part—then it seemed to her, whilst her bewildered eyes never left his, that the light had gone out.

She listened in silence whilst he spoke of all the sad necessities—and of the duty that called him away; but, even as he spoke, his eyes flashed at the picture his own words had conjured up, his voice thrilled in unison with the passion of his soul.

When he had spoken, had bidden her be obedient to his mother, with whom she would find a home until such time as she could go to her own people, and had turned away at the sound of a voice calling to him some hasty question—had turned away, scarce noting the stillness with which she had listened, the manner in which she remained motionless till he was out of sight. No comment on his words! Well, so best! She was but a child—the tragedy of life was scarcely to be realised at that age. The possibilities of a doubtful future did not often find a place in a young, confident soul. It did not occur to him to question whether she were only stunned.

Upstairs, in the great dreary, oak-furnished room, she was seated now in the dull afternoon, her hands clasped in her lap, her soft dark eyes staring before her at the desolate future which on a sudden had risen up to kill the glad present.

Close at hand, another woman down on her knees was struggling with all the strength of a proud, self-contained nature, to face with due decorum that which she felt to be a demand of duty, and therefore to be obeyed. But she was a woman—she knew why she wept and prayed, and what passion it was that shook her soul. She had known the joys and sorrows of life, and, counting them up, could recognise that all that were left centred in this her only son.

But to this young passionate heart no such analysis was possible. He was going away. When he went she would be left alone, no one to speak to, no one even left who cared for her. No, no, it was not to be borne. At any cost, at any price, that separation must be prevented.

And so, by-and-by, as Sir Lovelace stood in the armoury, selecting those weapons which should best serve his necessities in the coming time, he became aware of a soft movement of the lock, of a quick step entering the room.

He did not at once turn his head; he was intent for the moment on the sword he held in his hand. As he lifted its unsheathed brightness, it caught and reflected a brilliant gleam from the western sky, and raising his eyes, he saw that the dull clouds were rent, and that after the long gloomy day the sun was setting in rich crimson and gold.

Then his eyes, falling from the far-off promise of a glorious morrow, rested on the figure of a slight boy standing by his side, in all the gaudy velvet and lace of a page's dress.

For a moment his eyes rested dubiously on the dark ones, that shifted a little from his, under the shadowy velvet cap, but before he could speak she had clasped his hands, pouring forth a torrent of passionate prayer.

"Do not say no," before she had preferred her request: "let me go with you. Do not leave me here," as he would have spoken. "When you leave, there is no one to care for me. To be with you, that is all I ask, or care for!"

"Listen, Félicité," striving to stem the torrent of eager words. "It is impossible—you know it yourself."

"No, no," she urged, "do not say so. You fear I shall be a trouble, but you need not. Remember that last journey, was I a trouble then? I am as strong as any boy, can ride as long, and put up with as many hardships. To be with you, that is all I ask. Not to be left with your mother, who dislikes me—all these people here, who do not even understand me!" She had her hands still clasped about his wrist, the velvet plumed hat had fallen to the ground, discovering the soft curls on her smooth forehead, her clear eyes looked pleadingly into his.

"You would not be cruel-" she began again.

"Cruel," he repeated. And then, drawing her nearer to him, he passed his hand over the dark curls. "Do not cry, child," he said. "Listen to my plan first."

At his words she brushed the tears from her eyes, and with all a child's eagerness and confidence stood awaiting what he should say—that confidence which rests in implicit belief that older, wiser brains will find a way of escape that it cannot see for itself.

"You will wait here for me, and then, when I return, you will become my wife."

"Yes"—she said. There was a dubious tone in her voice, but it was not in response to that far-off homecoming. It was to-day, to-morrow—that lay heavy on her soul. The tears were falling again, as, "How long?" she faltered.

"Before I return? Ah, who can tell! But you will wait, you will be patient."

He kissed her then, her soft cheeks, and the little dark rings of hair on her forehead, and she took his kisses as a child might have done—crying a little still, but comforted by his kindness and tenderness.

And the sunset grew more and more brilliant, shedding a golden light in the great room, tipping with rays of light all the many weapons around them, until they stood in a sea of gold, with gold-tipped spears hemming them in, and golden lightning playing on the sword his hands still held, such a brilliant spot in the midst of such dark surrounding gloom.

But it did not last, the sun was too near its setting to admit of it. It was too late to retrieve the gloom of the past, only it seemed to lighten this final hour.

"Come up with me to the flag tower," Sir Lovelace said. "Before it grows dark, I will show you from thence in what direction you may look for my return."

She slipped her hand into his, and after he had wrapped the cloak about her under which she had previously disguised her gay dress, they mounted the narrow flight of steps that led to the tower above.

In the still evening air the heavy flag fell motionless, its thick folds drooping about the staff; through the dark clouds that had closed in again on the western horizon, shafts of light found their way across the quiet landscape. In silence for a moment he stood, looking over the quiet scene, still holding the slim hand that clung so confidently to his.

Then his eyes sought hers, and, lifting his right hand, he pointed southwards across the great chestnuts of the park and the silvershining waters of the river; and—"It is in that direction, Félicité, you must look for my return. It is thence I shall come."

"How long?" she sighed.

He only echoed her words.

Standing thus, looking over his own fair domain, her sad question brought to his wider experience a sadder possible issue of the coming struggle.

Never again perhaps should he stand thus by her side on this narrow space from which they had so often looked together.

When the great green fans of the chestnuts waved in the summer breeze, it might be to gladden other eyes than his.

"If I return," he said, "it will be from over yonder."

"But you will return," she replied. But her confident words had a first faint shadow of doubt, and he felt her slender fingers clasp his own more tightly as she spoke—"You will remember how I am watching for you—waiting for you—that I have no one else."

"I shall not forget."

But when he rode away in the early morning with his trusty companions, his eyes shone with hope and pride; the pain of parting with those he loved was brief; regret found little part in his farewell backward glance.

"He does not love her."

With something like thankfulness his mother listened to those words, heard them through all the agony of the parting.

"He cares for her as for a child—he will forget—and so will she. With her also the time of love has not yet come."

What could they know of love, who felt only the tenderness, and were ignorant of the passion and the agony!

But if in truth it were not the passionate love of a woman, how little does that differ from the tender, heart-broken love of a child. Is it in kind, or only in degree? This love which traced his footsteps everywhere; over the wet moss, under the dripping boughs of the trees; here he had stood and told her the English name of the snowdrop, there he had loitered with her one happy day, telling her stories of his boyhood. And oftenest of all, through the great armoury to the tower overhead, the tower whence she was to watch for his return. The villagers coming and going in the valley below would often pause to note her slender figure outlined against the sky as she stood day by day looking southwards, shading her eyes from dazzling sunrise or sunset which might perchance blind her to the fact of those gleaming weapons for which she watched. How many mornings and evenings had she found her way hither! The cold, wet February days, the bitter March winds; April, with all its glory of spring flowers, had all come and gone—it seemed to her that she had seen them come and go from her watch on the tower-had seen the full buds swell and open into green leaf and summer flower, had lived with each blossom from first faint hope to glad fulfilment. But no gleaming light shone on his home-returning arms.

Something, however, these slow coming days had brought her; his mother no longer held herself aloof. She was not a woman prone to caresses, she had no tender, outward signs of love and gentleness, but in the bitterness of this anguish, which only her own heart knew, she grew to have a feeling almost akin to envy for the younger life that dreaded no comments, feared nothing, but lived in that constant pilgrimage to the grim old tower.

Once in her heart the whisper formed itself, "If I had had a daughter"—but she did not stop to listen, hushed the whisper with a quick imperious answer, that a son had sufficed.

But she no longer went her own way unheeding. She listened to the girlish talk, or, at least, let it flow on unchecked; now and again she helped the faltering tongue to frame some new speech in the language she was so eager to acquire. And when the summer lay rich and beautiful on the land, and she noted that the girl's cheeks had lost their roundness, that the brilliant colour had faded somewhat; that that faint intangible something which constitutes childhood was vanishing under the long weary waiting, she owned, standing looking across the garden, its beauties hidden under mystic moonlight, that if the time of love had not come when he went away, that when he returned it would need but the touch of his hand, a love-light in his own eyes, to awaken it.

And would it be there? Strife and war over, would he be ready to fulfil the promise he had made when he rode away?

To-night with no passionate disclaimer did she thrust the thought from her. She sighed, and the sigh was a prayer that so it might be.

But even whilst she so thought, there was a hasty knock, and the door was opened to show Félicité standing on the threshold, with excited eyes and an unfamiliar tremor in her voice, her hardly learned English forgotten in her agitation.

"He comes!" clasping the white hands of the elder woman. "Madame, come to the tower, and you will see."

Up the steep stairs, through the dim armoury, where moonlight danced like summer lightning on spears and swords hung up in orderly array; up farther still to the great tower, the elder woman striving to keep pace with the young swift feet, to which every stone on the way was familiar.

Out at last under the still night sky, where for the moment, a passing cloud having obscured the moon, all was dark.

And still, as when in the sunset glow he and she had stood there together, hung down the great flag, not a breath of air to stir its heavy folds.

There were other watchers now; breathlessly they stood awaiting the returning moonlight, which was, they trusted, to show them the glad sight for which they, with his mother and his little love, had hoped so long.

At last and it was only a few moments, so small was the little cloud, it had passed, and the light shone down on the dark array; shadowy and indistinct, but yet unmistakable as it tossed back spears of silver, faint twinkling stars, from where it caught and reflected the gleam of arms.

Had they time to realise their hope, time to trust the suspense was over, before those terrified figures were amongst them, praying for shelter behind the castle walls, warning them that that far-off dark advancing cloud was the successful followers of him who had risen in arms against his king? How much longer before one of those who had escaped that fatal fight, from which the survivors were fleeing hither and thither seeking shelter, had drawn near enough to tell that the son of the house was one of those whose lives had been offered up on Marston Moor? She did not cry or faint, that poor agonised mother, neither did she doubt. She knew it was true, knew that nevermore should she touch that bright hair or kiss him who had been everything to her for these many years; such slight relief was not for such woe. She gave her orders, and the castle gates were closed, and then she turned to where desolate Félicité lay on the cold stone of the turret tower.

"No need to watch, Félicité," she said. "You hear—he is dead; he will never return."

The elder woman's stony calm was shaken, when at her words the girl lifted her head and looked at her. The storm that shook her soul the mother envied.

"If I could weep like that!" she thought with a pang, as she noted the sobs that shook the slight form, the tears that coursed down the white cheeks.

Persuasion was useless, force would have been cruel, there was nothing but to leave her; and Lady Eleanor turned away, taking her stunned, desolate mother's heart to her solitary room, where the moon still shone in fair and round; and Félicité remained alone sobbing on through the long lonely night in her misery and despair.

When the morning broke, the rising sun tipped these strange lances with gold, the morning wind lifted on its soft wings the flag that was being carried by strangers under the broad green fans of the chestnuts. There was no answer to the loud command that rang through the still dawn to throw open the castle gate; and when the great portals remained closed, there was a rattle of musketry, which broke the windows, and roused the sleeping echoes in the quiet neighbourhood.

It did not do much harm; only to one woman standing still and quiet on her own threshold it brought a message of peace. One bullet found its way to that broken heart, and with scarcely more than a sigh she sank down, freed from the pain of living. And only terrified women, and two or three infirm men and boys and one desolate child, were left in the old castle.

The gates were flung open and the conquerors passed in.

There was momentary pride and elation as they entered the castle yard, but it faded when those few helpless inhabitants stood before them, and they learned that the one dauntless heart that would have defied them alone and unaided had ceased to beat. The commander's careworn face softened as he listened to the short tale, and he gave orders that the lady should be buried with suitable honour, he and his soldiers assisting at the ceremony.

The short sad service was read by the grey-haired divine who was in Colonel John Waller's train; the grave Puritan soldiers stood, a dark gloomy mass in the small beautiful castle chapel, with its carvings of stone and wood, its painted windows, which later on a fanatical mob was destined to destroy. The few remaining servants stood round, and one small bowed figure heavily veiled, that wept in hopeless despairing sorrow till the last word was spoken.

"I had almost forgotten the girl," the commander said, when he and Mr. Dymock stood once more within the castle. "Let her be brought hither, and I will speak to her."

She was no longer crying, when she stood before him, striving to follow the strange language which baffled her so often, as he exchanged words, so important to her, with grey-haired Mr. Dymock. But at last one word caught her ear, which it required no effort to understand—"Sir Lovelace."

"You knew him," she said, in her faltering English; "you have seen him?"

And in almost equally unintelligible French, the stranger told her that he had known him well years before, and had spoken to him but the other day when he lay dying on Marston Moor; that he had told him then of the ward at home, under his unprotected roof—so short a distance off, and had implored his services on her behalf, should they ever be of any avail.

It seemed as if he were in doubt, as if the solution of the difficulty were hard to find, for he hesitated long after he had spoken, whilst he looked down into the dark soft eyes raised to his, watching for the word which was to ordain what was to become of her, and when he spoke—

"I will marry her," he said. Then as if gaining confidence from his own words—" Yes—that is best."

"What," the girl interrupted, catching at the minister's arm—"what does he say?"

But her words passed unheeded.

"It is the only thing to be done. No more words are necessary.

No," as Mr. Dymock would have spoken, "there are no objections to be made. Take her away, and persuade her as you will. I will remain here till to-morrow, and then she rides with us, as my wife."

The cold short sentences gave little hope of persuading him to change; perhaps, who can tell, the tender soft look in those dark eyes had had as much to do with his determination as his avowed reasons that he would render her safe under his protection, for the sake of dead Lovelace Carew, and thus spare her the only alternative—a convent, which his conscience forbade. For it was that safe refuge for which she prayed, but it was not a refuge on which Mr. Dymock was likely to look with favour.

"No, far better than that, marriage with a godly man, who would lead her from the false worship to the true."

And yet his heart was touched too, it was not always of the benefit to her erring soul he talked; for in those long hours during which he and she remained together, he strove to tell her that John Waller was a good, if stern man; that he had had a sister no older than poor forlorn Félicité, and had loved, and lost her.

"He will be kind to you, I am assured, dear child."

"And there is no one else to turn to," she replied. "Now that Sir Lovelace is dead, there is no one else."

So when the morning dawned, once again the grey-haired clergyman stood amid the dim glories of the castle chapel, and John Waller took Félicité Montéry to be his wife.

She rode away with the little troop of warriors when they departed later; down the avenue of chestnuts where she and Sir Lovelace had often loitered, through the wood where the carpet of moss was as soft as when she and he had trodden it together—and so away and away into a new world her eyes had never seen, to the old homestead which was her husband's home, and there she lived in solitary safety whilst he returned to the wars.

Afterwards, long afterwards, it is said that John Waller was one of those who made their way with those they loved across the sea to the New World. Little Félicité doubtless accompanied him. She would not have rebelled when he had decided, and perhaps by that time—who knows?—she had learnt to feel happier by his side than elsewhere. If he had fulfilled all that good Mr. Dymock had prophesied, doubtless the lonely desolate heart in time turned to him.

But knowing it not for certain, it seems more likely that she lived a tranquil life, ignorant of the great master spell; that whereas once she was too young to recognise the web whilst yet in weaving, so afterwards she accepted the proffered shelter under compulsion, which banished for ever from her the happy knowledge that should have been hers.

This was the story to which I listened, under the summer sky in the old courtyard of the castle. My friend, when he had told it, wiped his spectacles, and there was a dimness in my own eyes that corresponded to his.

But we did not make any comments on it—we rose, for the sun was sinking now, and it had become much cooler, and pursued our way down the dusty road we had trodden in the morning. Standing on the slight slope that gives a view of the castle, we paused and looked back.

It was no longer to us a dreary ruin, but the treasury of a sad human history—over it all hung a tender veil, which rendered it sacred.

One of us, looking back over his own past, which had known no joys of fruition, felt a kindred sympathy for her who had been within a touch of happiness that had passed her by; the other, recalling the agony of the parting, which even now was unforgotten, yet grieved that she should not have known the love that no parting can kill.

SOME NEWSPAPER PIONEERS.

THOUGH there had been newspapers in England for more than a century and a half before, some of them very ably conducted, and having considerable influence, they only began to assume their modern shape about a hundred years ago, the shape being even then and for some time afterwards very different from what it is now. A four-paged sheet, containing less than is at present given in two pages of The Times, was as much as the law allowed to be issued with a single stamp, and as much as the most enterprising editor could contrive to fill with interesting matter, even though half the space might be taken up with advertisements. Within this narrow compass, however, there was room for a lively competition. and it was vigorously carried on with the help of such writers as Sheridan and Mackintosh, Coleridge and Lamb, Southey and Moore, Campbell the poet and Campbell the lawyer, and under editors and managers as memorable as James Perry, John Walter, and Daniel Stuart.

James Perry, though not the oldest, was the most important of these three in the middle period of George III.'s reign. He was born at Aberdeen on October 30, 1756, where his father, known as Pirie, was a carpenter and builder. The boy had a good schooling, and was intended for the law, but he preferred play-acting, and, joining a strolling company of which Thomas Holcroft was a member, had about a year's experience before he was dismissed on the ground that his Scotch accent rendered it impossible for him to make his way on the stage. That was in 1774, and after vainly seeking employment in Edinburgh he travelled to Manchester, where he was for two years a clerk to a cotton-spinner, and made diligent use of his evenings in reading solid books and practising oratory in a debating society. In 1777, when he was barely one-and-twenty, he came to London resolved to improve his position, and he soon found that he had taken a wise step. He had brought a letter of introduction to Richardson and Urquhart, the booksellers, who promised to find some work for him, and after two or three unsuccessful visits to

them he called one day to find Urquhart reading with much satisfaction The General Advertiser, the youngest of the daily papers, which had been started in 1776 under the editorship of William Cooke. "I have heard of nothing to suit you," said Urquhart, "but if you could write such articles as this that I am reading, I could give you work at once." Young Perry was able to say that the article was his own, being one of several which he had amused himself in writing, and had dropped anonymously into the editor's box, and he produced from his pocket another article which he was about to dispose of in the same way. "That's the very thing," said the bookseller; "I am one of the principal proprietors of this paper, and we want just such a writer as you. We have a meeting to-night, and I shall propose you." Next day Perry heard to his great delight that he was to be employed on the staff of The General Advertiser at a salary of a guinea a week, with half-a-guinea a week more for assisting on The London Evening Post. "Such was the incident," says the chronicler, "that threw Perry into the profession of a journalist." 1

The London Evening Post was one of the old-fashioned afternoon papers, appearing on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, which had survived from the time of George II. John Almon, the sturdy Wilkite, had been for a long time connected with it, and he and other writers had often got it into trouble with the Tory government. Its style was now somewhat out of date, however, and neither it nor The General Advertiser was able to make much way, in spite of the assistance that Perry gave to them for his guinea-and-a-half a week. Among the daily papers The Public Advertiser, with its general news and its racy letters of the Junius sort, under Henry Sampson Woodfall, The Morning Chronicle, in which William Woodfall continued to distance all rivals by his parliamentary reporting and dramatic criticism, and The Morning Post, in which Bate was now supporting the Tories and pouring out his scurrilities, seemed to leave little room for a new competitor, especially as both The Public Ledger and The Gazetteer satisfied a good many readers who cared more for advertisements than for news. At one time, indeed, Perry very nearly made The General Advertiser prosperous. During the first six weeks of 1779, while Admirals Keppel and Palliser were being tried by court-martial on account of the quarrel that had arisen between them as a discreditable sequel to their clumsy fighting with the French off Ushant in the previous July, Perry was lodging at Portsmouth, and sent up each day an eight-column report of the

¹ European Magazine, September 1818, p. 188—an article either written or inspired by Perry himself; also Monthly Magazine, January 1822, pp. 566, 567.
VOL. CCLXIII. NO. 1881.

proceedings, and as no other paper thus lavishly provided the public with the news which was intensely interesting to it, the circulation of The General Advertiser rose to "several thousands a day." 1 this success was only temporary, and, though doubtless Perry did ample work for his pay, the pay was hardly enough to make him very zealous. He was as fond of speaking as of writing, and, his Scottish accent having been toned down, had some reputation as an orator. He was a persistent attendant at the Westminster Forum, at the Lyceum, which had been lately "fitted up for a superior style of oratory, with the view of enabling such young gentlemen as were designed for the senate and the bar to practise public speaking before a genteel auditory," and at other places of the kind; and it is recorded that "afterwards, when Mr. Pitt came to be Chancellor of the Exchequer "-that is, in 1782-" having had frequent opportunities of witnessing Perry's talent in public speaking, and particularly in reply, he caused a proposal to be made to him of coming into parliament, which would have probably led on to high fortune." 2

He was fortunate enough before long as a journalist. In 1782 he projected, and he edited for the first year, The European Magazine. He was also responsible during some years for Debrett's "Parliamentary Debates," and in 1783 he left The General Advertiser to become editor of *The Gazetteer*, at a salary of four guineas a week. He took that post "on the express condition that he was to be left to the free exercise of his political opinions, which were those asserted by Mr. Fox." ³ The Gazetteer had always been Whiggish, or almost too revolutionary for the Whigs, but, for a long time before Perry took charge of it, it had not been of much political account. For some time Sir Robert Walpole's chief instrument for influencing or controlling public opinion through the press, it had come to be known as "the booksellers' paper," held and worked by the publishing fraternity, pretty much as at a later date The Morning Advertiser was held and worked by the licensed victuallers. It was a convenient channel for trade advertisements, and furnished a fair amount of general news, but made no pretence of authority in politics. Perry, however, used his position on it to effect an important reform in at least one department of journalism. Till then, the only newspaper that gave lengthy parliamentary reports was The Morning Chronicle, in which, ever since 1769, William Woodfall, himself attending the debates and charging his wonderful memory with what he heard, had given his version of everything important that had taken place,

3 Ibid. p. 190.

¹ European Magazine, September 1818, p. 189.

sometimes filling the whole paper with it, to the exclusion even of advertisements. But with all his skill Woodfall could not, when a long and momentous debate had lasted for several hours, get his report, of perhaps ten columns or more, written out and set in type in time for publication in the morning, and occasionally it happened that readers anxious to know at breakfast-time what had occurred overnight in the House of Commons had to wait till after suppertime for the information. Those who cared for such news put up with the inconvenience so long as it could not be helped, and much preferred this arrangement to the plan followed by the other papers of either giving no more than a bald summary or postponing the report, even in that case meagre, till the following day, and The Morning Chronicle maintained its popularity and steadily increased it during several years. Perry undertook to break down the monopoly by the bold yet simple expedient of employing a staff of reporters instead of assigning the whole of the labour to one man. a harder task than might be supposed, however, for it not only added greatly to the expense of production, but also necessitated much scheming to obtain admission for so many reporters to the parliamentary galleries, both houses being still jealous of their privilege of privacy, and offering no such facilities for reporting as now exist. Perry's reform had to be introduced by degrees, and, though The Gazetteer profited much by the changes he effected, it was by no means the most suitable paper for them, and the reform was not perfected till Perry had again shifted his quarters.

In the meanwhile two other new daily papers were started. The earlier of them, The Morning Herald and Daily Advertiser, does not call for much notice. Commenced November 1, 1760, by Henry Bate, who had now added Dudley to his name, and in consequence of his secession or expulsion from The Morning Post, the new paper was hardly better, in some respects worse, than the old one. According to the announcement in the first number, it was meant to be conducted upon Liberal principles. "If The Morning Herald does not owe its general complexion to those principles," wrote Bate Dudley, "it cannot be entitled to public support. The editor flatters himself it will appear early in the course of his arduous undertaking that he has been attentive to every arrangement whence his readers could derive information or entertainment. His power not being equal to the suppression of obscene trash and low invective, he trusts such articles will never stray from their natural channel to defile a single column of The Morning Herald. To whatever system of politics he may individually be inclined, no prejudices arising from

thence shall induce him to sacrifice at any time the sensible and dispassionate correspondence of either party." Containing a good deal of "low invective," if not of "obscene trash," The Herald was run on similar lines to The Post, except that a bitter rivalry was kept up between them, and that, while The Post now became more of a Tory organ than before, The Herald supported the Prince of Wales's party, with which the aristocratic and place-hunting Whigs were more in sympathy than the Tories. Bate Dudley was just the sort of man to be a personal favourite of the scheming and dissolute Prince, and he had a zealous ally in Sheridan, who wrote much for The Herald, and got credit for more than he wrote. Every smart joke or stinging paragraph that Bate Dudley published, though he was himself an adept in concocting such, was fathered upon Sheridan, and was credited with ail the veracity and authority that could attach to anything coming from the Carlton House circle.

The other newspaper, especially notable as the forerunner of *The Times*, but interesting on its own account, was *The Daily Universal Register*, the first number of which appeared on January 1, 1785, and at once attracted general notice, though in the way of ridicule pointed by jealousy rather than of praise, and though all through its three years' life it was an unprofitable speculation.

Its proprietor was John Walter, who, born in 1739, had learnt the trade of bookselling and publishing as apprentice to Robert Dodsley, and who carried on a business of the same sort on his own account at Charing Cross during forty years.² Before those forty years were over, in 1783, or earlier, he began another business in Printing House Square for the development of a new printing process, known as logography, of which he was patentee and "part contriver," the chief inventor being Henry Johnson, a compositor in his employ.³ The process consisted in the use of metal castings of complete words instead of separate letters, which its devisers believed would save time and trouble, and insure greater accuracy as well as economy. It did not answer Walter's expectations, though he attributed the blame to others and not to himself. "Embarked in a business, into which I entered as a mere novice, consisting of several departments," he said, "want of experience laid me open to many and gross impositions, and I have been severely

¹ John Bee, Life of Foote.

² Nichols, Literary Anecdo'es, vol. vi. p. 443.

³ An Introduction to Legography, by Henry Johnson (1783). Walter had also before this time been an enterprising under-writer at Lloyd's, and a great speculator in the coal trade. (See The Case of Mr. John Walter, in the British Museum Library, No. 1418 K., 33.) He was also director of the Westminster branch of the Phoenix Fire Office for eighteen years. (Nichols, vol. vi. p. 443.)

injured by the inattention, neglect, and ignorance of others." He admitted that numerous errors crept into the sheets issued by him, "but these errors," he said, "were not owing to any defect in the art of printing logographically, but to the readers and editors, whose duty it was to correct the proof sheets"; and he complained bitterly that, instead of saving time, the process was so slow that the compositors required him "to pay by the week instead of by the quantity printed." He acknowledged, however, that the necessity of crowding his founts with vast numbers of words that were rarely used, and of keeping a sufficient store of those most in demand, was embarrassing, and with much regret he at length modified and ultimately abandoned the scheme.\(^1\) But during nearly a year and a half The Universal Register, along with several books and pamphlets, was "printed logographically," and the modified form of logography was followed for some time longer.

The first number of the new paper opened with a statement of plans and objects, which, though more than usually pretentious, gave some interesting information. "It is very far from my intention," wrote Walter in a signed article, "to detract from the acknowledged merit of the daily papers now in existence. It is sufficient that they please the class of readers whose approbation their conductors are ambitious to deserve. Nevertheless it is certain some of the best, some of the most respectable, and some of the most useful members of the community have frequently complained (and the causes of their complaints still exist) that by radical defects in the plans of the present established papers they were deprived of many advantages which ought naturally to result from daily publications. Of these some build their fame on the length and accuracy of parliamentary reports, which undoubtedly are given with great ability and with a laudable zeal to please those who can spare time to read ten or twelve columns of debates. Others are principally attentive to the politics of the day, and make it their study to give satisfaction to the numerous class of politicians who, blessed with easy circumstances, have nothing better to do than to amuse themselves with watching the motions of ministers both at home and abroad, and endeavouring to find out the secret springs that set in motion the great machine of government in every state and empire in the world. There is one paper which in no degree interferes with the pursuits of its contemporaries; it looks upon parliamentary debates as sacred mysteries that cannot be submitted to vulgar eyes without profanation. Political investigations it apprehends to be little short of treason, and therefore

¹ Daily Universal Register, August 10, 11, and 12, 1786.

loyally abstains from them. It deals almost solely in advertisements, and consequently, though a very useful, it is by no means an entertaining paper. Thus it would seem that every newspaper published in London is calculated for a particular set of readers only; so that, if each set were to change its favourite publication for another, the commutation would produce disgust and dissatisfaction to all. politician would then find nothing to amuse him but long accounts of petty squabbles about trifles in parliament, or panegyrics on the men and measures that he most disliked, or libels on those whom he most revered. The person to whom parliamentary debates afford unspeakable delight would find himself bored with political speculations about the measures that the different courts in Europe might probably adopt, or disgusted with whole pages of advertisements in which he felt no concern; whilst the plain shopkeeper who wanted to find a convenient house for his business, and the servant who purchased his paper in hopes of seeing in it an advertisement directing where he might find a place to suit him, would have their labour for their pains in perusing publications filled with senatorial debates, or political essays and remarks which would direct them to nothing less than the house or place they wanted. A newspaper, conducted on the true and natural principles of such a publication, ought to be the Register of the Times, and faithful recorder of every species of intelligence. It ought not to be engrossed by any particular object, but, like a well-covered table, it should contain something suited to every palate."

Such a perfect paper Walter proposed to supply, selling it for twopence-halfpenny instead of the threepence charged for most of the other dailies, and promising that it should be published punctually at six o'clock every morning, and also that advertisements, on which he set great store, should invariably appear on the day after they had been given in, even if, to find room for them, it was found necessary to issue an extra half-sheet. He intended it, however, to be much more than an advertising medium. His ambition was to make it a complete chronicle of accurate and interesting news, and a safe guide "The Register, in its politics," he said, "will be of public opinion. of no party. Weakened as the country is by a long and expensive war, and rent by intestine divisions, nothing but the union of all parties can save it from destruction. Moderate men, therefore, I trust, will countenance a paper which has for one of its objects to cool the animosities, stifle the resentments, manage the personal honour and reconcile the principals of contending parties, while the favours of those will be courted who support principles by fair argument and think that a good cause may be injured by personalities and low invective. The correspondence of such as descend to illiberal abuse, and attack the man rather than the measure, will always be disregarded. The Register, instead of dealing in scurrilities and abusing the great men in power or the great men out of power, or instead of deifying the one or the other, will reserve to itself a right of censuring or applauding either as their conduct may occasionally appear proper or improper. Nothing," it was added, "shall ever find a place in The Universal Register that can tend to wound the ear of delicacy or corrupt the heart. Vice shall never be suffered therein to wear the garb of virtue. To hold out the former in alluring colours would strike at the very root of morality, and concealing the native deformity of vice might seduce unsuspecting innocence from the paths of virtue."

Starting thus ambitiously, and giving ample evidence of zeal and honesty, if with too much arrogance, Walter's paper fared ill under its original title, and, attributing its disasters in part to the title, he at length changed it. "The Universal Register," he said in his amusingly pompous way, "has been a name as injurious to the logographic newspaper as Tristram was to Mr. Shandy's son. But old Shandy forgot he might have rectified by confirmation the mistake of the parson at baptism—with the touch of a bishop have turned Tristram to Trismegistus. The Universal Register, from the day of its first appearance to the day of its confirmation, has, like Tristram, suffered from unusual casualties, both laughable and serious, arising from its name, which, on its introduction, was immediately curtailed of its fair proportion by all who called for it, the word Universal being universally omitted, and the word Register being only retained. 'Boy, bring me The Register!' The waiter answers, 'Sir, we have not a library, but you may see it at the New Exchange Coffee-house.' 'Then I'll see it there,' answers the disappointed politician, and he goes to the New Exchange and calls for The Register, upon which the waiter tells him he cannot have it as he is not a subscriber, and presents him with 'The Court and City Register,' the old 'Annual Register,' or 'The New Annual Register,' or, if the coffee-house be within the purlieus of Covent Garden or the hundred of Drury, slips into the politician's hand 'Harris's Register for Ladies.' For these and other reasons the parents of The Universal Register have added to its original name that of The Times, which, being a monosyllable, bids defiance to corruptors and mutilators of the language."

These sentences are from the long announcement that appeared in the first number of *The Times and Daily Universal Register* on

January 1, 1788, and Walter promised, along with much else, that in the re-named paper greater pains than ever should be taken to give prompt and accurate information under separate heads—"the literary, political, commercial, philosophical, critical, theatrical, fashionable, humorous, witty, &c., each of which are supplied with a competent share of intellects for the pursuit of their several functions, an endowment which is not in all times to be found even in the heads of the state, the heads of the church, the heads of the law, the heads of the navy, the heads of the army, and, though last not least, the great heads of the universities." "The political head of The Times," it was added, "like that of Janus, the Roman deity, is double-faced; with one countenance it will smile continually on the friends of Old England, and with the other will frown incessantly on her enemies." For the change of title Walter claimed that he had contemporary warrant. "The alteration we have made in our head is not without precedents," he said. "The World has parted with half its caput mortuum, and a moiety of its brains. The Herald has cut off half its head, and has lost its original humour. The Post, it is true, retains its whole head, and its old features, and as to the other public prints, they appear as having neither heads nor tails."

The World there scornfully referred to had been started just a year before, and, in no way remarkable, was never very successful during its short lifetime, though in the number that was published on the same day as the first Times it boasted that in the course of the previous twelve months its circulation had risen from two thousand to between three and four thousand, and, in consequence, bespoke the forbearance of its readers on account of the lateness of publication inevitable when so large a quantity had to be printed off. Probably, if the truth were told, the sale of The World was at no time above a few hundred a day. A couple of thousand was, in those times, a good paying circulation which very few papers achieved.

The Times, in its early years, professed, as it has often done since, to take no party side, but to be an independent and outspoken critic of all parties, while giving a general support to the government of the day, which for a long time, whether Pitt was in office or not, stoutly upheld the Tory principles of which he was the champion, but which differed in some important particulars from the Toryism of the court. The court Toryism was coarsely represented by The Morning Post, and the principal Whig organ was The Morning Chronicle.

The Morning Chronicle, however, had been steadily losing ground under William Woodfall's now old-fashioned management, and with the opposition offered to it by Perry in The Gazetteer; and in 1789

a notable change was brought about. Woodfall, quarrelling with his co-proprietors, who wanted to compete with Perry by following his tactics, left the paper, after twenty years' work on it, and started The Diary, which only had short and unhappy life; and The Chronicle was offered for sale. Perry borrowed £500 from Ransome and Co., the bankers, and some more money from Bellamy, the wine merchant in Chandos Street, who was also caterer and doorkeeper to the House of Commons, and entered into partnership with a Charterhouse schoolmaster named Gray, who had just received a legacy of £500. With that joint capital the two bought The Chronicle, partly at Fox's instigation, the Duke of Norfolk making Perry a present of a house in the Strand, which he converted into a new publishing office.\(^1\) Thus revived, The Chronicle soon became the most influential paper of that generation.

Perry was the first of the great line of modern London editors, among whom-Stuart, of The Morning Post, soon becoming his rival-Black, of The Morning Chronicle, and Barnes and Delane of The Times, were after his day especially famous. He had all the qualifications for success. "Perhaps no man connected with the English press," it was said shortly after his death, "ever enjoyed a tithe of the personal popularity of Perry. He was in the first place a highly honourable and brave man. Confidence reposed in him was never abused. He was the depositary of many most important secrets of high personages. Generous in the extreme, he was ever ready with his purse and his services. His manner was manly, frank, and cordial; and he was the best of proprietors. He was hospitable, too; and it is said that his dinners were positively the best of any at that time in the town. Though not profound, he was quick, versatile, and showy. He wrote like a man of the world, and took plain, common-sense views of the subjects on which he treated; and his style was easy and familiar." 2 Other contemporary report is to the same effect. "He was a man of strong natural sense, some cynical knowledge, and quick tact," said one of his friends; "prudent, plausible, and with great heartiness and warmth of feeling. This last quality was perhaps of more use to him than any other in the sphere in which he moved. His cordial voice and sanguine mode of address made friends, whom his sincerity and gratitude ensured." The same informant admits that he was "a little of a coxcomb," and "fond of the society of lords," being "more vain

^{&#}x27; Monthly Magazine, January 1822, p. 567; Cyrus Redding, Fifty Years' Recollections, vol. i. p. 95.

² Knight Hunt, The Fourth Estate, vol. ii. p. 106.

than proud." He sometimes affected more scholarship than he possessed. After the death of Porson, who was his brother-in-law, in 1808, Perry, writing about him in *The Chronicle*, stated that "epithalamia were thrown into his coffin," and on its being pointed out to him that this was not likely to have happened, he inserted as an erratum next day, "For 'epithalamia' read 'epicedia.'" He was blamed for writing too much in his own paper, and for having "an ambition to have it thought that every good thing in it, unless it came from a lord or an acknowledged wit, was his own; if he paid for the article itself, he thought that he paid for the credit of it also." ¹

Perry was on good terms with his contributors, however, and made The Morning Chronicle a more prosperous journal than had ever before been known in England. During the first few years he and his partner Gray did most of the original writing, which, apart from letters from outsiders, which were generally paid for, rarely exceeded a column or two each day, though this was a larger quantity than most of the other papers contained. Gray provided the heavy articles, Perry those of lighter sort; and after Gray's death, which happened after he had been part proprietor for only a few years, other writers were employed, among them Sir James Mackintosh and Sheridan, and in later times Thomas Campbell and Thomas Moore, who contributed verse, and John Campbell, then a young barrister, who was the theatrical critic.2 "The Exile of Erin," "Ye Mariners of England," and several other poems appeared in The Chronicle during 1800, on Christmas Day in which year Thomas Campbell wrote to his agent in London: "I have just finished my fourteenth transmission to P. I have resolved to send but twenty for a year's allowance. I think you may demand at least forty guineas for them The remaining six shall be sent within three weeks. guineas apiece is no extraordinary demand; but leave it to himself. More than twenty pieces in a year would make my name too hackneved." 3 When Campbell settled in London he attempted to write prose as well as verse for The Chronicle, but with less success. "Experience must have been wanting," said one of his friends and fellow-contributors. "A knowledge of the political topics of the time, and the art of rapid composition, these essentials in writing for the masses, were not the qualities with which Campbell was endowed. He must have been an utter stranger to the tact which, in the news-

¹ Edinburgh Review, May 1823, pp. 361, 362.

² Monthly Magazine, January 1822; Cyrus Redding, vol. i. p. 95.

³ Beattie, Life and Correspondence of Thomas Campbell, vol. i. p. 329.

paper contests of that time, when politics ran high, must have been more than ever demanded. He had none of that positive acquaintance with men and things connected with political affairs which can be obtained at the seat of government alone. The poet was unsuccessful, though Perry retained him for some time to aid in getting up the poet's corner of the paper." 1 Tom Moore's "Epistle to Thomas Cribb" appeared in September 1815; and a few days after the announcement was made that "we have had so many and such incessant applications for the paper which contains the exquisite jeu d'esprit, that we shall reprint it to-morrow." 2 More than twenty years before that, in September 1793, when Coleridge, at the age of nineteen, ran up from Cambridge to London, and was on the point of enlisting in the Dragoons, he made his first appearance as a newspaper writer. "He sent a poem of a few lines to Perry, soliciting a loan of a guinea for a distressed author," we are told. "Perry, who was generous with his money, sent it; and Coleridge often mentioned this, when The Morning Chronicle was alluded to, with expressions of a deep gratitude proportioned to the severe distress which that small sum at the moment relieved." 3 In later years Coleridge wrote some other poems for The Morning Chronicie; and his friend Charles Lamb was an occasional writer of prose for it.4

Perry owed much to his contributors, but more to his own tact and enterprise, which were partly shown in his selection of contributors. One of his plans in acquiring *The Chronicle* was to bring to as much perfection as he could the system of parliamentary reporting, on which his heart was set, and for which he had already won much credit. In this he got other help, besides a loan of money, from Bellamy the wine merchant. Bellamy being also doorkeeper of the House of Commons, he could let almost any one he chose pass in and out of the building, and send messages and parcels to and fro with ease. He was thus of immense service to Perry in enabling his reporters to make and send off their notes of debates without unnecessary trouble or loss of time. Perry's zeal was shown in another way. Before the war between England and France was begun in 1793, he went to France and stayed there more than a

¹ Cyrus Redding in New Monthly Magazine, vol. lxxvii. p. 404.

² Lord Russell, Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore, vol. ii. p. 81.

³ Daniel Stuart in Gentleman's Magazine, August 1838, p. 124.

Lessays of Elia. "Newspapers Thirty Years Ago."

⁵ Monthly Magazine, January 1822, p. 567.

year in order that he might send home early and correct accounts of the progress of the great Revolution. He was thus one of the pioneers of the special war correspondence which has been such an important feature of modern journalism.

No stronger proof of the skill with which Perry managed The Morning Chronicle could, apart from its commercial success, be found than in the fact that at a time when nearly every other newspaper was the frequent object of libel prosecutions by the Crown, this outspoken organ of the Whigs in opposition was scarcely interfered with. Thrice only during his long career was Perry brought up for trial. In the first case he was defended by Erskine; in the second and third he defended himself; and in all these cases verdicts of not guilty were obtained.² He was less fortunate in 1798. Morning Chronicle of March 19 in that year contained a paragraph in which some discerned sympathy with the French, with whom England was then at war. On the 21st the Earl of Minto called attention to it in the House of Peers, and he was followed by Lord Sydney, who spoke of *The Chronicle* as "a scandalous paper, which he would not admit into his house." Perry was not without defenders. Lord Derby maintained that he had "never employed his pen or his paper to undermine the civil or religious establishments of the country," and that The Chronicle was "distinguished for its regard to the decencies of private life, and for its disdain of all scandal on individuals, and of those licentious personalities by which the peace of families was destroyed"; and the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the Duke of Norfolk spoke to the same effect. Lord Minto's motion that Perry, and with him Lambert the printer of The Chronicle, should be imprisoned for three months, and fined £,50, however, was carried by sixty-nine votes to eleven.³

John Walter, though he generally supported the government, while Perry opposed it, was much more unfortunate. The Times was less than two years old, when, in the autumn of 1789, a paragraph censuring the Duke of York appeared in it. For this Walter was prosecuted in December, sentenced to pay a fine of £50, to stand in the pillory for an hour, to be imprisoned for a year, and after that to give security for his good behaviour during seven years. While he was in Newgate gaol, and managing The Times as best he could from there, two other libels appeared, one blaming the Prince of Wales, and again the Duke of York, and the other charging the Duke of Clarence with having absented himself from his ship without leave

¹ Knight Hunt, vol. ii. p. 104.

³ Parliamentary History, vol. xxxiii.

² Ibid. vol. ii. pp. 37, 105.

of the authorities; and these fresh offences procured him in November sentences of another year's imprisonment, and fines amounting to £200. He was released, however, in March 1791, after he had been in confinement for sixteen months. 1

Walter boldly vied with Perry in newspaper enterprise, one of his arrangements being to keep a light cutter running backwards and forwards across the Channel during the war with France, in order surreptitiously to obtain from the local fishermen copies of the French papers, which were contraband in England, and in this way provide interesting information for his readers,² and he raised *The Times* to the second rank among the journals of the day. But it was reserved for his son, the second John Walter, who took charge of the paper in 1803, to make it both more influential and more prosperous than *The Morning Chronicle*. He died on November 16, 1812. "He was a man," it was said of him, "of the strictest honour, both in professional and private life, and his unbounded benevolence was only exceeded by his urbanity and uncommon flow of spirits." 3

Perry, who was his junior by seventeen years, lived on till December 6, 1821, continuing the general management of The Chronicle till the last, but some years before this he had left much of the editing to others, his first assistant after Gray's death being Robert Spankie, who was afterwards Attorney-General of Bengal, and the next John Black. He interested himself in much besides the newspaper, losing part of his earnings in manufacturing speculations; but he could afford to do this. The Chronicle, after his death. was sold for £,42,000.4 A pleasant story is told of him in the last year of his life. Two of his old contributors, Campbell the poet and Cyrus Redding, started The New Monthly Magazine, in opposition to Sir John Phillips's Monthly Magazine, and asked Perry to assist them. "He flatly refused," says Redding, "because The New Monthly was the title of another magazine, named New for party purposes. 'Attack principles if you will—it is all well; but to take a name with the view of attacking it under such objects-it is impossible for me to approve of such an act. There is a New Times started against The Times. How should I like a New Morning Chronicle to be brought out against me by an advantage of the law?"5

Ten years younger than Perry, and his survivor by a quarter of a

- ¹ Knight Hunt, vol. ii. p. 164.
- ² Cyrus Redding, vol. ii. p. 107.
- ³ Nichols, vol. vi. p. 443.
- 4 Knight Hunt, vol. ii. pp. 104, 112.
- ⁵ Cyrus Redding, vol. ii. p. 165.

century, though he got out of harness sooner, was the last of the three great editors of the period. Daniel Stuart was another of the Scotchmen who sought and found fortune in London. He claimed some sort of kinship with the royal family whose name he bore, and was proud of the prowess of his ancestors, the Stuarts of Loch Rannoch in Perthshire, in fighting against the houses of Orange and Hanover in 1715 and 1745. He was himself, however, a loval subject of King George III., though somewhat wavering between Whig and Tory principles. He was born in Edinburgh on November 16, 1766. and in 1778 was sent to London, where his elder brothers, Charles and Peter, were already learning the printing trade. Charles appears to have left it for verse-writing and play-writing. His poems were in the style of Burns, "though," as his brother admitted, "of much inferior merit," and several of his short comedies or farces were produced at the theatres towards the close of the eighteenth century. But Peter set up in business as a general printer, and Daniel, as soon as his schooling was over, became his assistant or partner.1 These two lived together, and with them lived their sister Catherine, who, we are told, was "less remarkable for her personal attractions than for a rich fund of good sense which, under gentle and unpretending manners, was directed by a strong mind and an affectionate heart." This young lady, whose mind and heart seem to have been very helpful to her brother, as well as to others, happened to be a great friend of a Mrs. Fraser, with whom young James Mackintosh came in 1788 to lodge, while—having taken his doctorship of medicine in Edinburgh—he studied law at Lincoln's Inn. They soon fell in love with one another, and in February 1789, neither of them being yet four-and-twenty, were secretly married, thereby giving great offence to both their families, though Daniel Stuart, at any rate, was soon, and for long afterwards, on good terms with his amiable sister and his talented brother-in-law.² The friendship was serviceable to both of the young men, especially as Mackintosh, finding it necessary to earn money for the support of his wife, was a busy journalist for some years. His first employment was on The Oracle, a daily paper which had just been started by John Bell, in the hope of competing with The Times and its rivals. Mackintosh was employed to write up the foreign news for The Oracle, and the first arrangement was that he should be paid by quantity. In one week, however, to Bell's horror, he produced matter enough to be worth ten guineas. paper can stand this!" exclaimed Bell, and a fresh contract was

¹ Gentleman's Magazine, September 1847, p. 322.

² R. J. Mackintosh, Life of Sir James Mackintosh, vol. i. p. 50.

made, in accordance with which Mackintosh wrote less and received a regular salary. He also, as has been noted, contributed occasional articles to *The Morning Chronicle*. ¹

In the meanwhile the Stuart brothers were drifting into newspaper speculation. Though they do not seem to have been otherwise responsible for it at this time, they undertook, in 1788, the printing of The Morning Post, which, having been in very low water for some time, made a fresh start, with new type and promise of other improvements. "Newspapers," wrote the editor, whoever he may have been, in terms more applicable to The Post than to any other journal, "have long enough estranged themselves in a manner totally from the elegancies of literature, and dealt only in malice, or at least in the prattle of the day. On this head, however, newspapers are not much more to blame than their patrons, the public. But it is a blame out of which The Morning Post is resolved to struggle, and for that end plans are now settling with a number of literary gentlemen, and particularly with one whose name would do our paper the highest honour were we at liberty to announce it. The period is not far distant when The Morning Post will be as necessarily sought after, not only for the purpose of learning the fashionable intelligence, and the best authenticated accounts of foreign and domestic occurrences which it now possesses, but that the lovers of literature and taste may thoroughly peruse it, and store it up for future information and many a future reading." 2 Those were vain yet prophetic words. The "number of literary gentlemen," and the one particularly honourable among them, were not procured by Tattersall, the proprietor at that time, who knew more about horses and sport than about the "elegancies of literature," and Dr. Wolcott, as Peter Pindar, continued to be the chief writer on The Post, which, besides his clever verses, gave much information about affairs of the prizering and kindred amusements. At length, in July 1792, Tattersall had to pay £4,000 damages for an especially gross libel on Lady Elizabeth Lambert,3 and, though he was not ruined, The Post suffered considerably. It derived a large revenue from advertisements of carriages and horses, but in 1795 its average daily circulation was only 350, and Tattersall was glad to sell it to Daniel Stuart, and some friends from whom Stuart soon afterwards bought their shares, for £,600, that price including the house in Catherine Street, Strand, and all the plant, as well as the copyright.4

¹ Mackintosh, vol. i. pp. 53, 54.

² Morning Post, January 1, 1788.

³ Campbell, Lives of the Chief Justices, vol. iii. p. 51.

⁴ Gentleman's Magazine, July 1838, p. 24.

Daniel Stuart had been printing The Morning Post during seven years before that, his brother Peter having resigned the work to him early in 1788 in order to start the first London evening paper, The Star. Hitherto, throughout more than half a century, there had been several bi-weekly evening papers; but these had depended more on essays and other miscellaneous matter than on fresh and original news for their success, and Peter Stuart only ventured on his experiment, as Daniel said, "in consequence of the increased facilities of communication by Palmer's mail-coach plan just started." It being now possible for evening newspapers to be delivered on the same day, and more quickly than the post could carry them, Peter Stuart shrewdly set a fashion in which he soon had many imitators; and The Star was carried on with some profit till 1831, when it was swallowed up by The Albion. Its first editor was "Mr. Macdonald. a Scotch poet, author of 'Vimonda,' a tragedy, an accomplished literary gentleman, with a large family, in distressed circumstances," as we are told by Daniel, who also reports that his brother invited Burns to come up to town and supply "communications to the paper" at a salary of a guinea a week, "quite as large as his excise office emoluments." "I forget the particulars," he adds, " but I remember my brother showing Burns's letters, and boasting of the correspondence with so great a genius." 2

Daniel Stuart was a more skilful newspaper manager than his elder brother, and also a man of more general ability and wider interests. When in 1792 the Society of Friends of the People was started, in order to carry on an orderly agitation against the tyrannical policy of Pitt and the Tories, with Erskine, Sheridan, Grey, Whitbread, Tierney, Lauderdale, and other influential Whigs among its members, Mackintosh was its honorary secretary, and Daniel Stuart did much of the work for him.³ This brought the young printer into intimate relations with nearly all the leading members of the Opposition, and adopting their opinions in the main he became, not exactly a Whig, but more liberal and cosmopolitan than any orthodox Whigs Therefore, in 1795, when Mackintosh's society was dissolved, partly on account of the diversity of opinion among its members on this question of supreme importance, and when Daniel Stuart became proprietor and editor of The Morning Post, he not only revolutionised the general tone of the paper, but claimed to be independent of party, and he made it an exponent of bolder and more revolutionary views in politics than The Morning Chronicle or

¹ Gentleman's Magazine, July 1838, p. 24. 2 Ihid.

³ Gentleman's Magazine, September 1847, p. 323.

any of the other daily papers. His brother-in-law, Mackintosh, became one of his contributors, and among other contributors, before long, were Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, and Wordsworth. During a few years, indeed, *The Post* had a staff of writers so brilliant and interesting that their connection with it deserves to be traced with some detail in another chapter. At present it is enough to note the fact that Daniel Stuart's skilful editing made his paper during a few years more successful than any of its rivals.

The circulation of The Morning Post, which was only 350 when Stuart bought it in 1795, was over 2,000 in 1798, being partly raised to that figure by his buying up of two other daily papers, the old Gazetteer and a short-lived rival, The Telegraph, with a sale of about 700 between them, which he absorbed in The Post; and it exceeded 4,500 in 1803, when the highest average of any other paper was only about 3,000.1 That total was reached by The Morning Chronicle alone. "The Morning Herald and The Times, then leading papers," said Stuart, "were neglected, and The Morning Post, by vigilance and activity, rose rapidly. Advertisements flowed in beyond bounds. I encouraged the miscellaneous advertisements in the front page, preferring them to any others, upon the rule that the more numerous the customers the more independent and permanent the custom. Besides, numerous and various advertisements interest numerous and various readers, looking out for employment, servants, sales, purchases, &c., &c. Advertisements act and react. They attract readers and promote circulation, and circulation attracts advertisements." 2

Four years after he had begun to make *The Morning Post* a profitable and powerful newspaper, Daniel Stuart made another successful speculation, emulating and improving upon his brother Peter's experience on *The Star*, as a rival to which *The Courier* had lately been issued as an evening paper. *The Courier*, started by John Parry, had been conducted with some spirit, and had what was for those times a respectable circulation, but Parry seems to have been ruined by a particularly outrageous libel prosecution instituted by the government in May 1799. In the previous November he had published this paragraph: "The Emperor of Russia is rendering himself obnoxious to his subjects by various acts of tyranny, and ridiculous in the eyes of Europe by his inconsistency. He has now passed an edict prohibiting the importation of timber, deal, &c. In consequence of this ill-timed law upwards of one hundred sail of vessels are

¹ Gentleman's Magazine, September 1847, p. 323.

² Gentleman's Magazine, July 1838, p, 25.

likely to return to this kingdom without freights." On the ground that this was a gross insult to a friendly power and likely to cause trouble between England and Russia, the Attorney-General, afterwards Lord Eldon, persuaded the Court of King's Bench to fine Parry £100 and to send him to prison for six months, both the printer and publisher being also imprisoned for a month.¹ Parry discreetly sold *The Courier*, and Daniel Stuart discreetly bought it. Under his direction, though it was involved in at least one libel case only a few months after he took charge of it, the circulation steadily advanced from 1,500 in 1796 to 7,000 in 1811, and after that to 8,000 or more, the number—unparalleled for that time—being 10,000 in the memorable fortnight before the battle of Waterloo.²

Before that date, however, Daniel Stuart had practically retired from business. Finding that his health was breaking down under the strain of two daily papers, he sold *The Morning Post* in 1803, and in the management of *The Courier* he had a partner, Peter Street, who attended to the printing and publishing from the first, and who also undertook the editorship before 1811. Street was either a Tory or, as his enemies called him, "an anythingarian," 3 and in his hands *The Courier* was during many years the chief ministerial organ in the London press, *The Morning Chronicle* being its principal opponent.

Stuart, with some reason, prided himself not only on the very successful way in which his two papers were managed, but also on the influence he was able to exert through them on the politics of the day, and on the independence with which he did this. "I supported Addington against Bonaparte during the peace of Amiens with all my power," he said; "and in the summer of 1803 Mr. Estcourt came to me with a message of thanks from the prime minister, Mr. Addington, offering me anything I wished. I declined the offer."4 A few years afterwards he wrote an article in The Courier finding fault with the Duke of York, and, as was usual, two or three early copies of the paper were sent off to the government offices. "About four o'clock," according to his report, "up came an alarming message from the Treasury, that, if that paragraph went forth, the ministry would be ruined. We cancelled 3,500 sheets and expunged it, and I made Street promise to accept of no pecuniary remuneration for so considerable a loss, that it might not be said we had done this to extort money. The paper at that time was supposed to be so much

¹ Lord Campbell, Lives of the Chief Justices, vol. iii. p. 50.

² Gentleman's Magazine, May 1838, p. 490.

³ Cyrus Redding, vol. i. p. 94.

⁴ Gentleman's Magazine, June 1838, p. 578.

under ministerial direction that certain high personages would not have believed the paragraph was not sent designedly by ministers to the paper for a crooked purpose." 1

Here is another of Stuart's interesting anecdotes, which throw light on much besides the important position which newspapers, under such men as Stuart and Perry, were now attaining in the political world. "Early in 1811," he tells us, "Coleridge had some private business with me. I called on him at Charles Lamb's chambers in the Temple, and we adjourned to a tavern, where we talked over the news of the day. There was at that time a dispute in Parliament about the conditions on which the Prince of Wales should accept the Regency, and it had been authoritatively, ostentatiously, gravely boasted that the royal brothers had met, and had all agreed it should be a Regency without restrictions. Coleridge pointed out that this was a most unconstitutional interference, that the constitution knew nothing of an assembly of princes to overawe the legislature. I wrote an article to this effect in The Courier, referred to the Germanic constitution, and censured the attempt to establish 'a college of princes' in England. The Duke of Sussex took this up in high dudgeon, and made a long, angry speech in the House of Lords on the subject. He thought, evidently, that the article was a ministerial manifesto from the Cabinet in Downing Street, without knowing that it was only a tavern concoction, of which ministers knew nothing." 2

To the spring of 1811 must also be referred yet another of Stuart's amusing reminiscences. "At this time," he says, "a struggle was going on whether the Regent should be a Whig or a Tory, and important letters were passing between his Royal Highness and Mr. Perceval. At midnight George Spurrett, the porter, who slept in The Courier office, was knocked up; a splendid carriage and splendid liveries at the door; a portly elegant man, elegantly dressed, wrapped up in a cloak, presented himself and inquired for Mr. Stuart, for, as I was abused in the newspapers as the conductor of The Courier, the merit of which belonged wholly to Mr. Street, I was the person inquired for by strangers. George said Mr. Stuart lived out of town, but Mr. Street, the editor, resided on the Adelphi Terrace. A packet was delivered to George, who was enjoined to give it speedily to Mr. Street, as it was of great importance. This was a copy of the correspondence between the Prince of Wales and Mr. Perceval. To be sure of its being genuine, Mr. Street went immediately to Mr. Perceval to inquire. On seeing it, Mr. Perceval

¹ Gentleman's Magazine, August 1838, p. 127.

started back and exclaimed, 'This is done to ruin me with the Prince! If it appears in *The Courier*, nothing will persuade him I did not publish it as an appeal to the public against him. It must not be published!' 'No?' said Mr. Street. 'It is a very good article for the paper.' Mr. Perceval explained and entreated; Mr. Street still remarking, 'It is a very good article for the paper; and what will partner Stuart say if he hears of my suppressing it?' 'Well,' said Mr. Perceval, who held it fast, 'some news shall be sent to you as an equivalent.' Accordingly, a copy of the official despatch of the taking of the island of Bandy, in the East Indies, was sent the same day, and appeared in *The Courier* before it appeared in *The London Gazette*. I knew nothing of this till the evening, when I dined with Street at Kilburn, when we had a hearty laugh at these occurrences." 1

Street was sole editor of *The Courier* for about twelve years, and, we are told, "with Shakespeare and Burke ever ready at his finger-ends for apt quotations, conducted it with great spirit, much in the confidence of the government, and led as sumptuous and gay a life as his partner's was the opposite—decorous and economic." He died a poor man not very long after his connection with Stuart had been ended, in 1822, when they dissolved partnership and sold The Courier. Stuart lived on till August 25, 1846, having spent nearly half of his eighty years in quiet enjoyment of the wealth he had honestly acquired, and of the respect he won from all. He was a man of varied and refined tastes, fortunate in nearly everything he took in hand. Picture-collecting was one of his hobbies, and one of his store was Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," which the artist had been glad to sell him for five guineas in 1806.3 Though a shrewd Scotchman, he was not ungenerous. Coleridge spoke of him in 1809 as "a man of the most consummate knowledge of the world, managed by a thorough, strong and sound judgment, and rendered innocuous by a good heart;" and "a most wise, disinterested, kind, and constant friend." 4 "He ever appeared to us one of the finest tempered of editors," said Charles Lamb; "Perry, of The Morning Chronicle, was equally pleasant, with a dash-no slight one either-of the courtier. Stuart was frank, plain, and English all over." 5

H. R. FOX BOURNE.

¹ Gentleman's Magazine, August 1838, p. 128.

² Jerdan, Autobiography, vol. i. p. 92.

³ Gentleman's Magazine, December 1847, p. 661.

⁴ Coleridge, Biographia Literaria, vol. ii. p. 401. (Biographical Supplement.)

⁵ Essays of Elia. "Newspapers Thirty Years Ago."

DOWN THE DANUBE TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

I.

T Buda-Pesth, having for the moment had enough of swift travelling, I abandoned the dusty Orient Express, and, after resting a few days in the delightful Hungarian capital, I proceeded on my way to Constantinople on board one of the Danube steamers, the Ferdinand Max. It was in the month of August of 1886, the weather was brilliant, the moon was full, and so we started one Saturday at midnight, and steamed along all night, stopping from time to time at villages on either bank of the river to take in fresh The next morning I was on deck betimes to inspect passengers. the landscape, and the boat, and the passengers. We were in the midst of a very broad stream of dirty yellow water, flowing with a swift rippling movement between banks of brown clayey earth, eaten away by the wash and crumbling visibly into the river. On either side, here and there, were piles of wood cut and stacked symmetrically, and thickets of willows, and, beyond, forests of pale green poplars stretching away and away over the endless plains and beneath the cold pale blue sky sprinkled with white flakey clouds. After continuing for some time between these sad, green, and silent expanses of willow forests, we came at length to a low sandy island, and then to a group of floating water-mills, anchored diagonally across the stream, so that each wheel might receive the full and unimpaired impulse of the current. The floating mill is composed of two flat boats, or pontoons, on the larger of which is the mill and the house where the miller and his wife and children live, while the smaller one serves simply to support one end of the shaft on which the water-wheel is suspended. All down the Danube the presence of a group of these mills is a sign that you are near a village. First of all you see ten to twenty floating mills dotting the stream, then you see a break in the willows, a muddy shore covered with litter and pigs, two or three broken-down Victorias drawn by lean horses, a landing-stage, a dirty and picturesque crowd, and

then you may know that you have arrived at a station. The first station we touch at this morning is Baja. An old Turk comes on board with various bundles of nondescript baggage.

The landscape continues unchanged until we near the next station, Szekcsö, a village which climbs up the side of a yellow hill running steeply down to the water's edge. This village is a harmony in yellow and white, the hill-side is yellow, the cottages are yellow and white, each with a loggia in front and a thatched roof. There are two churches with quaint rococo bulging spires, one painted bright red and the other flaring blue. The bank of the river in front of the village—the marina as we may call it—is a typical confusion of mud, straw, and miscellaneous litter, on which you see flocks of geese and ducks, herds of black swine, ox-carts, oxen, washerwomen, and idle peasant boys, dressed in white short skirts and sleeveless jackets, like true Magyars that they are.

Leaving Szekcsö we find ourselves once more between banks of mud eaten away by the wash, and between monotonous forests of willows. In the brilliant sunshine the smoke from our boilers casts a deep brown shadow on the dirty yellow water, and so we glide along-through plain, sand slopes, and willow forests, and low hills dotted here and there with villages and vineyards, the churches standing out in vivid white silhouette, and the river winding and ever winding beneath the immense expanse of sky. The flatness of the surrounding country, the vastness of the river-whose banks rise scarcely a foot above the level of the vellow water—the paleness of the green wildernesses of willow trees which stretch away on either side as far as the eye can reach, the rareness of villages, the absence of signs of life or of industry, the absence even of birds, all tend to make this part of the Danube very monotonous. The aspect of nature is novel, certainly, but when these same prevailing tones of pale green and dirty yellow continue to prevail day after day one grows a little tired of them. The ardour of sight-seeing diminishes, and one begins to look around one for distraction.

The Ferdinand Max is a good river boat, with six private deck cabins over the paddle-boxes. The saloons and general accommodation are fairly convenient, the cooking is passable, the officers polite and amiable. The passengers on the first-class deck are all Hungarians or Austrians. The ubiquitous Englishman is represented by the writer of these lines alone. On the second- and third-class decks the passengers become more mixed at each landing-place—there are Turks in turbans, Magyars in white petticoats, and shepherds clad in sheepskins who wear artificial flowers in their hats.

After dinner I had a long talk with a Magyar, who, being a professor at the University of Buda, was able to tell me much that was interesting about Hungarian history and heroism. With the aid of innumerable cigarettes he rearranged the map of Europe to our mutual satisfaction. His plan was based on an alliance of England, Germany, and Austria against Russia. The allies were to take Russian Poland, divide its territory between the two German powers, drive Russia once for all out of Europe, and leave her to develop purely as an Asiatic power. This excellent patriot ended by pressing me to induce some of my countrymen to establish themselves in Hungary. "We have no industries," he said, "our people are all agriculturists, and, consequently, we have to import all our manufactured goods; we do not even make needles and thread in Hungary. There are great openings in all minor industries, but what we need especially is roads and bridges. Remember that there is only one single bridge over the Danube all the way between Pesth and Petrawardein. Our Government even offers a premium to native production; anybody, of whatever nationality, who establishes a manufactory in Hungary enjoys exemption from all taxation for a space of twenty years. There is a great future for our country; in fertility it is a perfect garden, but, as you see, it is not half populated; these forests along the Danube swarm with wild boars and wolves."

By this time other Hungarians and some Servians of the upper classes, who had been educated at Paris and spoke French, joined our gossiping party, and as the Hungarians are vivacious and cultivated people, very advanced in the amenities of life, we had a pleasant time and discoursed of many things.

After passing Vucovar the scenery became less monotonous, and soon we entered a smiling hilly country, fertile and beautiful as a vast park. Here and there, along the banks, we see open huts of simple thatch, supported on rough timber poles. During the summer the peasants and their families live in these huts, under arms, and watch to protect their crops from the thieves. The regular villages, it appears, are just over the hills on the opposite slope. "Are those Servians?" I asked my professor friend, pointing to some brownskinned, long-booted, second-class passengers, who were smoking long pipes and playing cards. "Servians? No; the Servians wear shoes. Long boots are for Magyars." I laid the information to heart. How could I have asked such a question? Of course, the long boot is the appanage, the glory, the distinctive sign of the Magyar!

Towards sunset on Sunday afternoon we came in sight of the famous fortress of Petrawardein, a huge brown fortified rock, with barracks on the top, and opposite is the town of Neusatz, the first important town since Pesth. Here the Danube is crossed by a railway-bridge and a bridge of boats. There is much animation and shouting, and we take on board many passengers in exchange for those whom we land. The view is certainly fine, and Petrawardein doubtless evokes many souvenirs in the minds of those who are well-read in history. For my part, being ignorant, I felt vaguely impressed by the prestige of the name and by the sight of the casemates and cannon which, from the heights of this towering rock, command the river and the surrounding country in all directions. But, after all, I was still more impressed with the aspect of the sky when the sun had sunk below the horizon, and left it all rent and torn into sheets, and crags, and wedges of red, golden, and pale green light. And the broad Danube resembled an immense lake, whose surface, quivering with minute, regular ripples, seemed as it were to have a fine grain, and suggested the comparison of an immense skin of silver-coloured morocco leather.

The next morning we arrived early at Belgrad, having cast anchor during the night at an intermediate station, the moon not deigning to shine sufficiently to permit nocturnal navigation. The name of Belgrad is written in strange semi-Greek, semi-Russian characters. We are now beyond the confines of Hungary, at least on one side of the river, which is Servia. At Belgrad we hear that Prince Alexander of Bulgaria has been driven out of his dominions; and, thereupon, we all proceed to rearrange the map of Europe once more, and to indulge in the wildest conjectures, which scarcely allow us to remark the scenery of hills and vineyards, varied with willow forests, which accompanies us through Kubin and Pancsova as far as Drenkova. Since Belgrad I notice the first-class passengers have become more mixed and noisy. There is a group of Servians who are drinking and talking politics with fury, shouting and stamping like maniacs. Another Servian reclining full length in the saloon, where the table is laid from morning until night, and where somebody is always eating or drinking, calls ferociously for a cigar. waiter brings a "Virginianer," and, pulling the straw out half-way, he presents it thus to the young pasha, who takes it lazily, and lights it without a word of thanks to the slave. An hour after noon on Monday we arrived at Drenkova, where we left the Ferdinand Max and went on board a small steamer, the river being too shallow and the navigation too difficult for the large boats. Here the fine scenery of the Danube really begins, and if I were to make this journey again simply for the sake of the Danubian scenery, instead of taking the boat at Buda-Pesth I should continue through Hungary by train to Bazias, and proceed thence by boat only as far as Turn-Severin, or Lom Palanca, where one finds railway communication. It must be remembered, however, that travelling in Eastern Europe is by no means luxurious or rapid, and that, after all, the slow Danube boat, and the often monotonous Danubian landscape, are far preferable to the fare one meets with when misfortune or defective couplings strand one in a verminous Bulgarian village.

After leaving Drenkova the Danube enters the mountains, and winds along, forming, as it were, a series of vast hill-bound lakes. On either side the thickly wooded hills slope down to the water's edge, and we steam on and on, but there is no exit visible. On the contrary, the hills are closing in upon us and becoming precipitous. We shall certainly strike against the frowning rocks. No: the steamer makes a rapid turn, passes through a narrow gorge, and we enter another vast lake surrounded by hills, which in their turn fade away into a deep-blue indigo mist as we advance through the rocky, wooded solitude, enlivened only rarely by two or three fishermen plying their nets from primitive boats. After traversing a series of these seeming mountain lakes, we pass the Trajan's Tafel-an inscription on the rock about which the guide-books are eloquent, and which marks the site of a vanished Roman bridge—and here we are at the famous "Iron Gates," most overrated of curiosities. In this part of the Danube there are rapids and a quantity of small and sunken rocks scattered across the stream, which cause the water to eddy and bubble, and thus enable the impressionable to figure to themselves the "Iron Gates" as a terrible rock-bound boiling gorge. The "Iron Gates" are a delusion and a snare. I am glad the sight of them did not figure even as an item on my Danube programme. Indeed, they left me quite as indifferent as they did that turbaned old Turk who came on board at Baja, and who, while we were passing the "Iron Gates" and straining our eyes to gaze at nothing, was gravely performing his ablutions at the ship's pump according to the Moslem ritual-washing his hands, arms, face, the top of his head, the parts behind his ears, and his big toes, but the latter only figuratively by smearing his wet fingers over his inner shoes. After this lustral ceremony he wiped himself on a large cotton handkerchief adorned with light green and white chrysanthemums on a cafeau lait ground, and, having adjusted his turban, he spread out his carpet and prayed—for he was a pious Turk, and five times a day he

observed carefully the hours reserved for prayer, and sought "the favour of God and his satisfaction," as the Prophet bade him.

At Kalobo the fine scenery, the mountains, and the lakes came to an end, and the Danube continued to flow broadly between low hills and vast plains. Before sunset we reached Turn-Severin, where we remained all night, having once more changed boats, and having abandoned the little steamer for a roomy river boat called the Orient, bound for all the Danubian ports as far as Galatz on the Black Sea. At 5 A.M. on Tuesday morning the Orient cast loose her moorings, and we steamed along through soft velvety landscape between low crumbling banks of brownish earth. The water was still dirty yellow in colour and heavily charged with earthy matter. The "blue Danube" is evidently a myth. I observe that the inscriptions and notices on our boat are written in four languages-Servian, Roumanian, Turkish, and French. The names of the landing-places become more and more illegible, and the appearance of men and things more and more novel, dirty, neglected, and, in a word, Oriental. At Brza Palanka we admired the beautiful undulating country and the rich vineyards on the slopes. shore, amidst the usual swarm of geese, pigs, children, and oxen, the peasants stood lazily watching us. Their costume consisted of short white trousers, white blouse, broad waistbands, a jacket of untanned sheepskin with the wool inside, and a conical astrakan cap. Their feet were generally bare, though some wore gaiters and shoes made in fragments and tied on with string and leather thongs. Some of these peasants wore red fezzes. Along the shore and up into the country stretched a long procession of four-wheeled ox-carts with basket sides, laden with Indian corn, which was being transferred into Black Sea boats.

As I go down to breakfast in the saloon I notice amongst the new passengers a fat woman wearing a red dress of Occidental cut, enormous earrings, and a sort of gold-bound turban. Accompanied by her husband, her sister, and half a dozen grown-up children, this huge old woman is smoking cigarettes and playing cards. She calls out for the "kafedjieh," a gentleman who, in return for his services as interpreter and checktaker for the third-class passengers, enjoys the privilege of selling Turkish coffee and "raké" on board. The "kafedjieh" is a recognised and necessary institution on board all passenger ships plying in Turkish waters and in the immediately adjacent parts. Generally he is a very bad character, but the sight of him and of his little Turkish coffee-pans and tiny cups is welcome to the Occidental in quest of new sensations. So I, too, cried out

"Kafedjieh!" and requested a cup of coffee à la turque. And soon the servile little scamp arrived, like Agag, treading delicately, carrying the shining brass pan with the handle protruding at right angles, and, balanced on the pan, a square brass tray, and, in the middle of the tray, a tiny porcelain cup and saucer decorated with insipid blue and pink ornaments. In the twinkling of an eye this dainty combination is undone, the brass tray and the cup is on the table before you, and the coffee poured into the cup has lost none of its aroma during the passage from the kitchen to the cabin. I promise myself to indulge frequently in this savoury coffee during the rest of the journey.

After breakfast I learn from the captain that the news of the expulsion of Prince Alexander is exact. It appears that there is a revolution in Bulgaria. The captain hopes that we shall be allowed to continue our journey, but fears that in any case we shall find communications interrupted at Rustchuk. I light a cigarette and console and amuse myself by watching the huge old woman, who is squatting on deck and holding in her lap a water-melon, which she is excavating with a bowie-knife and distributing in segments to the various members of her family. There is a great consumption of water-melons on board; the shaggy, ragged, brown-skinned third-class passengers seem to live on the cool rose-coloured flesh of the pastèque.

At Kalafat we are informed that the river is still open, and that we need not fear to go on to Widdin, which is the first station in Bulgarian territory. The scenery is still without interest. Widdin comes within view with its white low houses, its minarets and its ruined forts, which were dismantled at the conclusion of the last provisional settlement of the Eastern question. The town looks rather ruined and miserable, but the wharf is the scene of great animation and excitement, all about nothing. Several Turkish families come on board with all their household goods and chattels-men, women, and children, all laden with water-melons and grapes and coarse pottery, and flying at the first rumour of political troubles. Some soldiers in white uniforms with exaggerated epaulets, and a miscellaneous crowd of Armenians, Greeks, and Bulgarians, join our boat. And so through the blazing sun we steamed on to Rakhova, a town prettily situated on a hill-side terraced with gardens and cottages. But as a rule the scenery continued to be without interest, and the company on board had become very mixed and very noisy. In the evening a lot of Bulgarians began talking politics, and from nine o'clock until two in the morning they howled and bellowed, and finally drew knives. Two champions had a brief engagement at close quarters, and cut each other's clothes, and one received a gash in the forearm before they could be separated. Finally, the revolutionaries calmed down and retired to rest; and when I ventured at last to go to my berth, I found it occupied by one of these hirsute brigands, who was lying on his back, stark naked, and snoring like a threshing-machine. Naturally I did not venture to disturb him or even to appeal to the steward. The circumstances were too delicate.

The next morning (Wednesday) we arrived at Rustchuk at 7 A.M., and found everybody in a state of great alarm. Had we any news? Where was the Prince? What had happened? Telegraphic communication, it appeared, was interrupted; the wires were in the hands of the revolutionaries. Would the train run to Varna that day? "Yes," replied the station-master, "but it is probably the last we shall make up, and when you get to Varna I cannot guarantee that you will be allowed to proceed. I believe the frontiers are closed." This was a pleasing prospect, the more so as we knew we were destined to undergo five days' quarantine before being allowed to enter Constantinople. However, we were soon joined by a few passengers from the Orient Express, and at 9 A.M. we started in the train for Varna, where we arrived after a six hours' uninteresting journey under a broiling sun. No one was allowed to enter the town of Varna. The orders were to get us on board the Austrian Lloyd steamer at once; and so we adventured ourselves in small boats on the choppy Black Sea, scrambled as best we could up the swaying companionladder of the Ceres, and at five o'clock the next morning (Thursday) we woke up at Kavak in the Bosphorus.

II.

Five days' quarantine at Kavak! Such was the good pleasure of the Sultan, and however anxious we might be to admire his famous capital there was no means of escaping the application of this decree. And so, with her quarantine flag at the mast-head, and with quarantine officers in red fezzes to guard her gangways, the Austrian Lloyd steamer Ceres took up her anchorage snugly just off the village of Kavak, at the entrance of the Bosphorus, but far enough in to be sheltered from the winds and the waves of the Black Sea. The situation was charming and interesting. From deck we had a view of the prettiest part of the Bosphorus, towards Buyukdere and Therapia, where we could distinguish the summer villas of the ambassadors of the different Great Powers; astern was the fort of Kavak, built on a sheltering bluff; to the right and the left on each side

of the Bosphorus, the villages or Anatoli-Kavak and Roumeli-Kavak, with the remains of old Genoese fortifications and round towers, climbing up the hill-side. We might have imagined ourselves anchored in a beautiful mountain lake, for the hills rose all around us, and in the distance seemed to close the winding Bosphorus at each end.

Five days' imprisonment on board this ship! It seemed a long time. Could we not go ashore? Yes, there was a lazaretto; but experienced travellers warned us that the accommodation was of Turkish simplicity. It was better to remain on board and pay the fixed tariff of 15 francs a day. So we all remained on the ship except a fat Turk and his secretary, who was supposed to go to the lazaretto; but, knowing him to be a pacha, we all felt perfectly convinced that, when once ashore and out of sight of the Ceres, he simply took a carriage and rode across country, and so, indirectly, to Constantinople. In Turkey you can fare very well if you are a Turk. This pacha was one of the fattest and roundest men I have ever seen. Amongst his baggage he had a low table, hollowed out in a semicircle, and into this crescent-shaped aperture he slid his majestic abdomen when he took his meals. He could not sit at an ordinary table; and, on the other hand, when he sat cross-legged in the orthodox Turkish fashion, his dignity spread around him in such voluminous concentric ripples that, had it not been for the ingenious contrivance of the adjustable table, it would have been impossible to place anything within arm's reach of his obese excellency, who would consequently have died of starvation. We regretted the departure of this rotund personage, as much because we felt sure that he was unfairly escaping quarantine as because his presence amongst us might have been a source of amusement, and amusement was precisely what we most needed, for how were we to pass these five days? In vain one would play the philosopher and congratulate himself on having cultivated, by long years of practice, a natural faculty for doing nothing. In vain another would bring out fishing-lines from the bottom of his trunk, and another books, and another playing-cards, while the ladies appeared with crochet and needlework. Alas! amongst the first-class passengers there were only three ladies, and we were eighteen men to pay court to them and hold their skeins of wool. There was an English woman, and a Greek woman, and a German woman, besides a venerable old Armenian matron, with whom it was difficult to exchange ideas because she only spoke Armenian. Amongst the men were Armenians, Greeks, Turkish rayas of mixed origin, three Englishmen,

a German, a Spanish Jew, and an Italian commercial traveller, who spoke in gentle whines and wished the company collectively "Bon appétit" each time he sat down to table. Well, before the end of the first day's captivity we had broken up into sets, and the women had already "had words" concerning the right of reserving the deck chairs by laying a shawl over the back. There were only two deck chairs and there were four women. As for the sets, the Armenians and the Greeks formed a card-playing and fishing company; the commercial traveller paid court to the proud German, and daily showed his samples to the German's wife; the Englishmen and the Spanish Jew formed a smoking and gossiping set, and amused themselves by observing and criticising the others and collecting and retailing the major and minor news of the ship.

Our chief distractions were the very material joys of four meals a day, followed by hours of beatitude and cigarette-smoking on deck during the intermediate periods of digestion. Then we would watch the new ships that came into quarantine alongside of us, or gaze enviously at the pleasure parties gliding up and down the Bosphorus in swift caïques. For me this five days' station off Kavak was a sort of introduction to Turkish life, and I sat for hours together watching that lovely little village and admiring the picturesqueness of those old Genoese walls and towers. The houses of Kavak are not merely bathed by the waters of the Bosphorus: some of them are built literally over the water, and have their water-gates like the houses of Venice, while caïques take the place of gondolas. Built simply of wood, and painted red or blue or green, these houses climb up the hill amidst rich vegetation and gardens, rising terrace above terrace; and, dominating the tallest trees, are two white minarets with their surrounding galleries near the top. Five times a day we saw the "muezzin" appear in the gallery at the top of each minaret, and heard him call the faithful to prayer in a far-reaching nasal voice, chanting, as it were, a prolonged and melancholy wail. At this signal the pious Turks, who swarmed on our third-class deck, would take their pitchers, and, after performing the proper ablutions at the ship's pump, each one spread out his carpet, turned his face towards Mecca, and religiously said his prayers, yawning, stroking his beard, and prostrating himself to the ground according to the ritual of the Prophet. The venerable old Turk, with whom I had travelled nearly all the way from Buda-Pesth, particularly edified me by his piety. He wore the turban of the faithful who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and he was most exact in his religious observances, even bearing on his brow the trace of his piety; for you must know that

the Moslem interrupts his prayer from time to time in order to prostrate himself and strike his forehead against the ground. It is on account of these prostrations that the Moslem is obliged to wear a head-covering without brim or peak, for it is contrary to custom and contrary to all the rules of politeness to appear bare-headed in public or in any incidents of serious life. But, as the mosque floors are always covered with matting, and as the faithful may be forced by circumstances to pray in all sorts of inconvenient places, the good Moslem will always carry in his pocket a potsherd, which he can place on the floor in front of his prayer-carpet wherever he may be, and so have the wherewithal to mark his brow. My pious Turk carried his potsherd with him. He had also his Koran in a case. And each time after his prayer he brewed himself a cup of coffee over a spirit-lamp, rolled a cigarette, and smoked it with dignity, looking all the time the very picture of calm and venerable felicity.

This third-class deck interested me continually, and two or three times a day I would stroll aft discreetly and glance at this strange collection of Mussulman humanity—men, women, and children reclining or sitting cross-legged or on their heels, amidst a confused mass of carpets, mattresses, bright-coloured wrappers, water-melons, earthenware pitchers, and household utensils of all kinds. The women all smoke cigarettes, and all have their faces and shoulders wrapped up in thin white veils. One of them has a cage of doves—a scarlet cage of complicated form, and painted with bright blue and green ornaments.

On Friday, which is the Mussulman Sunday, the Bosphorus was gay with caïques, those wonderful kirlangich or "swallow-boats," which are as characteristic of Constantinople as gondolas are of Venice. The caïque is generally made of thin planks of beech-wood, with a neat finish and more or less elaborate carving. It is sharply pointed at both ends; the oars, very thin, wide, and light at the feather end, become thick and bulbous at the handle; the passengers sit in the bottom on carpets or cushions at one end, and at the other sit the rowers, who vary in number from one to six, in which case they sit three on each side. Nothing is more graceful and elegant in aspect and movement than one of these caïques, bearing a burden of fair Turkish ladies clad in silks of every hue, with a fat eunuch at the helm, and six stalwart Nubians in rose-coloured jackets pulling at the oars with rhythmic swing. The good people of Kavak also came out in their caïques, or strolled up the hillside and sat under the shade trees, the mothers, accompanied by their children and their handmaidens, gravely draped in "yachmachs" and "feridjis"; some, too, rode upon asses, and the scene was patriarchal and biblic. and reminded one of the promised joys of Mahomet's paradise. which are simply the joys of life in this little village of Kavak idealised and relieved of the disagreeable accident of temporality. The Koran, it is true, says nothing about water promenades in caïques, owing, doubtless, to the fact that Mahomet never had the pleasure of seeing the Bosphorus and its swallow-boats; but the Prophet does say distinctly that those who enter paradise shall dwell in delicious gardens shaded by fine trees and watered by ever-fresh streams. The elect, he continues, shall rest on couches adorned with gold and precious stones; young slaves of unfading beauty shall pour into their cups delicious wine, which will not get into their heads or trouble their reason; ripe fruits and birds ready roasted will always be within reach of their hand; they shall hear neither accusations nor vain discourse; the word peace shall re-echo on all sides; and, besides the wives he had upon earth, each of the elect shall be served by at least sixty-two beautiful young maidens with black eyes like pearls hidden in oyster shells; and the continual presence of these houris shall be the recompense of the good he shall have done on earth. To us prisoners on board the Ceres the simple villagers of Kavak, sitting calmly under their shade trees, or skimming in their caïques over the Bosphorus, seemed to be already enjoying the bliss of paradise. Happily our captivity was drawing towards an end. On Monday we counted gaily the successive prayer-calls of the "muezzin," and at night, instead of listening impatiently to the wailing cry of the sentries passed from station to station along the coast, we improvised an orchestra on deck and had a dance, accompanied with rockets and Bengal fire, which the captain brought from the signal stores. Our orchestra consisted of an accordion, a kettle-drum, and a triangle. steward performed on the former instrument; the first lieutenant made an empty biscuit-tin do duty as a drum; and the ingenious captain, armed with a toast-rack and a roasting-spit, produced silvery sounds similar to those of the triangle. And so we ended our quarantine gaily, and on the morning of the last day of August 1886 we steamed down the Bosphorus with clean papers, and at last the panorama of Constantinople spread itself in white and luminous splendour before our eyes.

THEODORE CHILD,

LEAVES FROM AN OLD DIARY.

↑ MONG those *Mémoires pour servir* which enable the chronicler of the past to vivify his narrative and transform history from a bare record of battles and blue-books into such descriptions as illustrate the life, temper, and habits of a people, the Diary of Narcissus Luttrell occupies a conspicuous place. Every reader of Macaulay is aware how frequently that brilliant historian, as he crowds his canvas with the scenes and characters which usher in the period of the Great Revolution, is indebted, for those little touches which give such reality to his picture, to the pages of the diarist whose manuscript is among the treasures of the Library of All Souls. A careful watcher of the times, one who was on intimate terms with Sir Joseph Williamson, the keeper of the State Papers, and who thus had means of obtaining early and accurate information, a keen observer of character and the influences which mould it, a critic somewhat caustic as became a man who secluded himself from the world and estimated human nature as philosophy and not as society taught him, a miser and a bit of a churl, Luttrell is yet one of the pleasantest companions that a lover of the close of the seventeenth century can wish to be intimate with. He is as observant as a social journalist, and as trustworthy as the London Gazette. Of the man himself little is known. From the Diary of Hearne preserved in the Bodleian we learn a few facts. "About the beginning of July last," he writes, August 13, 1732, "the prints tell us that after a tedious indisposition died Narcissus Luttrell. Esq., at Little Chelsea; a gentleman possessed of a plentiful estate and descended from the ancient family of the Luttrells of Dunstar Castle in Somersetshire." A few days later we have a longer entry relating to this individual. "The foresaid Mr. Luttrell was well known for his curious library, especially for the number and scarcity of English history and antiquities which he collected in a lucky hour at very reasonable rates. . . . But though he was so curious and diligent in collecting and amassing together, yet he affected to live so private as hardly to be known in person; and yet for all that he must be attended to his grave by judges and the first of his profession in the Law to whom (such was the sordidness of his temper) he would not have given a meal's meat in his life. He hath left a son who is likewise a bookish man." Sir Walter Scott when engaged upon editing the works of Dryden acknowledges his indebtedness to this library. "The Editor," he writes, "has been greatly assisted by free access to a valuable collection of the fugitive pieces of the reigns of Charles the Second, James the Second, William the Third, and Queen Anne. This curious collection was made by Narcissus Luttrell, Esq., under whose name the editor usually quotes it. This industrious collector seems to have bought every poetical tract, of whatever merit, which was hawked through the streets in his time, marking carefully the price and date of the purchase. His collection contains the earliest editions of many of our most excellent poems, bound up according to the order of time with the lowest trash of Grub Street. It was dispersed on Mr. Luttrell's death."

When Lord Macaulay was writing his history this valuable diary was still in manuscript, and could only be consulted by journeying down to Oxford. Thirty years ago the University, in the exercise of a wise discretion, resolved to publish Luttrell's seventeen small volumes and make public what had too long, in the interests of history, been concealed. "The Diary of Narcissus Luttrell," says the preface, "is printed from a MS. in seventeen volumes 8vo. preserved in the Library of All Souls' College. It was bequeathed to that College at the close of the last century by Luttrell Wynne, D.C.L., a relation of the writer and a former Fellow of the Society. The Diary terminates abruptly, and as the writer of it lived several years after the last date recorded in it, other and later volumes may have been written and be still in existence." A charge of want of matter cannot, however, be brought against Narcissus Luttrell, for in its present printed form his entries fill six bulky volumes. The work, though not difficult to procure, is seldom met with.

The Diary begins with the revelation of that accomplished Ananias Dr. Titus Oates, of Salamanca, touching "a hellish conspiracy contrived and carried on by the Papists" in the September of 1678, and ends, as has been said, very abruptly in the April of 1714. The first volume is somewhat deficient in interest until the events which ushered in the flight of James and the accession of the Prince of Orange fall from the diarist's pen, whilst the facts recorded in the fifth and sixth volumes are too technical and commonplace to throw much light upon the social and literary tone of the day. The value of the work to the historical writer and chronicler of past gossip is confined almost entirely to the second, third, and fourth volumes. During the period embraced within these limits the observant eye of

Luttrell leaves nothing of importance unscanned, and his diary is one of the most careful and faithful of guides that the historian desirous of giving life and vigour to his descriptions can follow. From the vantage point of his minute and frequent entries let us look down upon the scenes which usher in and succeed the arrival of "the Deliverer," and change not only a dynasty but the constitution of the country. James has fled, and put the Channel between him and his late subjects to become the recipient of the hospitality of Lewis the Fourteenth. His stupid son-in-law, Prince George of Denmark, who married his daughter, afterwards "good Queen Anne," and the self-seeking Lord Churchill have deserted his cause and thrown in their lot with the far-seeing apathetic Dutchman, The country follows their example, and, save by the Irish and a few Jacobites and high churchmen, the accession of William and his consort, Mary, is welcomed by all. Bitter persecution, and every illegality that despotism can inspire, have at last soured the most law-abiding people in the world into revolt and turned the current of their loyalty into another channel. The new king has been crowned, the new coinage has been stamped, war has been declared against the Stuart-protecting France, and Ireland is to be punished for her advocacy of the old cause. Tames, furnished with supplies from his patron, crossed over to the Emerald Isle, and essayed to win over his opponents in the north to his standard. In vain. Londonderry met his demands with a cry of "No surrender," and so gallant and lengthened was its resistance that the foiled Franco-Irish had no alternative but to abandon the siege. Then followed the rout of the Papists at Newton Butler, and the landing of the invincible Schomberg on the coast of Down. It was soon apparent that whoever might befriend the exiled House, there was little hope of Ireland being of service to the Jacobite cause. The defeat of the Boyne dealt James a blow from which he declined to rally, and he fled from Ireland, as he had fled from England, the moment disaster crossed his path. Bully and craven though he was, his followers exerted themselves to the utmost to win back his crown for him. But the Fates were against them. Town after town fell into the hands of the victorious William as he marched southwards; while such as effectually resisted him seem to have gained little good by their victory; then followed the capture of Cork by Marlborough, the capture of Athlone by Ginkell, and, last stage of all, the Pacification of Limerick, which put an end to the campaign in Ireland, and left William free to pursue his plan of hostilities upon the Continent. the shameful defeat of our fleet off Beachy Head whilst the campaign in Ireland was being waged. In conjunction with the Dutch, Admiral Herbert, now created Earl of Torrington, permitted himself to be defeated by the French under Admiral Tourville. The Dutch vessels which were placed in the van suffered severely, and bitter was the outcry of the countrymen of William at having to bear the brunt of battle whilst their English allies stood aloof. Torrington was tried by court-martial but acquitted: the king, however, deprived him of his command, and forbade him his presence. Slander said that the English admiral had sold himself to France. "The effigy of the Earl of Torrington," writes Luttrell, "is made in Holland riding on a dog with two women on his back, one hand combing his peruque, the other filling his pocket with French gold, with the motto in capital letters over his head: 'The Dutch got the honour, the French the advantage, and the English the shame.'"

With the return of King William to superintend the campaign in Flanders the entries in the diary of Luttrell increase in variety and interest. We there see the King animated by the one great ambition of his life—to crush the power of France. For this he schemed and flattered until he had welded Spaniard and Swede, Dane and German, Englishman and Dutchman into one mighty coalition to check the advance of the ever-conquering Lewis the Fourteenth. And it was chiefly to gratify this absorbing aim that he had consented to ascend the steps of the English throne and materially to aid his object by supplies drawn from the wealthy English treasury. The battle-field of the campaign was that "cockpit of Europe," the plains of Flanders. Thanks to the pages of Luttrell we see William in vain attempting to save the fall of Mons and of that hitherto impregnable fortress Namur. We see the French, so hastily surprised by the advance of the English at Steinkirk that they rushed into battle ere they had time to arrange the folds of their neckcloths; the disorder of their cravats was considered so graceful and becoming that fashion availed itself of the accident and introduced a special tie, elaborately careless, called the "Steinkirk," which was afterwards worn by every swell in Paris and London. At Landen ill luck still pursued the Allies, and the forces of Lewis were again victorious. Here it was, as we know, that Corporal Trim was wounded in the knee and subsequently nursed by the Beguine. Returning home, the outlook there seemed no brighter to William than it had been on the Continent. Jacobites were busy with their intrigues in favour of the exiled Stewart; Marlborough, plotting as usual, had been found out and had been disgraced; a coldness had sprung up between the wife of William and her sister Anne, who declined to abandon her gentle

and amiable friend Mrs. Freeman, otherwise called Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough; the massacre of Glencoe had alienated still further the Highlands from the house of Orange; a shameful conspiracy, encouraged by James, had been entered into to assassinate the King of England, but had; fortunately been discovered in time; the taxation was severe; the harvest had been bad, and the distress of the country was terrible; and, as is always the case under such conditions, crime, like an emancipated demon, was everywhere prevalent.

One ray of sunshine had, however, pierced through the gathering The naval battle of La Hogue had been fought, and the French had been thoroughly and ignominiously defeated—Beachy Head had been more than avenged. This and every event of importance, historically, socially, and commercially, is carefully recorded in the diary of Narcissus Luttrell; causes and consequences are narrated at some length, and we are taken, as it were, behind the scenes of English history. We read of Parliament and its deliberations, the death of Mary and the grief of the bereaved husband, the attempt to improve the currency, the rise and development of the Bank of England, the re-capture of Namur, where dear Uncle Toby met with the wound about which the arch Widow Wadman was so inquisitive, and the turn of the tide which led to the peace of Ryswick. There also we read of the feuds as to the abolition of trade monopolies, the visit of the Czar Peter to England, the popularity and unpopularity of the King, the marriages that were entered into by the leaders of fashion, the duels that were fought, the gambling that beguiled the leisure hours, the great men who went on the turf and the great men who were laid under it-action, diplomacy, intrigue, love, debt, and death, all pass before us in review, and show that if history repeats itself, the chronicles of one generation are no less very similar to those of another, and varied only, not as religion or morality teaches, but as superior education inspires and greater wealth directs and affords opportunity: it is a difference of kind, not of degree.

Where so much is of interest and the matter so voluminous, it is difficult to make selections from the entries of Luttrell. The following, taken from the years when his diary is at its best, may, however, serve to illustrate the nature of the facts he recorded and the light they throw on the history of his day.

1690, Jan. 16. The sessions was lately at the Old Bailey, where three persons were burnt on the hand, two ordered to be transported, six to be whipt, and nine received sentence of death, one of them to be drawn, hanged, and quartered for high treason in raising soldiers for King James; and some were ordered to be set in the pillory.

- 1690, Mar. 14. There is prepared for the King's service in Ireland an oven of copper to bake, which may be used on a march; as also a carriage wherein meat may be roasted and boiled on a
 - June 13. The Queen goes often in the evening to Chelsea Reach in her barge, and is diverted there with a concert or music.
 - Aug. 17. Mr. Peregrine Bertie, son to the late Earl of Lindsey, upon a wager ran the Mall in St. James's Park eleven times in less than an hour.
 - Sept. 12. Six persons were executed at Tyburn; some of them behaved themselves very impudently, calling for sack and drank King James's health, and affronted the ordinary at the gallows and refused his assistance, and bid the people return to their obedience and send for King James back.
 - Oct. 13. One Cox, a trooper, was shot to death in Hide Park for drawing on his officer.
 - Nov. 7. One Mrs. Mary Wharton, a young heiress of about £1,500 per annum, and about thirteen years of age, coming home with her aunt, Mrs. Byerley, in their coach about nine at night, and alighting out of it at her own aunt's, was violently seized on and put into a coach and six horses and carried away. . . . The persons that stole Mrs. Wharton, we hear, are Capt. James Campbel, Archibald Montgomery, and one Sir John Johnston.
 - Dec. 9. An extraordinary tide of the river Thames; it flowed into Westminster Hall, and has done great damage to several cellars and warehouses, spoiling much goods and merchandises.
 - Dec. 23. Sir John Johnston, condemned for stealing Mrs. Wharton, went up in a mourning coach to Tyburn, and was executed for the same; and his body was delivered to his friends in order to its being buried.
- 1601, Jan. 13. Sir Peter Rich has invented a way that every horseman [for the campaign in Flanders] shall carry behind him 150lbs. weight of hay made up into a truss in form of a portmanteau, which shall last a horse three weeks; and 'tis well approved of.

Feb. 6. This being the Princess of Denmark's birthday, the Queen, Prince, and Princess played publicly at cards at the Cockpit1, and afterwards they danced country dances at

Whitehall.

¹ The Council Chamber at Whitehall.

- 1691, Ap. 11. The Lord Obryan has married Mrs. Villiers, one of the maids of honour to the Queen. Her Majesty gave them their wedding supper at Kensington, where many of the nobility were present at a great ball. Her portion is £4,000 given by their Majesties, and £1,000 in clothes and jewels.
 - ", Ap. 16. An order is fixed on the Horse Guards' door by Whitehall, that no suspected person be permitted to walk in St. James's Park; and that several private doors into it should be shut up.
 - " May 1. Their Majesties have been pleased to settle a pension of £1,500 per annum on the late King James's daughter by the Countess of Dorchester.
 - " May 24. Letters out of Somersetshire bring a strange account of a monstrous calf that was calved last March, near Bath in that county, with the form of a woman's commode or headdress, near half a yard high, growing on its head.
 - " May 31. The Lord Newburgh, Sir John Conway, and some others, rambling in the night, fell upon the watch and beat them severely; and since, another scuffle has been with the watch by two Mr. Stricklands and some others, where a watchman was killed; the latter were taken and committed to Newgate.
 - " Oct. 5. A patent is about passing the Seals for promoting a project of one Mr. Edisbury for making the common ways plain and smooth in and about England.
 - " Dec. 29. Dr. Busby, of Westminster School, is given over; believed he will be succeeded by Mr. Knipe therein.
- 1692, Jan. 9. The King, according to custom, played on Twelfth Night at Groom Porter's,² and lost 200 guineas; but, playing afterwards again, won 100 guineas, and gave 150 to the Groom Porter.
 - " Jan. 28. His Majesty yesterday checked a young lord for swearing within his hearing; telling, the court should give good examples, and reformation should begin there first, and then others would follow.
 - " Feb. 13. This day the great frost broke, which had lasted about three weeks—very severe and bitter weather. The

¹ He did not die, however, till April 6, 1695.

² A fashionable gaming house near Whitehall. The Groom Porter was an official appointed by Letters Patent to supervise all manner of gaming within the kingdom; one Thomas Neale was the Groom Porter at this date. We learn from this diary that the post was in the gift of the Lord Chamberlain.

Thames was froze over, and several persons went over in different places; great snows also fell during that time, which made the roads unpassable; the northern post came not in a post or two, and the western mail beyond Exeter came not in for above a week together, the snows were so deep.

- 1692, Feb. 18. The young Duke of Richmond, son of the Duchess of Portsmouth, having taken away his mother's jewels, is escaped from Paris to Switzerland, and thence intended for Germany, and so, as believed, to come for England.
 - " Mar. 5. The Mint last night was robbed of seventy pounds of silver.
 - " Ap. 5. Last night a duel fought in Hide Park between Mr. Shernicroft and one Campell, related to the Earl of Argyle, who was found dead in the place this morning; it was occasioned by play about a brass shilling.
 - " Ap. 7. This morning a foot-race in St. James's Park; Capt. John Davis run 100 yards, with Col. Leighton in his mouth, against Sir [sic] Titchburn; and the former outrun the latter and won 20 guineas.
 - " Ap. 14. One Mr. Davis, going into the north with an heiress, with a design to marry her, accidentally shot her in an inn as he was trying his pistols, not thinking them loaded; then shot his man for charging them, and afterwards himself.
 - "Fairy Queen"; exceeds former plays; the clothes, scenes, and music cost £3,000.
 - May 24. The bankers at Paris have lent King James 360,000 crowns for his descent 2 at £7 per cent.; 200,000 crowns have been lent him by private persons and religious houses; Pope sent him his blessing, but no money.
 - " July 5. On Friday the Queen goes to Kensington, to stay there some days to drink the Spa waters.
 - " July 23. The justices of the peace of Middlesex have made an order to put the statute of the 23rd of Henry VIII. in execution to prohibit all unlawful games recited therein, as bowls, ninepins, shovel-boards, cards, dice, tables, &c., in all public places.

¹ The favourite mistress of Charles II. On the death of her lover she lived in Paris, and had a pension allowed her of £1,000 a year from King William to be paid in France.

² The descent upon England, which was frustrated by the glorious victory of La Hogue, May 19 and 21, 1692.

- 1692, Aug. 18. Last Sunday a Jew, lately turned Christian, of fifty years of age, was christened in the new chapel near St. James's.
 - " Sept. 8. At two this afternoon happened here a small earthquake, which was sensibly felt through the city and suburbs, lasted about half a minute, shook the houses, and frighted many people, but no hurt done.
 - " Nov. 19. Yesterday being a great fog, several robberies were committed, particularly between London and Kensington; and a gentleman crossing St. James's Square about noon had two pistols clapt to his breast and robbed of three pounds, though near other persons.
 - " Dec. 1. Witney, the notorious highwayman, offers to bring in eighty stout men of his gang to the King's service, if he may have his pardon.
- 1693, Jan. 3. Capt. Blood, an officer in Col. Fowke's regiment, and son to him that stole the crown, is seized at Portsmouth, and accused by the boy to be one of those that robbed the mail going thither.
 - " Jan. 7. Yesterday the King hunted on Putney Heath, and was present at a great ball at Kensington, where at night he played off two hundred guineas, according to custom.
 - " Jan. 19. This day a person in a leather apron rushed into the House of Commons, and was making up to the chair, but the sergeant stopped him and took him away.
 - ,, Ap. 27. A person was this day convicted at the Session's House for sacrilege, rape, burglary, murder, and robbing on the highway; all committed in twelve hours' time.
 - ,, July 25. A mandamus is sealed and sent to Dr. Gower, master of St. John's College, Cambridge, to turn out twenty Fellows of that college refusing to take the oaths.
 - ,, Aug. 19. On Thursday last Dr. Titus Oates was married to one Mrs. Wells, a young gentlewoman in the city worth £2,000.
 - " Aug. 31. Tuesday, Mr. Thomas Browne, author of a paper called the "Salamanca Wedding," which severely reflects on Dr. Oates' marriage, was taken into custody for the same, but is since bailed.
 - " Sept. 16. Dr. Oates' wife yesterday kissed the Queen's hand.
 - " Sept. 23. This morning a rainbow seen in the firmament with two ends standing up.
- 1694, Ap. 10. A duel was yesterday fought between one Mr. Lawes and Mr. Wilson in Bloomsbury Square; the latter was killed

upon the spot and the other is sent to Newgate; 'tis that Mr. Wilson who for some years past hath made a great figure, living at the rate of $\pounds_{4,000}$ per ann. without any visible estate; and the several gentlemen who kept his company and endeavoured to find out his way of living could never effect it.

- 1694, July 17. This day was published their Majesties' proclamation concerning colours to be worn on board ships, prohibiting other than the King's ships to wear their Majesties' Jack called the Union Jack.
 - " Dec. 29. Yesterday, about one in the morning, Her Majesty departed this life at Kensington; the King is mightily afflicted thereat, and the whole Court, as also this city, and impossible to express the general grief upon this occasion.
- 1695, Feb. 5. Mr. Congreve having published in print a poem upon the Queen, His Majesty hath ordered him 100 guineas for the same.
 - " Dec. 17. Dr. Oates is ordered to be prosecuted in the Spiritual Court for striking Mr. Green, chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury.
- 1696, Feb.22. A patent is ordered to pass the seals granting to the Duke of Ormond the sole benefit of coining halfpence and farthings in Ireland.
- Mar. 12. Charnock, King, and Keyes were yesterday tried for high treason in conspiring to assassinate His Majesty; the witnesses against them were Porter, Pendergrasse, Boyse, Bertram, and La Rue, whose evidence was very full. Porter deposed that Charnock told him Sir George Barclay and others had brought a commission from King James signed with his own hand for the doing it and Sir William Parkins had read it: that they had several consults before they could fix where this tragedy should be acted, and at length agreed upon the end of a lane by Turnham Green on the King's. return from Richmond, Feb. 22, by forty-five persons on horseback, to be divided into two parties, the greater by Sir George Barclay and the lesser by Porter, to murder the King. The prisoners said little in their own defence, insisting chiefly upon some niceties in law; and the jury, in a quarter of an hour after going from the bar, returned bringing them all in guilty; after which sentence of death passed upon them.

1696, June 4. A great cock match is now fighting at Oxford betwixt the London and Shropshire gamesters, where will be twenty matches, at ten guineas each, and one at a hundred.

- 1696, Dec. 8. The Princess of Denmark is ill of convulsion fits.
- 1667, Feb. 6. This being the Princess of Denmark's birthday, His Majesty ordered the play of "Love for Love" to be acted at Whitehall; and at night Her Highness entertains the King with a ball at St. James's.
 - " Mar. 20. Dr. Blackmore having written a poem called "King Arthur," and dedicated it to the King, His Majesty hath conferred the honour of knighthood upon him.
 - " June 29. A French privateer has seized Mr. Winstanley, the engineer, together with his workmen, as they were erecting a lighthouse at Eddystone rock, off Plymouth, and carried him to France, destroyed his work, but left his men behind them.
 - ,, Aug. 24. The Lord Mayor has published an order forbidding all unlawful gaming, excess in drinking, swearing, cursing, &c. in Bartholomew Fair.²
- 1697, Sept. 4. The Czar [Peter the Great] is still at Amsterdam busying himself among the ship carpenters and blacksmiths working in the docks and is very inquisitive about navigation. . . . he uses all means to prevent being known by the common people, has lodged several nights with a blacksmith who formerly lived at Moscow, with whom he converses freely; his usual disguise is a Dutch seaman's habit, and his attendance seldom above two persons.
 - " Sept. 30. The roads near this city are much infested by high-waymen.
 - " Oct. 2. On Wednesday the Lord Cutts took a view of the battalion of Foot Guards and discharged several who were of low stature.
 - " Oct. 28. Yesterday being appointed by the States General for a thanksgiving for the peace,³ the Dutch ambassador here made a very noble bonfire before his house in St. James's Square, consisting of about 140 pitch barrels placed pyramidically on seven scaffolds, during which the trumpets sounded and two hogsheads of wine were kept running continually amongst the common people.
 - 1 This was the first of the lighthouses erected on the rock.
- ² Of the three fairs beloved by the cockney and roughs of this date—Bartholomew, May Fair, and Southwark—Bartholomew was the loosest and most riotous.
- ³ This was the peace of Ryswick, which ended the war which had begun in 1688 with France against Holland, Germany, Spain, and England. From this diary we learn that the fireworks let off in St. James's Square on the day of the rejoicing alone cost £10,000.

- 1698, Jan. 11. Yesterday the Czar of Muscovy was brought from Greenwich in His Majesty's barge and at present lies incognito at a house joining to the water side in Norfolk Street [Strand]; he cares not to be seen, and when he came out of Admiral Mitchell's ship which brought him over he caused all the seamen to go under deck.
 - ",, Feb. 12. This day one Hopkins was, by order of the Lord Chief Justice Holt, shown to all the courts in Westminster Hall, with a paper on his forehead, signifying that on seeing the King and Queen's pictures he said they had been here seven years as a plague to this nation.
 - " Mar. 22. The Commons yesterday divided about a clause in the Bill against profaneness relating to the Jews who deny Jesus Christ; 144 were for it and 78 against it: so the clause was added that the Jews shall not be molested.
 - " May 12. The Justices of Middlesex did not only present the playhouses but also that women frequenting the playhouses in masks¹ tended much to debauchery and immorality.

Here is a "Bradlaugh incident":-

- 1699, Jan. 7. Yesterday Mr. Archdale the Quaker appeared in his place in the House of Commons as member for Wickham; said he was chose by the majority of the Church of England without his own seeking; and that he had advice of lawyers that his affirmation would stand good instead of an oath, which he could not take without prejudicing his party: after some debate the lawyers in the House were of opinion he could not sit without the oaths, for that the Act that relates to the solemn affirmation is only that a Quaker may give evidence in Courts of Justice; upon which a writ was ordered out for electing another in his room.
 - " Mar. 21. A whale sixty-five foot long was taken at the buoy of the Nore and is brought to Blackwall.
 - " May 16. Yesterday a large sturgeon was taken in the Thames near Hammersmith and presented to the King.
 - " Oct. 26. A nunnery being lately discovered at Hammersmith, His Majesty has appointed an inquisition in order to find out and seize the lands that supported it.
- ¹ Masks were at this date the substitute for the veil of the present day. Ladies rode in them, walked in the gardens in them, listened to concerts in them, and went to the theatres, to hide their blushes, in them. However, they were rapidly going out of fashion, and giving place to the commode or headdress. During the next reign only the half-world were masks at the playhouses.

- 1669, Nov. 18. This day the King went to Hampton Court where he will stay till Wednesday, and dined with Mr. Medina, a rich Jew, at Richmond.
 - "Nov. 25. This day the strong Kentish man was shown at the playhouse in Dorset Gardens ¹, where he drew against a horse and lifted twenty hundred weight; the boxes ten shillings a piece and the pit five shillings.
- 1700, Aug. 13. We hear the Princess [of Denmark] has bought the Lord Godolphin's house and gardens near Windsor situate between the Castle and the forest; and that Her Highness has ordered the day on which the Duke of Gloucester [her only child] died to be annually kept as a day of mourning in the family.

How numerous would be the offenders if the following investigation were now to take place!

- 1700, Sept. 14. Yesterday the Duke of Norfolk held a Court of chivalry, and several persons are to be tried for taking coats of arms which do not belong to them.
- " Nov. 26. The Lord Chamberlain has ordered that no women masked shall be permitted to come into the playhouse.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

¹ Dorset Gardens Theatre was in Salisbury Court, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street. At this date it had fallen from its status as a theatre and was like an inferior music hall of the present day.

AUTUMN CHAMOIS-HUNTING.

A LONG summer spent in the beautiful but little known Val d'Anniviers¹ had drawn to a close, and the gorgeous hues of autumn had begun to set in a frame of red and gold the pictures of ice, snow, and rock which had held so long enthralled the lovers of the mountains.

The last of the summer visitors was fussily superintending the stowage of his belongings upon the country cart which was to take him and them down to the region of railways and hotels. My own knapsack was ready packed in the hall, and I was taking a farewell glass on the verandah with the hospitable master of the house, the curé, and his nephew.

We talked but little; I, at least, was somewhat sad at the thought of leaving that lovely spot and those simple kind-hearted friends who, during a daily intercourse of many weeks, had shown me that true gentility is independent of titles and of forms of government.

The old curé, most genial and amusing of ecclesiastics, was drumming with his forefinger on the table, watching with absent gaze the movements of the carter and his fares, the host was listening abstractedly to some local gossip of the place from the village post-mistress, while the nephew sat at a little distance, with legs stretched out, hat pushed back, and an extinct cigar in his mouth, looking like a fair-skinned Othello whose occupation was gone.

At last the baggage was all stowed away, the travellers mounted, and with a wave of the hand to us the party disappeared, amid the pistol-cracks of the whip, round the corner which hid them finally from our sight.

We had all risen to wave our farewells, and now we turned and entered the house; the host and the curé to crack another bottle, the nephew to saunter listlessly through the empty corridors, and I to collect my chattels.

When I returned to the little hall, I found my friend Peter (the nephew) standing before the map on the wall, and when he heard

1 See Gentleman's Magazine for January 1887.

me descending the stair he turned and, removing the cigar stump from his lips, asked me which way I meant to return to Montreux.

"Well," said I, "I thought of staying a day at Sierre, and then simply stepping into a through train. Can you suggest a quicker way?"

"Not a quicker one," was the reply; "but one far pleasanter. What do you say to a walk by Leuk, the Gemmi, and the Wildstrübel to Lenk, and thence to the Diablerets, where you can take the diligence?"

"I should like nothing better, but (and this But is spelt with a capital, please) I should want a guide, or at least a porter, and the sinews of war are exhausted for this year."

"Well," said Peter, slowly, and gazing intently at the ruins of his cigar, "I have an aunt who lives at Gsteig, only two hours from the Diablerets, and I should like to see her; so that we could go so far together; and then . . . as to expense . . . if . . . but Monsieur would not . . ."

- "Would not what?" I asked, as Peter hesitated.
- "Not like to pass the nights in peasants' huts."
- "And why not?"
- "Oh, I thought . . . I was afraid . . . that Monsieur would be offended if I proposed to him to sleep at the châlets of some of my friends on the way."

"Peter, you know very well it would not be the first time I have passed a pleasant hour in a châlet, and if you are good enough to let me accompany you, and your friends will not think me in the way, I will go."

The mangled remains of the cigar here disappeared through the window, and the erst forlorn Othello became suddenly once more the brisk and cheerful youth who had been the life and soul, as well as the guide, of so many pleasant trips in bygone days.

My departure was delayed till the following day, and that evening I dined with the curé and slept at his house, for the hotel was being turned inside out preparatory to being closed for the winter.

Next morning's sun, when he rose above the mountains, saw Peter and myself well on the road down the valley, and at nine o'clock we were discussing a hearty breakfast in the hotel at Sierre. Mine host, broader and ruddier than ever, proposed to drive us part of the way to Leukerbad, and, as this would save us a hot and dusty trudge along the baked roads of the Rhone Valley, we accepted the offer eagerly. Through the vines and fields the sleek horse drew us steadily and stolidly, and at Salquenen we bade farewell to

our jovial charioteer, and set out to walk up the west side of the gorge towards the Baths of Leuk.

There is no need to dwell on the features of this well-known ravine, with its noisy torrent below and its adventurous villages above. Enough that we arrived at the cluster of hotels and châlets known as Leukerbad about one o'clock, and there I found H——, an artist friend of mine, about to start across the Gemmi on his way to Thun.

Him we persuaded to make a third in our excursion, and just before sunset we started, reaching the foot of the stupendous precipices which close the valley just as the moon rose.

If the Gemmi by daylight is one of the most awe-inspiring of the lower passes of Switzerland, what words can describe its grandeur when the short twilight is fading and the ever-brightening moon is throwing its white and ghostly light on projecting points, while the chasms grow more gloomy and suggestive, the dark corners more sombre and mysterious, with every step.

When we reached the summit, and the lights in the little hotel flickered just before us, night and her attendant frost had spread a mantle of silence over all: the brawling glacier streams had hushed their noisy chatter among the stones, and not a sound was to be heard. The snow-topped mountains loomed all around, white and ghostly, and the always desolate plateau appeared more lifeless and forlorn than ever.

A good supper revived us after the toil of the ascent, and after a futile attempt at waking the echo with an Alpine horn, H—— and I followed the example already set us by Peter, and retired to rest.

The next morning, an hour before daylight we were afoot once more, H—— and I with ice-axe and knapsack only, Peter with a short Martini carbine in addition, and before sunrise we were on the glacier above which rose the spotless snow of the Wildstrübel.

There were a good many crevasses, but none of any magnitude which could not easily be circumvented, and for an hour or more, till we reached the snow, our work was easy. Then the sun's rays, gaining power, began to melt the somewhat fresh snow, and laden as we were, we sank at each step to the knee.

This was fatiguing, but as we were in no hurry we took things easily, and were within half an hour of the top when the weather began to change. With marvellous rapidity clouds began to form and sweep upwards towards us, then rain came on, and just as we reached the top this turned to hail. Talk of Egypt: if Pharaoh had been with us there would have been little hesitation in his mind about getting rid of the parasitic tribes of Israel!

The hailstones were as large as walnuts, and came down with such force as to raise bruises on our hands, so that we were glad to put our axes under our arms and our hands in our pockets. At the same time a tremendous wind came sweeping up from the east, and it turned so cold that the snow froze hard as stone in a few minutes.

We did not stop to examine the view, but hurried after Peter, who made for some isolated rocks a few feet below the summit on the south-west side.

To reach these we had to cross the top of a long and steep snow-slope, the bottom of which was hidden from us by the clouds, and no sooner did H—— set foot on the hard-frozen surface than he slipped and fell. My heart jumped up into my mouth as I made a grab at him in passing me, for he was a heavy man, and the jerk might have sent us both down together; but I had a good hold with the ice-axe, and though I could not pull him up, yet I so far checked his downward impetus that he was able to use his own axe, and in a few moments was on his feet again. Peter was already out of sight behind the rocks, and we were not long in joining him in the shelter, such as it was.

We were in a miserable state: our hands bleeding from contact with the frozen snow and ice, our coats, first wet through with the rain, were now frozen as stiff as boards, while the icy wind seemed to pierce us to the very marrow.

Crouching down under a rock, we passed round the welcome flask, and "wished for" the storm to cease. H—suggested a pipe, and we all filled, but . . . where are the matches? . . . Mine were wet and useless, H—'s no better, all depended on Peter. With breathless anxiety we watched him explore his pockets . . . Horror! His, too, are wet. Eagerly we search each hidden corner, each forgotten pocket, but with no result. Dumb despair now seizes us, and we crouch closer to the friendly stone which shelters us at least from the icy wind.

Half an hour was thus passed in shivering wretchedness, and then the storm ceased almost as suddenly as it began. The clouds rolled away, the wind went down, and the sun shone out bright and warm once more.

We rose, shook ourselves, and were just tying on the rope preparatory to descending the slope diagonally, when H ——— put his hand on my shoulder and pointed downwards. There, five hundred feet below us, was a mighty "Bergschrund," and into its yawning chasm we should both have infallibly descended to an almost certain death, had not that slip of half an hour before been mercifully

stopped. H—— was much affected, and I hardly less so, at the evidence of our narrow escape, and when we set out once more on the snow we walked very circumspectly, treading religiously in the steps cut and kicked for us by Peter.

Arrived at a point whence a steep slope led smoothly down clear of all obstructions, we cast off the rope and glissaded for several hundred feet; H—— causing much laughter by turning completely round and arriving at the bottom minus hat, knapsack, and iceaxe, which had halted en route, and plus a great deal of snow in his pockets and down his neck and ears. While he climbed back to fetch his belongings, Peter and I got out some provisions, and with their help and our recent exertions we were soon restored to a normal condition of heat and good spirits. The discovery of four dry matches in Peter's waistcoat pocket completed our restoration, and after an hour's enjoyable rest we started once more downwards, across alternate rocks and snow, till we came to the edge of the first of the series of precipices which overlook the Valley of Lenk.

Here we halted, while Peter crept along a narrow ledge round a corner of the cliff to reconnoitre a spot which he knew to be a haunt of the chamois. He did not, he said, expect to see any then, as they would probably still be higher up among the upper rocks, but it was possible that he might, and if so he should return next day and try to get a shot. So we sat down and waited. A quarter of an hour, half an hour, passed away, and no sign of Peter. It was clouding over again, and not by any means warm; so we paced about till an hour had gone by, and then decided to try and find a way down the cliff for ourselves. This proved no easy task. At one or two places we managed to get down some fifty feet or so, and then, unable to proceed, were compelled to scramble up again. At last we hit upon a place where there was a slight indentation in the line of rocks, the sides being inclined to one another at an obtuse angle, while the cliff was removed by about twenty degrees from the perpendicular, and there was a ledge about half-way down whence we might scramble or even slide to the snow of an old avalanche at the bottom without much risk to life or limb.

We had about sixty feet of rope with us, and, having climbed down till we arrived at a place where the rock became almost perpendicular, H—— held the end of the cord while I lowered myself down the twelve or fifteen feet which separated us from the ledge abovementioned. Here there was good standing-room, so I told H—— to lower his ice-axe and other impedimenta, and then to slide down to me. This he did, arriving with such a rush that he all but went

clear off the ledge again. However, he just avoided doing so, but in my excitement I kicked over H——'s bundle, which took with it the rope and both our axes.

"Hallo!" said H—, "here's a fix: if we can't get down or up again, we shall have a gay time of it till Peter turns up."

We could not help laughing at our own plight; but as we did not feel inclined to remain to be laughed at by another, we soon began to clamber cautiously down the rock, which was not so easy as it had looked from above, and was very slippery from the recent rain.

We were still about thirty feet from the bottom when an earpiercing yell from H—— made me turn round so sharply that I lost my balance, made one frantic clutch at a knob of rock, missed it, and shot down the remainder of the descent like a sack of coals into a ship's hold. Luckily the snow upon which I alighted was soft, and as I arrived right end up, I soon struggled out, none the worse for my tumble except for sundry tears and scratches.

But where was H——? Not a trace of him could I see above or below me. I shouted: no reply. This was serious. I picked myself up and commenced to climb back to the foot of the rock, and there, about six feet from where I myself had lit upon the snow, yawned a large hole, into which my unhappy friend must have plunged.

Horror-struck, I rushed to the edge and looked downwards. The hole appeared to be of great depth, for I could not see the bottom, but it did not go straight down, making a curve outwards from the face of the cliff about four feet from the surface, and to my surprise a faint light seemed to come *upwards*. I leant over the hole and shouted; it sounded hollow, and had scarcely died away when an answer came back in deep sepulchral tones: "All right; I've gone right through; there's a beastly spring down here, and it has hollowed out a great cave in the snow; lower the end of the rope, and I'll be up again in two minutes."

The rope was speedily lowered, but I dared not attempt to hoist my friend out lest our united weight should break through the snow, and then we should both be literally "in a hole"; so I thrust both axes into the firm snow and took a turn of the rope round them, holding the other end in my hand at a little distance. In a few moments H——'s head appeared, and then, with a final struggle, his body also, and we stood once more united.

"By Jove," said H——, "I could not think where I had got to, when I recovered from the shock down there. I did not at first see the hole I had come in by, and was beginning to crawl down the tunnel made by the stream when your shout stopped me."

We now collected our traps and moved down from the snow to the grass slope below, where we halted again and partook of another cold collation. We had hardly finished when the sharp crack of a rifle in the distance startled us to our feet. A faint cheer told us that the shot had been successful, and twenty minutes later Peter made his appearance on the cliff some distance to the east, with the body of a chamois on his back.

In a very short time he had joined us, and was explaining, with his mouth full, how he had been so excited by the sight of three chamois that he had completely forgotten our existence, and had with much trouble stalked his game and shot the fine buck which we were now examining with so much interest.

His success inspired us with a longing to emulate it, and as we climbed down the succession of step-like cliffs towards Siebenbrunnen we discussed the subject eagerly, with the result that we decided to stay at that place, where there is a large châlet kept by one of Peter's friends, borrow if possible a couple of rifles, and try our hand at the sport on the morrow.

The châlet proved to be lacking in the matter of accommodation: there were no spare beds, but plenty of sweet hay in the loft over the stable. This loft was simply a floor or shelf about eight feet above the level of the stable itself and extending over the habitable part of the châlet. The edge of this floor next the cows' cribs was quite unprotected to allow of the hay being pulled down, and as the past summer's crop was already stored in it there was only room for the three of us to lie side by side.

After despatching the cow-boy to hunt up another rifle at Lenk, we took an early supper and went to rest just at sunset, for we were to start at midnight to gain the hunting-ground by dawn so as to catch the chamois, if possible, napping.

Peter took the outside or post of danger, we others packed ourselves as closely as possible into the hay to give him room, and soon we were all asleep, notwithstanding the uneasy fidgeting of a dyspeptic cow in the stable below.

It seemed to me that I had slept for about ten minutes when I was roused by a shout from Peter, followed by a loud lowing of cows and ringing of cow-bells. At the same moment the light of a lantern flashed in my eyes, and H—, sitting up suddenly, struck his head against a beam and made a cursory remark on the hardness of the wood.

The light showed us that Peter was absent, and a glance over the edge of the loft revealed him below among the cows, rubbing his

elbows and knees alternately, and swearing at the beasts. It seems that some sleepless cow, reaching up to try and get some hay, had inadvertently laid hold of Peter's coat, which overhung the edge, and the pull and the sudden awakening had rolled the poor fellow over, so that he fell down upon the neck of the non-expecting cow and thence to the ground, causing dismay in the vaccine breasts.

The owner of the châlet, arriving at this opportune moment with his lantern to wake us, soon restored equanimity to all, and led the way to the kitchen, where some steaming coffee banished our drowsiness, and by half past twelve we were ready to start.

Our messenger had succeeded in procuring us two guns—one a Martini, and the other a Wetterli rifle, the former a handy and not too heavy weapon, the latter somewhat long and weighty.

H—— and I tossed up for choice, and he won, so I had to take the Wetterli—a fact which ere long impressed me considerably.

When we left the châlet the moon was still above the actual horizon, though hidden from us by the mass of the mountains, but it was dark enough to necessitate very cautious walking, notwithstanding the light of Peter's lantern. Slowly and painfully we climbed for nearly three hours, by which time it was pitch dark. We then halted to arrange our "plan of campaign." Peter calculated that in another hour and a half we should reach the extreme end of the wall of cliff we had descended the day before, and as by that time it would be near sunrise, H—— and I would take our posts so as to command the only practicable exit on our side from the favourite sleeping quarters of the chamois, while he, creeping cautiously round, would approach it from the eastward.

Resuming our march at a very slow pace, for we were compelled to extinguish the light, we succeeded, after much exertion, in scaling the cliff, crossed the Amerten Glacier by the grey light of dawn, and at five o'clock H—— was left on a ledge of the ridge of rock which divides the Lenk Valley from the Engstligen Thal. Peter guided me to a point about 500 yards north-west of this spot, almost on the summit of the ridge, where he left me, and, descending once more to the glacier, disappeared from view towards the east.

The point where I was posted commanded a full view on both sides of the ridge, and to the south-east along its crest, but was completely shut in towards the north-west by a shoulder or buttress of rock. The scene was a weird and impressive one; the silence, unbroken by the faintest sound of life, was almost oppressive. I longed to shout, to sing, to talk aloud, if only to myself; but this would

probably ruin my chance of a shot, so I was fain to sit down in a crevice of the rock and possess my soul in patience, till the chamois should be pleased to show themselves. Opposite to me, across the glacier, towered the long white summit of the Wildstrübel, and beyond it, to the right, the great rocks of the Gletscherhorn and the Weisshorn, looming black and frowning in the dim light. On my left the chain of peaks forming the eastern boundary of the Engstligen Thal, all grey and sharp-cut against the now rapidly lightening sky. At my feet on both sides the cold white surface of the glacier spread without a break to the foot of the rocks beyond; all below was grey and cold and silent; it seemed as though I had been suddenly translated into a dead world,

There where the sinners stand out in the cold,

the "ninth circle" of some yet unoccupied "Inferno."

For some twenty minutes there was no change in the dreary outlook; then a faint warm glow appeared in the eastern sky; this rose rapidly almost to the zenith, and grew momentarily redder, while yellow rays shot up from behind the ridge on my left, the rocks and snow to the right began to blush a delicate pink colour; then, as the sun-god's chariot mounted higher in the now paling sky, the pink gave place to gold, and each snow summit flashed and glowed like topaz.

It was a glorious and never-to-be-forgotten sight: the change in its suddenness and completeness was absolutely startling.

I was so absorbed in watching the sunrise that I entirely forgot the primary object of my presence on the mountain, and had mounted a small rocky point to obtain a better view, when I was recalled to a practical state of mind by catching sight of an object moving rapidly up the edge of the ridge towards me and at no great distance.

It was a chamois, followed at an interval of some yards by two more. They had not yet perceived me, and in two minutes, if they held their present course and speed, they would be within shot. But where, oh where, was my rifle? I knew only too well that it was harmlessly leaning against a rock some thirty yards away, and the space which divided me from it was in full view of the advancing chamois.

But to hesitate would be as fatal as to attract the attention of the game by moving, for how could I shoot without a gun? I therefore dropped suddenly and quietly behind the boulder on which I had been standing, waited a few moments until I judged that the animals must be within range, and then made a dash across the open space.

snatched up my gun and turned to take at least a "snap" shot before it should be too late.

The leading chamois had sighted me, of course, and the others, probably his wife and child, were already across the ridge and out of sight; but the advance-guard was now the rear, within 300 yards, bounding rapidly from rock to rock across the line of fire; for one second he paused, his body standing out dark and distinct against the snowy background. I pulled the trigger, and simultaneously the chamois disappeared. Was he hit? Hope said "yes," but experience put in a "quære." To settle the matter it would be necessary to go and see. Hastily re-loading as I ran, I scrambled recklessly over rocks, stones, and patches of snow to the point where I had last seen the chamois. It was not there, but some spots of blood on a rock close by showed that I had at least scored an "outer," if the "bull" was untouched.

I would fain have followed the tracks, but as they led directly towards the spot where I judged H-- to be lying in wait, I resolved to halt for a few minutes and give time for his shot. Sure enough, just as I raised my flask to my lips to wash down the bread and sausage which had gone before, I heard the crack of a rifle, and thereupon set off at once to trace the wounded game, and, as I judged, to rejoin my friend. Half an hour of very rough going brought me some distance below the ridge, but, as it seemed to me, a good deal farther northwards than H--'s ambush. Suddenly I caught sight of a man's figure, scrambling down towards the glacier, and evidently incommoded by something on his back. A glance through the binocular showed me two things: first, that the man was neither H—— nor Peter; second, that he was carrying the body of a chamois. Could it be mine? I would at least make sure; so I started by a route which would cut off the stranger before he reached the glacier, encumbered as he was. As I did so I hailed him to stop, but though he heard me, and looked round, he only quickened his pace and settled his burden more comfortably on his shoulders. Plunging down the steep and rocky slope, regardless of slips and falls, of knubbly rocks and falling stones, I found myself at last, breathless, panting, and decidedly cross, within twenty yards of the chase. Once more I shouted to him to stop, and this time he seemed to think it better to do so, for he let the chamois' body slide to the ground, and sat down on a rock to await my approach.

He was a fair-haired, grey-eyed boy of nineteen or twenty, giving promise of great bodily strength, but with a most irresolute mouth and a rather unpleasant sidelong gaze. He was evidently

taking stock of me and trying to decide on what course he should pursue.

I am fairly proficient in the German language so far as speaking is concerned (not grammar), but I felt at that moment as if nothing but pure and unadulterated English were capable of giving adequate expression to my sentiments.

When, therefore, I arrived in front of the object of my exhausting chase, I proceeded to give vent to my disgust and anger in a string of really forcible and impressive ejaculations, disjointed because of my lack of breath, but very soul-satisfying and ire-assuaging.

My companion of course understood not a word, but the tone was unmistakable, and his look became one of sullen doggedness when I addressed him in German, and the following dialogue ensued:—

- "Why didn't you stop when I shouted?"
- "I didn't know you were shouting to me."
- "Then why did you hurry on when you saw me rushing after you?"
- "I didn't know--"-with a shrug.
- "Did you shoot that chamois?"
- "Yes."
- "Let me look at him; where is he hit?"
- "You can see the bullet-hole."
- "Is that the only one? Turn him over, and let me see."

Now, if the hole referred to were the only one, it was obvious to me that I could not claim the chamois, for it was on the left side just in front of the quarter, whereas my bullet must, from my position at the time, have struck the beast on the right side. So I repeated the last request in a somewhat less peremptory tone, and was surprised when the youth, with a flush of anger, replied, "I shall not do so. What right have you to question me like this? Go your way and let me go mine."

There was a certain amount of reason in this, and, as I was by this time much cooler, and had begun to think I might be making a fool of myself for nothing, I might have forborne to push the matter further, but the boy (a man would not have done it), seeing me pause, thought to finish me off by a bit of bounce, and laid his hand on his rifle with a menacing air. In an instant the butt of my Wetterli had knocked his out of reach, and I bade him sternly stay where he was while I examined the chamois. The result of my examination was the finding of another bullet hole just behind the right shoulder which convinced me that my opponent was not alone concerned in the death of the animal.

I told him that I believed the chamois to be as much mine as his,

that I would, however, have foregone my claim to it if he had not been so foolish as to threaten me, but that as he had done so I should take care not to lose sight of him until I had laid the case before my companions. I then bade him take up the chamois and walk before me up the mountain towards H——'s station, adding that as I was sure that to carry both rifle and chamois would be too fatiguing for him, I myself would take charge of the former. He scowled at me, hesitated for a moment, as if still half-inclined to try force, then seeing me smile, uttered an exclamation of rage, caught up the chamois, and began striding upwards at a great pace, I following somewhat more leisurely. We had progressed thus for over halt an hour, in absolute silence, when a jödel was heard a little to the right, and a few minutes later Peter made his appearance, rifle in hand.

He stared at us, open-mouthed, for a moment, then, seeming to take in the situation, he turned upon the boy, and, addressing him as Oscar, demanded what he was doing in that part of the mountain.

Oscar remained dumb, and I gave Peter an account of what had happened. When I had finished, he began again, abusing the lad roundly, telling him he would never make a good hunter, that he should be locked up at Lenk for threatening me, and finally ordering him home like a whipped puppy. All this time the boy never uttered a word, though he grew very pale, and his eyes looked very vicious. When Peter told him to go home, he rose and attempted to take his rifle from the ground where I had thrown it, but Peter set his foot across the barrel, and forbade him to touch it, whereupon, without a word, the young boor turned on his heel and commenced the descent of the mountain in the direction of Lenk.

When he was out of sight, Peter told me that he was a cousin of the owner of the châlet where we had slept the night before, and that in all probability he had heard from the cow-boy, who was sent into Lenk for rifles, the details of our intended expedition, and had made himself an uninvited fourth in it. "It is not his first offence of the kind," continued Peter; "last autumn he was nearly shot by Marc Binder for the very same trick that he tried to play on you. He is very shy and very sullen, and would always rather obtain his ends by roundabout means than by frank straightforwardness."

This incident disposed of, we turned our steps in the direction of H—'s post, somewhat surprised at hearing and seeing nothing of him. A quarter of an hour brought us to the spot, and then his silence was explained. There he lay at full length on a patch of turf, with his head pillowed on the provision knapsack, his body wrapped

in a light waterproof which he always carried, and protected from the wind by a pile of stones. The ear-flaps of his travelling-cap pulled down over his ears, in which he always wore a plug of cotton-wool, prevented him from hearing our approach, and he slumbered on with a peaceful smile on his face, till a small lump of snow dropped into his open mouth roused him with a start into a sitting posture, when he gazed at us with sleepy wonder for a few moments, while we laughed at him. He was much astonished to hear of our adventures since dawn. "For my part," said he, "I did not much believe in chamois, and I was awfully sleepy, so I made myself comfortable for a short nap."

His "short nap" had lasted for nearly three hours, during which time the ground might have teemed with chamois, and he would have been none the wiser.

We "chaffed" him a good deal on the subject, while eating a hearty breakfast, till he bribed us to stop by producing from his haversack a small flat kettle and spirit-lamp and a packet of tea, and offering to make us each a cup of that inspiriting liquid, the friend and solace alike of almshouse, palace, and mountain.

When we had eaten, drunk, and smoked our fill, we all lay down again for one of H—'s "short naps," which lasted till noon, and then prepared to distribute the spoils prior to descending once more to Siebenbrunnen. Peter had shot a chamois and a marmot, and H—at once proposed that, as he had done so little for the honour of the party hitherto, he was unworthy to carry such noble game as the chamois, and should take the marmot! Beautiful self-sacrifice! We were lost in admiration for some moments; and then, not to be outdone in generosity, insisted on his bearing the chamois as some compensation for his unrequited toil. Finally, as neither side would give way, we cast lots, and this time I won.

The walk down was not long, but we found it quite as fatiguing as many a longer one, owing to our exertions of the last day and night, and when my confounded Wetterli caught on a point of rock, snapped the buckle of its strap, and went gaily scudding down a snowslope for 200 feet or so, I

was heard to remark,
And my language was plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
Why, the Wetterli rifle's peculiar.

However, we reached our goal at last, and glad enough we were to get a good square meal, and soundly we slept that night in real beds, which the friendly host had fetched from his house at Lenk. The next morning when we rose, we found that the weather had changed and it was raining in torrents; so we decided to drive in our host's "char" to Lenk, get rid of our chamois, and start at once for the Diablerets. When we arrived at Lenk, however, the weather was so bad that we stayed there for the night, and started next morning in an intermittent drizzle across the hills for Lauenen. This pass. the Trüttlisberg, reminded me, mist and all, of the Scotch moors, without the heather. At Lauenen there was a jollification going on at the inn in honour of a newly married couple, and we were much amused by looking on at the sturdy mountaineers, with their cigar stumps and thick hob-nailed boots, doing "the light fantastic" with an air of grave enjoyment worthy of a Fenimore-Cooper Indian; while the orchestra—one very drunken old fiddler and a consumptive pianist-made day hideous with scraping and banging. Peter of course recognised a friend in one of the stout lasses among the party, and took a few turns with her, to the evident disgust of her late partner.

However, time pressed, and we had still a long walk before us; so Peter reluctantly handed over his charmer to her jealous swain, and we were once more *en route*.

Two hours later, we were at Gsteig, and Peter's aunt was setting all sorts of good things before us, while her two pretty daughters, one of whom was on very good terms with Peter, as I saw, waited on us. We had stewed marmot, chamois cutlets, and delicious fresh-cut salad, some capital wine, and, to wind up, some exquisite coffee and home-made "Kirsch."

After this feast, and a hearty farewell from the good hostess and her family, H—— and I set off alone across the Col de Pillon, promising to return in a day or two to talk over more hunting with Peter.

As we neared a corner which would hide us from the cottage, we turned to shout and wave a final adieu, and there stood that dog Peter with his arm round his pretty cousin's waist. "H'm!" said H——, "that's why he wanted to see his aunt!"

The carriage-road over the Col was then in course of construction by convict-labour, and we came across many gangs of these poor fellows, guarded by men with loaded rifles, and working hard at felling trees, cutting turf, and carting soil. They did not look very unhappy, however, nor were there any very low types of humanity among them.

I wondered to see the guards so few, for in that thickly wooded

and mountainous country an escape seemed scarcely difficult when once the gauntlet of rifle-shots should be passed. I found, on inquiry, that, as a matter of fact, a good many convicts did escape, but rarely unwounded, for the guards were all picked shots; and so, after a few days or even hours of purposeless, perhaps agonised wandering, the wretched beings were glad to give themselves up again to the nearest authority, and return to be well cared for in the prison infirmary.

About seven in the evening we arrived at the comfortable and inviting hotel kept by the kindly brothers Leyvraz; and here, amid dancing and charades, music and sketching picnics, we soon forgot the toils, though not the pleasures, of our first autumn ramble.

A. S. MARSHALL-HALL.

WATER LORE.

MONG natural phenomena that have always and everywhere attracted the superstition and the worship of mankind, water in its manifold forms naturally occupies a prominent place. Its peculiarly destructive powers, in the form of floods on land or of storm on sea or lake, rendered it one of the agencies at work in the world that it was of primary importance to humour and appease. This, the fundamental idea of all sacrifice, has led, in the case of water, to all the forms of gift, from that of a little millet seed to that of a human life, which we find also associated with the other elements of air, or earth, or fire. The Russians at one time made quite a profit out of the gold which the Lapps used to throw into the waters to appease Garan, that bad spirit, whose work was the stirring up of waves, the upsetting of boats, or the driving away of the fish; and we may read of Fijian sailors who would often lose their canoes in time of storm by hurrying to throw whales' teeth as a soro or atonement to the waves, instead of attending to the management of their vessels.

The most striking illustration of the way in which water can be regarded and treated exactly as a powerful but somewhat capricious human being is the story of an occurrence on the Guinea coast in the year 1693. The sea being so unusually rough that the white traders could not come to land, the king sent his fetishman to make a present to the sea of a jar of palm oil, a bag of rice and corn, a bottle of brandy, and some painted calico. And the fetishman not only offered the gifts, but made a regular speech to the ocean, assuring it that the king was its friend and loved the white men, who had come to trade with him for what he wanted; that he entreated the sea not to be angry, nor to hinder them from landing their goods; and that if it wanted palm oil and the rest, the king had sent it some, and there they were for it.

This story betrays the fundamental principle of all water worship—namely, a firm belief in the personality and human consciousness belonging to the river, the lake, or the sea; and it explains the meaning of such facts as Xerxes ordering the Hellespont 300 lashes

for breaking his bridge, and not long afterwards casting into it, with a prayer for the success of his expedition, the golden cup from which he poured a libation into it, together with a golden bowl and a Persian sword, by way probably, as Herodotus suggests, of making amends to it for his former rough treatment.

From rude conceptions like these of the animate nature of water, we may pass, through every possible variety of sacrifice and prayer, to the stage where the worship of a river like the Nile or the Ganges constitutes a highly developed religion. Ganges, or Gunga, is represented as a goddess, concerning whose origin there is the usual grotesque mythology; and so sacred are her waters that many Hindoos will not cook with it, nor wash their clothes in it, and most are anxious to die within sight of it, that their sins may be washed away at the last. Some even drown themselves in the river, in order to ascend immediately to heaven and to be absorbed into Brahm; and the casting of a single bone of a dead man into the holy waters is held to be capable of insuring his salvation. Bathing in the Ganges, accompanied with prayer, removes the sins of thousands of births, and the mere thought of Gunga, though at 800 miles' distance, delivers a man from all sin, and entitles him to heaven. In short, all the religious ideas, and all the religious practices, that we usually find in connection with the memory of human individuals, as Confucius, Zoroaster, Buddha, or Mahomet, we find associated with the worship of this river; a worship which does not confine itself to merely external ceremonial and superstitious usage, but which rises to the higher level of moral and spiritual purification; an actual living religion, founded, as securely as many a better one, on nothing but running water and a superstitious belief in its holiness. For are not rivers made by the rain, and does not rain come from the heaven, the abode of the gods of all creeds?

Whether it is necessary to resort to this latter idea in explanation of the sanctity of certain waters, or whether, as seems more probable, such sanctity is merely the developed result of an original sense of the power of water, in any case the purificatory efficacy of water seems early to have assumed a spiritual as distinct from a merely physical significance. For the growth of such an idea from purely superstitious beginnings there is abundance of analogy. From time immemorial Hindoos bathed in the Ganges and other sacred rivers to cleanse themselves from moral sins. So did the Jews in the Jordan; and so probably did most other people in their respective rivers. Long after Christianity had been nominally established in Europe, the Church had to contend with the superstitious reverence which her

barbarous and rude converts still paid as of yore to rivers and fountains. Nor was it only in the Old World that a water-religion prevailed; for we may read of a native of Peru, who, after confession of his guilt, proceeded to bathe in a river, with this prayer addressed to it: "Oh, river, receive the sins I have this day confessed unto the sun, carry them down to the sea, and let them never more appear."

From this idea of the purifying influence of water came the use of it for rites of baptism, rites which we find in existence quite independently of and prior to Christianity in all parts of the world. It prevailed, for instance, in the civilisations of the New World, in Yucatan, Peru, and Mexico. In Mexico the midwife, holding the child over a basin of water, said: "My child, the gods Ometecutli and Omecuatl (the sun and the moon) have sent thee into this miserable world; receive this life-giving water." With that she first wetted its mouth, its head, and its breast, and then plunged it bodily into the water, rubbing each member, as she adjured every evil to depart from it. A similar use of water in Yucatan and Peru at the hands of a priest was also deemed essential to the protection of a child from the influence of evil spirits.

In the ancient world baptism by water or by fire preceded initiation into the mysteries of Isis and Mithras. It was regarded as a means of regeneration, and for the remission of penalties for sins like perjury.\(^1\) Actual infant baptism must have been an ordinary pagan Roman rite, for we read in Macrobius that the ninth day after birth, when children were purified and named, was called the *dies lustricus*. The purifying influence attributed to water led to the idea that it worked as a talisman against evil spirits, an idea which perhaps accounts for the common belief of the inability of spirits to cross running water; and thus the chief notion underlying the baptismal practices of the world seems to have become that of their efficacy as methods of exorcising evil.

From the magical effects and mysterious powers thus attributed to water, it is natural to find it playing a conspicuous part in the myths or folk-tales which belong to every nation. From being regarded as actuated by the same feelings as actuate mankind, it can scarcely surprise us to find it often identified or convertible with actual human beings; as in the famous old-world story of Alpheus and Arethusa, wherein a river plays the part of a lover and the object of his affection turns into a fountain.

Pausanias tells the story of the damsel Bolina, who, to escape from the ardent pursuit of Phœbus, plunged into the sea near the

¹ Tertullian: Baptism, 5.

mouth of the river Argyrus. Both modern and ancient mythology abound in these tales of the pursuit and difficult escape of damsels beloved of deities. Foremost among these stories must rank the tale of the nymph Arethusa, though in her case the lover was nothing more than a river, Alpheus by name. She was a native of Elis, the sight of whose beauty, as she bathed one day in the river after hunting, prompted the water to rise in pursuit of her. Praying to Diana in her sore distress, she was turned into a fountain, and Diana opened a secret passage for her under the earth and sea, whereby she vanished, to reappear near Ortygia in Sicily. The river, however, followed her and rose also in the same place; in proof of which, whatever is thrown into the Alpheus in Elis rises again in the fountain Arethusa near Syracuse.

All which merely means, if we may believe Sir G. Cox, "that she fled to the Dawnland where Eos closes as she begins the day, and where the sun again greets the love whom he has lost." Or, if in one version Arethusa is aided by Diana, who, herself also beloved of Alpheus, covers her own face and the faces of her companions with mud so as to baffle the huntsman, this means that "the sun cannot recognise the dawn on whom he gazes, because her beauty is faded and gone."

The only question is, Why should it mean anything of the sort? For what reason should we resort to an explanation which carries an air of such extreme improbability on the face of it? Surely we are only justified in doing so in default of all simpler explanations. But these are by no means wanting. Any fancied resemblance in taste or colour between the waters of the fountain Arethusa and the river Alpheus might have suggested to the Greeks the idea of identity between them. Then, to explain the identity, what more natural than that such a story should have been coined as that which is under dispute? Every natural object being thought in those days to have a human personality behind it, the story-maker would not have hesitated a moment to convert Arethusa the damsel into Arethusa the fountain, and the subaqueous connection between the fountain and the river would probably be based on some well-known phenomenon of physical geography.

As illustrations of the way in which the peculiarities of geography give rise to myths based on the quasi-humanity of rivers, some of the Russian traditions of this kind are worth mentioning. The river Vazuza at a certain point branches off from the Volga, but again rejoins it before arriving at the Caspian Sea; and in this wise they explain it. The Volga and the Vazuza, after a long dispute regarding their relative powers of wisdom, determined to decide it by the test of the first arrival at the Caspian; the Vazuza rose secretly

by night and made all haste for the sea, but the Volga speedily overtook it, and looked so fierce that her rival, terrified, declared herself beaten, and only prayed the Volga to carry her on with her to the Caspian.

Another story of the same kind is the following. A certain river left the lake Ivan, his father, without permission, and sought in vain for a bed; his brother, the Don, on the contrary, rejoicing in the paternal blessing, reached in safety the Black Sea.

It is, of course, possible to say that such legends are merely imaginative, and never passed current as real explanations. But if so, they are so pointless and puerile that it is difficult to understand how one human being should ever have dared to propound such absurdities to another, far less how they should have been so valued as to pass like precious mental heirlooms from one generation to another. How, for instance, could such a tale as the following have obtained a footing at all, unless we concede a real belief in the human attributes of rivers? A young warrior, having entreated the Smorodina to show him a fordable passage, when he had crossed it, insulted it by calling it a mere rain puddle; when he sought, however, to recross the river upon his return, the river rose and drowned him, whilst its waves murmured to the hapless victim of its revenge, "It is not I, but thine own pride, which causes thee to perish."

In the year 1641 a German came and set up a water-mill in Esthonia. The bad seasons that ensued for several years the natives ascribed to this profanation of the sacred river, which in this way showed its resentment to the confinement of its waters. So they came and burned the mill down, and when the owner got the clergyman of the place to remonstrate and to ask how good or bad weather could depend on rivers, lakes, or fountains, the natives replied that such was the old belief they had learnt of their fathers, and that already many mills had been burnt down on the same river, which invariably resented the erection of mills on its banks. Here at least is the belief in the vindictive capacities of water displayed in no mere folk-tale, which may be fanciful or not, but in an actual living fact which leaves no doubt as to the belief which inspired it.

In keeping with these stories are numberless customs from all parts of the world connected with the crossing of rivers. In the Works and Days of Hesiod, the wrath of the gods is threatened against those who venture to cross a river without first praying, and gazing on the stream, and washing their hands in the clear water. The Russians, before they suffer their horses to ford a stream, take care to mark on it with a knife or other object the sign of the cross, in order to escape danger from the resident Vodyany, or water-sprite.

For the same reason they generally bathe with a cross hung round their necks; and the same feeling appears all over Europe in the idea (in itself probably a survival of the time when men were regularly sacrificed to rivers), that on certain days of the year certain rivers demand a human victim, and that on those days it is safest to let fishing boats lie idle. A spirit resident near some stepping-stones at Clitheroe is supposed once in seven years to demand such a victim, and many a river in Germany levies a more frequent tribute from suffering humanity.

This belief in the power of rivers to avenge any neglect of their prescriptive claims is carried so far in many parts that men will even see a companion drown without attempting to rescue him. The Bohemians are said to observe this custom for fear of the waterspirit driving the fish from their nets, or claiming their own bodies in lieu of the person rescued. The Kamschadals go further, for a drowning man being the rightful property of the great sea-god Mitgk, so great a sin is it to cheat the god of his prey that he who does so is refused shelter, food, wife, and conversation; and so far from rescuing the drowning man the bystanders will rather resort, if need be, to assist him in the process; and the same custom is reported of the Malays and the Hindoos.

Whether in these cases it is the river itself or a spirit resident therein which is the object of dread, it is in any case clear that the water or its spirit are thought of under purely human attributes. Sometimes the spirit is clothed in human form, with green hair, grey watery eyes, and so forth; sometimes it is personified as a fish, like the Kamschadal sea-god Mitgk, or as a huge reptile like the Taniwhas of New Zealand who pull the drowned down to their watery home. But their wants are always those of men, and, therefore, they are appeased by the same gifts that are gratifying to the human species.

Thus we read of a Red Indian committing to a rapid a bundle of tobacco and other things as a prayer to the water-spirits for the cure of his wife; of Maories sacrificing a roasted dog to the sea before venturing upon it in their canoes; of Caffres pacifying the stream they have drunk from by a present of millet; of Ostiaks suffering extremities of thirst rather than drink of the water they are sailing upon; of Russian peasants throwing a horse at midnight to the Vodyany that haunts the river; of Hindoo crowds offering fruits, flowers, sweetmeats, or cloth to the holy river Ganges.

The latter river affords a peculiarly good instance of the personification of the forces of water. The distinction of the genders of rivers, which in Europe is so strong a proof of this early tendency of the human mind, appears to be universal in India, where, although all rivers are sacred, none is so sacred as the goddess Ganges, whose form is that of a white woman, and who sits crowned on a sea animal, and carries in her right hand a water-lily and in her left a lute.

It would be very difficult to attribute human qualities and feelings to rivers without in this way personifying the river itself; and accordingly such personification we find all over the world from Neptune and Thetis to the water-nixies of actual folk-lore. It is wonderful with what precision of detail these creatures of the unscientific imagination are drawn. The colour of their eyes and hair is perfectly well known, and as these naturally suggest weeds and water, there is nothing remarkable in finding a fish's tail as the lower appendage of a human body. That, of course, is a universal feature of the merman and mermaid, of the origin of which so much mystery has been made. Mr. Baring-Gould, who has collected a number of instances in which the sight of a mermaid has been no less well authenticated than the sight of ghosts or the occurrence of miraculous phenomena, frankly confesses his inability to account for the origin of the superstitious belief in mermaids in every case; but connecting the fish tail of the mermaid with the form of Oannes of the Chaldaans. Dagon of the Philistines, and the fish-gods of other nations, he would seem to suggest that, as these gods were in reality sun-gods, and their semi-piscine form was a mythical expression of the idea that half the time of the sun is spent above ground and half below the waves, the idea of the mermaid was primarily of solar origin.

But such an explanation seems too gratuitously elaborate. If, as has been shown, the river-spirit is described sometimes as a fish and sometimes as a man, it would be the most natural thing in the world to imagine that such a spirit might be at the same time half man and half fish. Also some of the conditions of the fish would have to be assumed to account for a human being living in, and undistinguishable from, the river. Of two explanations, it is generally safest to adopt the simplest, and the one here suggested makes the least demands upon our reasoning powers. That in forming their conception of the mermaid mankind were led by the river solely, and not by the sun at all, is at least most probable à priori.

The conception of mermaids or water-nixies once attained, all other myths built upon that conception would naturally follow. The Russians believe that the Rusalkas, or water-spirits, are beautiful maidens who allure passers-by, and if they catch them tickle them to death in their crystal halls below the waves. During one week in

the year they come to men for clothes, and rags and threads are accordingly hung on the trees for their benefit. During that week, for fear of offending the Rusalkas and being punished by the loss of poultry or cattle, no one must work or sew or wash linen. When girls are drowned they become Rusalkas and the wives of the watery Vodyany; and when snow melts into floods, or mill dams are carried away by swollen torrents, men know that it is due to the matrimonial revelry that always attends the celebration of marriage between a mortal and a spirit of the waters.

This idea of possible relationship between water-spirits and human beings seems a very obvious corollary of the idea of human-like beings resident in the water. The idea of their marrying mortals is at least as reasonable as the idea of their drowning them or tickling them to death. And with the idea of such marriage it would be natural to connect the idea of some benefit to accrue therefrom to the water-spirit, as well as of curious conditions involved in the marriage contract. Thus would arise such stories as those of Undine or Melusina. Undine, for instance, the daughter of the stream, by virtue of her marriage with the knight Huldbrand, acquires a human and therefore an immortal soul. He promises, among other things, never to bring her near a river, and when he accidentally does so loses her for ever, to be by her tickled to death on the eve of his second marriage.

This is the bald outline of the story which Baron Fouqué worked out with so much artistic skill and poetical feeling; and very similar is the tale of Melusina, the water-fairy who consented to be the wife of the enamoured Raymond of Toulouse, on the sole condition of his never intruding upon her seclusion on a Saturday. After many years of domestic happiness, the husband, looking through the keyhole of his wife's room on a Saturday, saw to his horror that Melusina had for legs the extremities of a fish. Not long afterwards he cursed her as a serpent and bade her be gone, and with a long wail of grief she glided from the window, after threatening to hover over the castle of Lusignan previous to the succession of every new heir. And so in the Sanskrit story, Bheki, the frog, is a maiden who consents to marry a king on condition of his never showing her a drop of water; but when one day being tired she asks for a drop of water, and the king, forgetful of his promise, complies with her request, she disappears for ever.

In all these stories no great strain would seem to be laid on the inventive faculties of the human imagination. They are such stories as would almost of necessity arise in an age when water generally was

looked upon as animated by a human spirit. Yet we are asked to believe that these stories have a far more philosophical origin than this. These vanishings at the sight of water mean, according to Sir G. Cox, "that the sun and moon must alike sink when they reach the western sea." Melusina, with the fish's tail, "as representing the moon which rises and sets in the sea, vanishes away when her full form is seen by her husband," that husband being, of course, the sun, the unfailing and wearisome resource of that school of mythologists which takes its faith from the writings of Professor Max Müller.

The main objections to this interpretation are, first, that the stories in question are perfectly explicable without resort to any such origin as the sun at all; and secondly, that the same explanation would require to be applicable to a large number of stories of a similar cast, for which, by reason of some insignificant difference, it is not even claimed. The Danes tell of a mermaid who, having saved a prince from drowning, became so enamoured of him that she left her element and became his constant attendant, till he married a princess, when her heart broke and she turned into a fairy. But no one claims this mermaid for the moon. The Hindoos tell of Urvaci, a heavenly maiden, who married King Puravaras on condition of never beholding him unclothed. When Urvaci's companions wished for her back, they revealed the king's person by means of a flash of lightning, when at once the separation ensued. If people have to tell one another stories at all of supernatural beings and of their connection with mortals, they must tell them with incidents of this sort; and the stories of Undine, Melusina, or Urvaci no more require to be resolved into fanciful myths regarding the sun than any other tales that have a place in our fairy books. The burden of proof rests with those who assert that the simpler explanation is not sufficient; that the mere exercise of the imagination which has weaved so many other wondrous fabrications could not have risen of itself to the production of stories of marriages with mermaids. And this is precisely what it is difficult to prove in the face of the thousand and one fairy tales we can so easily recall from the days when they delighted our childhood.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

T OW few can say that they have witnessed a summer sunrise? I do not speak only of town-folk, but even of the more leisured country people, who can afford to lie abed, and have no calls of duty or business to attend to. Of course, the toilers in the fields have to be up and about at such an hour as will bring them pretty nearly at certain seasons in Spring and Autumn face to face with nature when "o'er the eastern hills the sun's broad eye first peeps." But this class are not observant, at all events of more recondite phenomena, or, if they are, they do not make record. And even they do not see the genuine summer sunrise, when, in the latter end of June and in July, the sun is, as he should be, an example to all the world in early rising. By the invalid, sleepless and weary, the first faint streak of daylight lacing the east is eagerly looked for and anxiously watched as it expands and kindles, and finally transfigures the sky, but, if at last sleep comes not with benignant dawn, the fever, the weakness, or excitement, keeps such an one from true enjoyment of the sights and sounds which really mean, if they are effective, invitations to go forth and join in it. To be really seen, it must be actively seen, in healthy spontaneous outflow of energy, though with that "wise passiveness" which Wordsworth celebrated, and which the gypsy woman, of whom we have heard, must have meant when she said that she did not care for words as she looked on the glorious sights of nature, but rather loved to "let it quietly soak in." To "let it quietly soak in" is the one condition of true enjoyment, and of true insight and observation too; and, unless you observe the old rule "early to bed," you will certainly not gain either the profit or the wisdom promised, however early you may get up, because you will not rise refreshed and vigorous, keenly observant and healthily sensitive to sight and sound and movement, but you will be languid and dull, or morbidly irritable and restless, unable even to sit still—proofs of the effort your early rising has cost you—and the sharp searching air of the morning will penetrate you and trouble you, whether frankly acknowledged or not, because even in summer just before sunrise the air is at the keenest; and to

be uncomfortably conscious of this is simply to spoil the finest of the feast. This is a very important point often—very often—overlooked especially by city folks when they are spending their holidays in the country.

For the world begins to wake very early on a summer morning. Even by two o'clock, or very shortly after it, you may hear the cuckoo calling to its friends from shrub or coppice, and getting its answer too after a short interval. At certain seasons, that is from the middle of June to the beginning of August, in some districts at all events, the cuckoo may claim the honour of being the first of birds, and some may deem it a reflection on nature altogether that this honour should be held by so arrant a thief and trickster. Perhaps he needs. in pursuit of his own objects, to steal a peep in at some other birds' nests before they have awakened, and thus to arrange the locale of some of his own little games. Certainly, he is like too many human beings-engaged in stealing a march on the more innocent and unsuspecting. But then, bad as he is, he does not victimise his own species—at least, I have never heard that he does; so that, after all, the cuckoos may stand only as a kind of Jews among birds, constantly, in a way, sounding their own horn, and taking advantage of most other people, and yet contriving to get credit for a great deal of harmony and good behaviour to which they are not entitled, their motives being what they are.

But while we have been reflecting the birds are becoming active. First, the larks rise from the dewy grass and mount upwards at the outset with a short undecided flight, as if sorry to leave the nest as yet. Then, as though they had been wakened by the first notes of the lark—buoyant and shrill in spite of indecision—the blackbirds and thrushes send out hurried notes, in little broken whistles and trills and quavers, sweet but irregular, in recurrent but not unpleasing softened discords, like an orchestra tuning up their instruments in preparation for a concert. But this does not occupy Mr. Thrush so closely that, if you watch him well, you will fail to see him suddenly bolt from his place on the tree-branch to the green. and run with sharp darty turns and becks and halts, neatly picking up slugs or worms, as it would seem, at each turn or short stoppage: it looks as though, while trilling his first glad welcome to the day (sweet-throated utilitarian that he is!), he had been carefully observing these slugs or worms, and calculated with the nicest precision how many of them he could thus dismember and gobble up in one run; and having had so good a start for the day's work, he re-perches, and sends forth another stealthy bit of melody more

sustained and songlike than the last, but not yet of highest and fullest tone. Perhaps his early morning succulent feed may have something to do with his increasing richness of note. I do not know whether it would be either right or proper to quote the concluding fine lines from Mrs. Barrett Browning's well-known sonnet here; but certainly I must confess they have occurred to me with some quaint questionings, as I have looked on the procedure of Mr. Thrush very early in the summer mornings, whether or not they could in any light be applied to him:—

And make the work
The better for the sweetness of the song;

and vice versâ.

In this perhaps the blackbird, most greedy and voracious of birds, would not agree. He does not like Mr. Thrush, perhaps—as often happens with human beings—because his faults lie so much in the same direction, and he is a distant relative of the family. We forgive the blackbird much because of his sweet song; and truly he needs much forgiveness. He is not only greedy and selfish, but more pugnacious and revengeful than might be imagined. I have seen him ruthlessly hunt the poor thrushes if they ventured on what he deemed his feeding-ground, even thus early in the morning, when there seemed plenty of worms and grubs and snails for all of them. When angry or disturbed his note is very sharp and discordant, and far from mellow, as his song is.

Then the tits—particularly the blue tits—begin to flash like light from tree to tree, with their tweenk, tweenk, tweenk; one of the prettiest but most pugnacious of birds; and if you are near water, the wanton wagtails are never long out of it, with their pert and sidelong glance and darty walk, and quaint call seldom used; and they shake and preen and trim themselves, as it were, into harmony with their surroundings, like fashionable ladies at a tea party. The wrens and robins next turn out in their fine clothing, with a superfine sauciness and audacity, as if they knew that they were still taken for

God Almighty's cock and hen;

and on that account no one would dare to injure them.

The sparrows, if you should chance not to be far from human habitations, will now probably surprise you by the piercing, penetrating, steely vibration of their little voices, as they welcome in the day; and would even seem to have been studying overnight how they could be most sharp and resonant in their notes this morning. I have sometimes lain in bed and listened to their chattering, so

continuous and intense, till a sort of painful smart shot through the brain, when I would jump up and clothe myself and go outside to escape its keen and unrelieved monotony. A row of lime trees right in front of our house was a favourite resort of theirs; and I confess we were so much of bird lovers and so sentimental as to object to any effort to take down their nests or drive them away, till it became in the way just said, simply unbearable by light sleepers and lovers of open windows like ourselves, when we compromised the matter and had their nests thinned out; but this seemed to make no perceptible difference to the ceaseless shrill of bird-voices close by our windows early in the morning.

Our friendly protection of the birds in our small domain was carried on with open eyes so far as the amiable delusions of the Rev. J. G. Wood are concerned. He really carries his sentiment too far. I should report untruly if I said that thrushes and blackbirds-shameless vagabonds that they are in spite of their sweet voices-will not delectate themselves on your strawberries early in the summer mornings if you do not have them well netted or protected, or that several other birds won't visit, and speedily thin out, your mayduke and bigarreau and white-heart cherries. truth is, there are certain things certain birds will have, and these are always the finest, too; and you must protect them if you mean to have any; if you don't protect them depend upon it you won't have any, because the birds do not understand equity, but only their own tastes and appetites. (If they only took a fair share in exchange for their killing of grubs and insects and worms I should be the last to grudge it to them; but while your fine fruit lasts they won't touch aught else!) I have sat for hours and watched the efforts of birds to remove nettings, and have seen blackbirds, thrushes, and starlings all labour for half-hours at a time to clear away or scrape off earth tunnel-wise, so that they might enter beneath the net or wire fencing, and, having in some cases succeeded, so exactly have they taken a note of the hole they made, that when you tried to catch them, they flew as direct for it, from the farthest corner of the covered space to which they had enticed you, as a bee line, and were through as by magic, and off, to your great chagrin. And all this before sunrise. I cannot, therefore, bird-lover as I am, give quite the same report on this point as Mr. J. G. Wood, because, being often "up in the morning early," I have sat and watched their persevering application and their ingenious devices to outwit you and to eat your choicest fruit; and I have paid dearly for not listening to warnings of gardeners and neighbours of a practical turn of mind who have

over and over again looked at my bare beds and my cherry trees with bare stones that rattled on each other gently in the wind, with a sardonic smile, which meant "We told you so."

Goethe has a very fine parable in its way, based on his experiences, when as a youngster he planted a fruit tree, and from day to day watched its progress, to be ever and anon depressed at the inroads of insects, blight, birds, and what not, finally to congratulate himself that, after all, his tree yielded him as much fruit as he wanted. But then Goethe did not have some species of English birds to deal with, else we are afraid his moral of toleration and contentment would not have been so comfortable and comforting. And it is in the early morning that the birds can do most execution in this line—when they are not watched or interrupted.

But we rather abruptly left the little sparrows in their friendly scoldings (or is it their way of saying "good-morning" to each other, and repeating and repeating it ceaselessly?), though they have certainly not left off their chattering. It still goes on with an insistent monotony that would speedily become merely oppressive were it not that soon it is mixed up with other sounds.

The blue-tits and the robins are the only birds of their size who can hold the sparrows at bay; and, incredible as it may seem, the bold effrontery of the sparrow will sometimes avail with it against much larger birds. I have seen a blackbird at early morning on my lawn, after a spell of dry weather, with much work and effort secure a worm or two for her young brood, and have them daringly carried away by the sparrows to theirs.

The trees in clumps at some parts seem literally alive—the leaves stir and flutter as if there was a fitful wind, which there is not, for it is perfectly calm; with now and then a sort of subdued susurration, like a dying sigh, so soft and gentle that you are never perfectly sure that it does not exist more in your own fancy, bred of the hush of expectation, than of aught else. It is not enough at all events to stir the leaves in the trees as we see them stirred. That is due simply to the ceaseless movements of the birds in the branches, as they flirt and flutter and preen themselves and hop from bough to bough. Very few observers, in the least sensitive, not to say fanciful, would not be inclined at such a moment to admit that there is something in Wordsworth's lines:—

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure;
But the least motion that they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

Overhead, there is the first flock of wood-pigeons, advancing in V-like course, proceeding to my neighbour Farmer Nicholls' fields to look at some very fine early peas he has sown by way of experiment; and an experiment it is also for the pigeons, who know that they are sweeter than usual. And now they are feeding young broods, and make good use of buds and tender pods, and can pack their food for their young ones in some kind of second crop which they have, and in due time they neatly disgorge it, and feed the young ones with pea-pulp admirably suited to their tastes and digestions.

Rooks, cawing in a subdued tone, or it may be that the note seems soft because they are flying rather high, are making their way from yonder elm trees to the distant fields where the soil has just been upturned; and in some cases where feeding grounds are not far off they make a slant downward line for them direct in pairs almost noiselessly, attesting the truth of the old saw about the early bird and the worm.

As we pass along the edge of a cornfield we hear the harsh note of the corncrake, and from the other side comes, mellowed with the wind, the continuous birring sibilant sound of the yellow-hammer. Just before us is a clump of high trees, oaks, elms, and beeches, as varied in their green, and as beautifully blended as an artist could desire, and in their foliage the wood-pigeons are cooing in a perfect chorus. In the fields beyond the young lambs are already active, the ewes intent on feeding in the cool of the morning, and the horses in the little paddock to the right, as though they felt themselves superior by their closer contact with man, sniff about and leisurely whisk and ruminate as though they argued that time was all in their favour, and that good meat would not spoil by waiting.

There already, see, the swallows are on the wing, attesting that flies are about. As we pass a little bit of road which has been cut through a sandy rise, we see what is very uncommon in our district, a couple of sand-martins—delicate and slender and silvery-dark—who have contrived to find themselves a nest-hole in the bank thus made, and are now busy feeding a young brood. Nature, wise house-keeper, does not long leave any ugliness due to man's adventuresomeness unimproved or unrelieved by some form of life.

By the time the sun shows above the horizon—suffusing the eastern clouds with glory, and running streaks like long fiery fingers across the sky, and repeating in every tree and shrub that lies between him and you the veritable vision of the burning-bush, rose and saffron hues melting softly into one flush all over the eastern sky up to midheaven—the cattle in the meadows begin to move, and emerging from

the sheltered corners of the fields, in which, like dark formless heaps, they had lain all night, begin to whisk their tails about in an intermittent leisurely way, which tells that already some not quite so beneficent insects as bees are busy also, and are quite as industrious and methodical, if not so lovable, as bees.

In some of the lower hollows the clouds of mist have hovered close upon the ground; you can almost see them, as it were, fold in and in and finally disappear like smoke before the full-faced glance of the sun.

There, look you, goes a great green dragon-fly, with his myriad eyes—the first we have seen to-day—his gauzy wings giving a kind of subdued sound, or are our ears deceived between this and something else, say, the first faint stirrings of the field cricket? We can hardly tell, for the humming in the air increases round us as we sit in this benignant little natural arbour of ours, mid-way in our morning walk, and we find more and more difficulty in reliably differentiating separate sounds. The distant and the near, too, get more and more mixed up in the sense. Now come soft and faint on the new stirring wind the low lowings of kine from distant fields; the cockcrows in challenge pass over to and from the neighbouring farms; and is it possible that that is the distant hooting of an owl even in daylight from some woody recess into which the early sun-rays do not penetrate? And, listen, can that really be the woodpecker at his work already, tap, tapping the old elm tree? There goes a little dipper with bright flash on his wing; he is making his way to the main stream up yonder, the rivulets or branches having waned to mere threads in the recent drought; and we have now and then the sibilous cry of the willow-wren or chiff-chaff, and the delicious dropping music of the chaffinches from hedge and orchard. there goes a bullfinch, as if he had some pressing business on hand, which indeed he has, and that is to keep himself alive—the only one we have seen on our morning journey—with his exquisitely coloured neck and throat and velvety back. They are not tolerated in our region, having such a bad repute for eating fruit-buds, and in the early spring it moved me to see little strings of them brought in by the young farmers just to show what execution they had done, as I could not help thinking of the floods of music prematurely silenced but that was not likely to weigh much with them.

Yonder, see a rabbit scuds home from a too long sustained stay in a neighbouring turnip or wheat field; almost at our feet, a mole puts out his head, and suddenly withdraws it again, though we have remained almost as still as a statue, which proves that Mr. Mole has quick eyes somewhere in his queer, sharp-pointed little head. Yonder goes a weasel wriggling over a turf fence, on the other side of which probably it has its home, gorged, as one can imagine, with the brains of silly rabbibs and rabbitlings. He is a symbol of the great blot on creation—the creatures that prey on the weak and innocent, never engage in a fair fight, and are careful to delectate themselves only with the tid-bits. What a peculiar image nature is of human nature in all its phases, lofty and low, pure and selfish!

And now in front, look you, there comes towards us a cat, with a look of intent resolution and business. That cat is a poacher, and has been away at one of its haunts in yonder coppice, and is now making its way home. It is so intent that it is within some thirty yards of us, or it may be even less, before it observes us—sharp as its eyes are; then, with a sudden surprised look that might well bespeak a troubled conscience, it turns and bolts and leaps over a hedge and disappears, making the dew sparkle as it goes. The expression of that cat going homewards in the dawn—tail down, hind quarters low, and shoulders raised—suggests the idea that but for man's constant presence and control, all would at once relapse into wildness.

Look, as we walk home through the coppice, we come on tuft after tuft of rabbits' down, and might fancy at first that here was the scene of the weasel's depredations. Not at all. There are burrows in that hedgerow, and here one of the rabbit does has plucked the down from her breast for the lining of the burrow for her young ones; and in the twilight of morning in which she deemed it most safe and advisable to perform this maternal self-denudation, was not so careful as she might have been to remove all traces of her loving labour and near abode. Master Weasel may make some use of the information if he has noticed this.

As we pass on we skirt the edge of a slope of waste land running down towards the sea; and coming to us across it are the plaintive cries—pee-weet, pee-weet—of lapwings or green plovers, and as we advance we see them circling round certain points as they monotonously repeat their touching cry—the cry, of all nature's voices, to our thinking, of waste and solitary places; so that though mournful, there is no harsh sense of inharmoniousness. If indeed, as the poet says, "in nature there is nothing melancholy" it must be because of these nice and often unnoticed adjustments of sound to circumstances and of circumstances to sound. We can scarcely imagine lapwing or plover making home in the leafy coppice or green wood, not to speak of the richly cultivated park or garden.

Nothing will better bring before you than a morning walk like this, the fact of feræ naturæ in large numbers sustaining themselves shyly busy at work, but seldom seen in the close vicinity of man. Here, close by a farmhouse, we skirt an unusually large pond with clear inlet and outlet and with high banks around it, particularly on one side. In it are perch, tench, and roach, with a fair store of eels. There runs a moorhen with her brood along the sedgy edge, undisturbed at our presence, for we often walk that way. She has her nest in that little island-looking space over yonder, where the willow spreads a soft screen or shelter for her nest. Grey-headed, beadedeyed water voles are busy at the succulent herbage at the sides of the pond, for true vegetarians are they, and sleek and pretty in their ways. The dexterity with which the vole will dive down, when swimming, leaving only a solitary bubble as evidence of his point of departure, is very remarkable, and is entirely in keeping with his shy, silent, reserved ways. When he slides from the bank, there is a faint plop. If I could manage to secure a young one, I do not think there is any creature I should like better to make a pet and a friend of. I am sure, if once I had his confidence, he would be very loving and gentle, and true and grateful. Water wagtails run in their perky, flirty style along the muddy margin, picking up what they can find. Wild ducks in colder seasons come this way, and so do the lapwings in hard weather, and sometimes a squirrel or two will steal over from yonder wood just to look how the trees are for nuts, and will scream down at you from the higher branches when you stand and closely watch them, as if you had no right to be there, and they were privileged. Mr. Squirrel is very nice as a pet, but he is a little exclusive and overbearing in his manners as we find him here. Perhaps, however, something is due to the narrowing of the area of woodland year by year; and he now sees too much of men and their ways for his comfort and peace.

Ha! There goes a brown rat—a very different kind of customer, who because he can take the water well, and, perhaps, does a bit of fishing on his own account, is often confounded with the vole, who suffers sadly from the ignorant on this account, though really very unlike him in almost every respect. Greed, self-assertion, and low cunning are marked on the water-rat. His quick, furtive eyes are as characteristic as the pink eyes of the weasel are of him. He is no vegetarian if he can help it, and after fishing in the afternoon at this very pond side I have often in the twilight let my fish lie in a kind of dry-ditch to watch as I lay in perfect quiet

Mr. Brown Rat steal down to carry off a specimen or two, in which, despite my presence, he more than once succeeded, always, as far as I could see, seizing the fish by one or other extremity—a good precaution, as there was a fair growth of overhanging shrubbery through which he had to make his way with his prize to his hole.

But hark, what piteous sound is that in the coppice we are now skirting—a sharp wail of pain and fear, or rather of terror? We soon discover it—a rabbit in a trap—in torture, palpitating, torn, and bleeding, eyes strained and starting; making a last effort at a bound as we approach, and then dropping helpless, exhausted. It may be there thus for hours, till the trapper's convenience suits. We turn away half sick: our pure pleasure of the morning's sights and sounds somewhat shadowed.

Only a little farther on, in a run we find a snare with a rabbit in it, dead; the poacher is merciful from mere self-interest. He does not like traps, because the animals cry so long and piteously, and tell their whereabouts.

Ah! There, as we steal along this hedgeside, goes a hare down the furrow, which attracts us by its peculiar limp. We fix our eyes and see that it has been shot—one of its hind legs shattered, dragging behind, as one sometimes sees a doll's leg which has broken by rough usage, and now only held on by the outside cloth. It is not what sportsmen kill that constitutes the cruelty of sport, it is what they maim and send away to die in holes and corners, torn, tortured, and bleeding. And that is one reason why only sportsmen should have sport. But nowadays my yeomen neighbours tell me they are becoming more and more rare; and that lawyers and corndealers, et hoc genus omne, who try to hunt and go out shooting, should for most part be prosecuted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The former are even cruel to their horses, which they cannot manage; the latter seldom hit, and when they do they generally only maim.

But we must not quit the subject in this sombre strain. As we regain a view of our house-roofs through the screen of encircling lime-trees, we see that the pigeons—fantails, pouters, and tumblers, as well as common ones—are already in session on the roofs, waiting for the early advent of those who feed and tend them. In the meantime, they are cooing and doing their devoirs to each other gaily; and, between whiles, doing also a little damage to the roofs by applying their beaks to pick out morsels of lime from between the slates. As Lord Tennyson says of them in the afternoon sun, they are even now, early in the morning, "bowing at their own

deserts"—self-pleased, self-admiring, proud, pretty little things: perhaps, indeed, the most self-conscious and sympathetic of all birds, outside certain very sensitive chamberbirds. As we enter our little gate, we hear the hum of innumerable bees in the immemorial limes, in the honeysuckle, in the hedges, and in the wild roses and clematis. Butterflies soon follow, some of them of the most lovely colours: giving full assurance of the summer. And so we close our morning ramble of fully two hours—not having met or seen a human being.

The sun is now advancing up his skyey path; and we are concerned only with sunrise. We have seen what delights both ear and eye, but also something to give pain, and pause, and to promote reflection—the tragedy of nature, and the manner in which man so often selfishly or thoughtlessly adds to it.

But before we end our account of our ramble we should like to add a few lines about one point respecting Mr. Cuckoo and his family which is wrapped in doubt. Do the young birds, when they are fledged, learn the call-note of the foster-parents or of their real parents; deserting absolutely the former at this stage, after having got their earlier up-bringing out of them? This query is suggested by the fact that, on this early morning walk of mine, I heard no fewer than four distinctly different cuckoo calls. The ordinary cuckoo call; (2) this call, in a hurried, startled, sharpened tone, as if of fear or warning; (3) a distinct and prolonged second koo-cuck-koo-koo-oo; and (4) a low, tentative cucka-cuck-koo, the koo being faint and indefinite, and more of the broader a sound. In addition to the calls being different, the notes sounded varied. I had never personally observed this before, and speaking to a yeoman friend, who has spent all his life in the country, and has been out at all hours, and as a sportsman has observed a good deal, he did not receive these statements of mine with surprise or as suggesting anything novel; but gave it as his theory that the young early broods of the cuckoo in June are fledged, and join older cuckoos, whether their true parents or not he would not say; that the low hesitating cucka-cuck-koo, with the koo very indistinct, is the note of the young birds, and that the prolonged second koo is the note of the old birds, as trainers, now emphasising that note to develop it fully in the young. This is, at all events, ingenious: it could only be verified by evidence as to whether this prolonged second koo is definitely heard at periods so early as to make it impossible that it could be due to the circumstances to which he attributes it. He quoted an

old saw which lingers in some parts of the country and is common in our district:—

April cuckoo come, May he sounds his drum, June he changes tune; July he may fly, August he must.

My friend averred that, so far as his broad observation went, these old saws generally had a basis in fact.

ALEX. H. JAPP.

SCIENCE NOTES.

WHAT IS A POUND?

THIS question was asked in the House of Commons during a currency debate, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir Robert Peel, if I remember rightly) replied by pitching a sovereign across the floor. No better, in fact no other, answer was possible. Our British standard measure of value is based on no principle whatever; it is an accident. The old practice of "clipping" or debasing the coinage by impecunious governments was stopped at a certain date, and the composition and weight of the then existing sovereign was declared to be unalterable.

The composition was $\frac{11}{12}$ gold and $\frac{1}{12}$ alloy or base metal, such as copper. The weight was awkward, viz. 1869 sovereigns weighed 40 lbs. troy. This is still the case. Anybody taking 40 lbs. troy of standard gold to the Mint may have it coined into 1869 sovereigns without charge, but he has to wait some time for this, so long that practically, in most cases, he prefers to take his bullion to the Bank of England and pay that privileged company a profit on the transaction in the shape of a discount for cash. The bank gives him 1866 sovereigns, or its equivalent in notes, for the 40 pounds troy of bullion.

The weight of a sovereign is therefore $\frac{1}{1869}$ of 40 lbs. troy. As I have said, this is awkward; any one who tries to state the exact weight of a single sovereign will discover this awkwardness on working out the fraction. In troy grains it amounts to 123'27447833065, and so on ad infinitum. The simplest vulgar fraction is 123 $\frac{162}{623}$ grains.

I have worked out some curious numerical relations of the present standard. Fixing the weight of the sovereign of course fixes the price of standard gold, which at the weight above stated is £3. 17s. $10\frac{1}{2}d$. per troy ounce. There are 1869 halfpennies in £3. 17s. $10\frac{1}{2}d$., and in 40 lbs. troy there are just as many ounces as there are halfpennies in £1 sterling, viz. 480. There are also as many grains in one ounce troy (480) as there are halfpence in £3. 17s. $10\frac{1}{2}d$., and ounces in 40 lbs.

These relations—in spite of the awkward fractions—supply us with a simple rule for calculating the weight in gold for any required coin of intrinsic value. The rule that comes out is this: Divide as many ounces troy by 1869 as there are halfpence in the coin required. Thus the old "noble," the piece of 6s. 8d., if reinstated, would, under present standard, weigh 1^{140}_{860} grains, as there are 140 halfpence in 6s. 8d., and so on with any other values. There are 240 halfpence in a half-sovereign, and therefore a half-sovereign weighs 1^{240}_{860} grains. Practical applications of this appear in the next note.

DECIMAL COINAGE.

THE pitiful fiasco of the Jubilee Coinage has suggested to politicians the desirability of reform in the Royal Mint, and to those who regard the subject from a scientific and commercial point of view it reopens the question of decimal coinage.

I have devoted some attention to the subject: studied most of the proposed schemes, and, after careful and impartial consideration, conclude that our best course would be to start with the humble halfpenny, call it a cent, give it the second decimal place, oo'r, thus making 100 halfpence our unit.

This would effect a monetary alliance with the United States, where the present established custom is to estimate our present money at the rate of 4s. 2d., i.e. 100 halfpennies, to the dollar. This is as nearly accurate as fluctuations of exchange permit.

We have been strongly urged to adopt the franc, as so many Continental nations have lately done. This undoubtedly has advantages, but without lacking due civility to our neighbours, I think that we are bound in looking forward to regard the inhabitants of the Eastern Continent as of much less weight in relation to ourselves than the English-speaking people of the West. When the United States become commercially united to Britain by the collapse of their present protectionist delusions, and intellectually united by international copyright, a common money-language will become a very urgent necessity.

The system I propose would leave our present copper coins unaltered, the penny bearing its old name, the halfpenny shortened to cent, and the farthing to $\frac{1}{2}$ cent. The existing silver and gold coins would be replaced by new decimal coins, but during the period of transition our present vulgar coins would be easily reduced to their decimal equivalents by simply doubling their number of pence. Thus, the threepenny-piece would be 0.06; sixpence, 0.12; a shilling,

0'24; half-crown, 0'60. Remembering that there are 240 pence to the pound, the half-sovereign would stand at 2'40 the sovereign, 4'80.

The weight of the new gold coins, whatever values may be selected, would be at once determined by the rule I have given in the preceding note, always using the existing and established mint divisor, 1869. Thus the dollar, or 100 cent piece, would weigh $\frac{100}{1860}$ oz. troy, the three dollar, or 12s. 6d. piece, would weigh $\frac{300}{1860}$ oz. troy, or $\frac{25}{1860}$ lbs. troy; the six dollar, or 25s. piece, $\frac{600}{1860}$ oz. troy, or $\frac{50}{1860}$ lbs. troy.

Of course this change, like every other change, no matter what, will be regarded as dreadfully difficult, overwhelmingly impossible by a certain class, who will invent the usual host of bugbears and mountains of difficulty.

All such visionary speculations are refuted by practical facts. Nearly all the civilised peoples of the world have already adopted a decimal coinage, have passed through the transition from a barbaric and complicated system like our own to the simple and practical arrangement, and in every case all the supposed difficulties of so doing have proved to be imaginary. When I first walked through Switzerland the old complications of cantonal coinage were in full confusion, and the proposed decimal reform was opposed on exactly the same grounds as here; but now all look back with astonishment and disgust at the old system, and nobody can remember any trouble in passing into the new.

The same in Norway. When I was there the skilling, mark, and specie dollar were the current coins, with relations similar to our own, demanding continual reduction of 24 skillings to the mark, and 5 marks to the specie dollar, but on January 1, 1877, the decimal system was introduced once for all, and adopted without any of the imaginary troubles. Even the little Lapps, when they descend from the snow fields to Tromsö and Hammerfest to change their reindeer skins for groceries and cutlery, find no difficulty in adopting the new decimal currency.

Are Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, and the colonists so much inferior to Laplanders that they cannot do the like?

OIL ON THE TROUBLED WATERS.

THE much-debated question whether or not ships may be practically protected by pouring, or rather dropping, oil on the waves may now be regarded as settled. In a note last February I gave an abstract of the results of the experiments of the British Admiralty

and the rules deduced therefrom. In Cicl et Terre of July 16 is an article in which are detailed the conclusions of Admiral Cloué based upon the British and American official experiments, and others non-official. Admiral Cloué has no hesitation in affirming that the problem appears to him to be practically solved. The quantity required to protect a ship during a storm varies from about two to three quarts per hour dropped from perforated bags hanging over the sides of the ship in positions varying with the direction of the wind.

The rapidity and extent of the outspreading of the oil are marvellous. The film, by its own outspreading, reduces itself to a thickness of only $\frac{1}{50000}$ of a millimetre, *i.e.* less than two and a half millionth part of an inch. This inconceivably thin film reduces the broken-crested waves and dangerous "rollers" to unbroken undulations that are practically harmless, as they merely lift and roll the vessel without breaking over it.

The oils which have been found the most effective are seal, porpoise, and fish oils. The latter are very cheap, their chief present use being for the dressing of leather. Mineral oils are reported as too light. It is evident from this that the gentlemen engaged in these experiments have only tried those which are in common use for burning in lamps. There is another series of oils distilled from the same crude material, *i.e.* from natural petroleum and from shale oils, which are much heavier, are used for lubricating purposes, may be had of any density from that of the common lamp oil to a crude dead oil that sinks in water. I recommended trials of cheap dead oil in 1881 (see "Science in Short Chapters," page 311), not, of course, that which sinks in water, but of suitable specific gravity. This is still a waste product obtainable at a very low price.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

ENGLISH ACTORS ABROAD.

ROM Mr. Hedderwick's introduction to his account of the Faust Puppet Play may be derived many curious particulars as to English actors in Germany. The same information is, of course, given in extenso in the exhaustive work of Herr Albert Cohn, "Shakespeare in Germany in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries: an account of English actors in Germany and the Netherlands, &c.,"1 and Mr. Hedderwick can only claim to have put it in a concise and convenient form. It is curious to see how high in estimation as actors Englishmen stood at an early date. So far back as 1417 English actors are met with on the Continent. At Constance, "the English bishops who attended the great council had three plays performed, namely, 'The Birth of the Saviour,' 'The Arrival of the Saints,' and 'The Massacre of the Innocents'" (Cohn, p. x). In the following century English actors are heard of in most countries and courts of Europe. Their presence, in fact, says Mr. Hedderwick, "can be traced almost continuously from the end of the sixteenth to the close of the seventeenth century." Their influence upon the art of various countries and upon the development of the drama in Germany appears to have been great. The German people are said to have had no notion of professional acting until the arrival of the strolling troops of English comedians. So far as regards the drama, Mr. Hedderwick points out that the "Comedie von dem reichen sterbenden Menschen Hecastus genannt," 1549, one of the best of the pieces of Hans Sachs, "appears to be an adaptation of the English morality 'Every Man,' printed by Pynson in 1531, and turned into Latin some eight years later." He points to the humorous rhyme of a Frankfort poet, who, in 1615, complains that larger audiences flock to hear the English players than to listen to the pastors; he quotes from "Runaway's Answer," 1625, a pamphlet written in answer to Thos. Dekker, these words 1 Asher & Co., London and Berlin.

anent the players: "We can be bankrupts on this side, and gentlemen of a company beyond the sea; we burst at London, and are patched up at Rotterdam;" and he points to the plays imported from England by Germany as forming, "it is almost impossible to doubt, the backbone of the noble dramas eulogised by Lessing," and the lineal ancestors of Schiller's stately tragedies. These international literary and artistic relations form a subject of undying interest.

Modern Writers on their Predecessors.

No satisfactory response to the inquiry set on foot in the last number of the Fortnightly Review is possible. An application was made by the Review in question to certain popular writers to supply the passages in prose and verse which they most highly esteemed. The wisest and most renowned of those to whom the editor appealed declined to be drawn; the more expert fenced with the question. Here and there a writer, by a selection apparently curious or perverse, supplied a page of unconscious biography. To avoid one difficulty that has arisen the inquirer would have done well to have confined the replies to English writers. So many would not then have been able to take refuge in Homer and Æschylus, nor should we have had the almost incredible experience of seeing Mr. Matthew Arnold, among his favourite passages in poetry, quote from the 14th ode of the second book of Horace the stanza beginning—

Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens Uxor.

In prose, one or two happy selections are made, as when Mr. Lang supplies from Mallory's "Mort d'Arthur" the noble passage in which Sir Ector supplies the last tribute upon Sir Lancelot, or Mr. Lilly selects well-known passages from the "Areopagitica." Nothing can well be nobler than these. Though a professed jester, Mr. F. C. Burnand writes seriously when he advances, as "his humour," that the three authors he would choose to solace him in prison, if he were confined to three authors, are Thackeray, Dryden, and Cardinal Newman. Other writers who are not professed humourists convey in their selections the idea that they are making a first effort in that Distinguished Miss Agneta F. Ramsay's choice in poetry of Milton's lines in the "Paradise Lost," Book V., lines 153 et seq.—"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good"—if a little too orthodox, is otherwise commendable; and her prose selections from the "Mill on the Floss" open out some pleasant speculation as to what line her own original effort may take.

TERCENTENARY EXHIBITION OF RELICS OF MARY STUART.

THAT with jubilees, centenaries, bicentenaries, and other forms of commemoration, the capacity for enthusiasm of the age is likely to be sorely tested. There is, however, a choice in these things. We wear our "rue with a difference." In some respects the idea of a commemoration of the tercentenary of Mary Stuart is the most futile of all that have been attempted. It is not yet decided whether the Queen of Scots was the most persecuted of martyrs or the most dangerous of conspirators; the fairest and most angelic member of an heroic and a persecuted race, or the aptest pupil of Medici and Guise. In this case, however, whatever may be the character of the recipient of honours, the shape the honours take is happy. Apart from the novelty of seeing on the historic site of Fotheringay a presentation such as was given in the shape of tableaux of events that occurred three hundred years ago on the self-same spot, the exhibition that attracted to Peterborough a crowd of sightseers is in its way unique. For my own part, I was thankful for an excuse to stop and see the noble pile of the cathedral which in the ceaseless and unblest hurry of modern life I had passed a score The exhibition of Mary Stuart's relics was, times without visiting. however, in itself a happy thought. Apart from the relics themselves, including the veil she wore at her assassination or martyrdom, there are an incredible number of portraits, oil paintings, miniatures. engravings, what not, some of which have authority. Many of them have, of course, no value; but not a few are of highest interest. question whether Mary's hair was light or dark remains unsettled, the authority on one side being as strong as on the other. It seems probable that the Queen of Scots, as has been whispered of ladies of a time nearer our own, could make some change in the appearance of her locks. It is at least certain from the portraits that the hair had a tinge of auburn or red, and that the face, especially in youth, was coquettish, piquant, and pretty. The effect of this well-designed exhibition has been to convey very pleasantly a good deal of information concerning Mary Stuart the brave.

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MR. BUSBY'S BISHOPRIC.

By HARDRESS LUTTRELL.

THE Prime Minister who placed the Rev. Burton Busby upon the Episcopal Bench was not only the greatest statesman of his day, but also a pillar of the Established Church. Indeed, much of his power as a politician had been gained by the happy facility with which he had won the allegiance of the country clergy through his theological opinions, while his secular principles commended him to multitudes of men whose leanings were far different from those of the Church party. Yet all his adherents and admirers agreed that for once their idol had erred when the news came upon the country, like a clap of thunder in a clear sky, that the pleasant southern see of Barminster had been bestowed by him on an unknown man. The ministerial "dailies," indeed, did their duty as loyally as usual, and sought to discover qualifications in the new prelate that had been before undreamed of. But somehow the little biographical notices which they published, according to custom on such occasions, were meagre in spite of the good intentions of their authors; for though everything favourable that could be said was said, and everything that would have told the other way was left unsaid, the task of glorifying Mr. Busby was more than Herculean. He had done no great harm in the world, certainly, but neither had he done any great good; nor had he even said anything worth thinking about. He was a clerical nobody, and it had not entered into anyone's head-least of all into Mr. Busby's own head, or his wife's, in their wildest day-dreams—that any such promotion could fall to his lot.

Perhaps the clergy felt the blow most keenly, for they understood it best, and were not wholly without personal interest in the matter.

If the good men had put their feelings into plain English they would have said, with a waspish religious "weekly," that the Prime Minister's action in giving such a post to a man so mediocre was "a positive outrage." Not that a bishopric is never bestowed on mediocre men: on the contrary, there were at the time many such ministers whose chances of the purple seemed by no means bad. That any really first-rate man should be exalted to a position of such independence as that of an English bishop is of course exceptional, for first-rate men are not always "safe" men, and a bishop, whether he be "blameless" or not, must, before all things, be "safe." So the greater guns of the various ecclesiastical schools of thought were not disappointed at being passed over; it was among the mediocre men that wrath was kindled. Many of these had friends or relatives of some importance, and efforts had been made in all directions to secure the see for one or another of a list of parsons who were commonly supposed to have claims of this kind to consideration. A Temperance orator, with a severe countenance and a bitter tongue, had had the wires pulled for him in vain, and was left to languish in a canonry at a country cathedral. A mellifluous preacher, who had had the savoir-faire to brave his bishop and open his church for the marriage of a well-connected couple, of whom one had been the "innocent party" in a celebrated divorce suit, had had his praises sung in Downing Street by a sympathetic peer, to no purpose at all. A democratic dean who had gained applause by sitting on a secret commission, not appointed by the Crown, and was regarded with no greater favour. One and all, the acknowledged aspirants to the purple were not "in it," and when, after some delay, the terrible truth was made known, everyone grumbled greatly; especially because the wise men who are in the secret of all public events were for once at fault, and cudgelled their brains without effect to frame a plausible theory to account for the impossible thing that had come to pass.

As for Mr. Busby, in a political sense he knew nobody. In his own clerical sphere he was not without a certain kind of consequence; but his sphere was not wide, and London is large. He had, it is true, a charming family and a pleasant home, and therefore was not without friends; but his friends were not greater people than himself. He did not know a single peer or member of Parliament; he had never had a chance of preaching before a fashionable congregation, except when doing temporary duty at a foreign chaplaincy during a brief holiday. He was rarely invited to speak at public meetings, except those of some of the less popular religious societies

at Exeter Hall. In a word, he was distinctly a local parson, and his name would have been absolutely unknown to the clerical world at large but for the fact that he was strong on the subject of Sunday schools and subscribed liberally to the principal charities which clergymen care for. However, he was not without ambition, and a desire—solely for the good of his family—to make his social position better than it had been; and it was quite a matter of pride with him that he had once on a time made the acquaintance of no less a person than the Honourable Arthur Hamley, whose political promise was in all men's mouths. It was, however, some three years since that great event had occurred, and the acquaintance had not been kept up. In the course of one of his summer trips Mr. Busby had passed a few days at Boulogne, and being, like many a good and grave minister, not averse to a little harmless fling when fairly outside the ken of his congregation, had allowed his daughters to persuade him to take them to the Etablissement des Bains. The event of the evening was one of those pretty children's dances which people who are no longer children enjoy just as much as their juniors; and when Arthur Hamley caught sight of Agatha Busby's pert and pretty little face he resolved on the spot to become young again for her sake. Having with all due formalities secured her as a partner, he easily succeeded in securing the acquaintance of her father and mother without any formality at all; for the little sixteen-year-old damsel, in blissful ignorance of les convenances, promptly performed a naïve ceremony of introduction when the valse was over. "Mother, this is Mr. Hamley," she said; and Mrs. Busby, knowing perfectly well who he was, received him graciously. Now Arthur Hamley, though a clever youth, was in those days exceedingly susceptible. He had just come down from Cambridge after taking a brilliant degree, and having been a very hard-reading man he was wonderfully unversed in the ways of women. For fully a week, therefore, he was a victim to the charms of Agatha Busby, and she on her side thought him the pleasantest playfellow she had ever met. Then the idyll came to a sudden close. Hamley was telegraphed for, to address his future constituents, when an unexpected defeat of the Government rendered a general election more than a dim possibility, and the Busbys also went their way. Since then they had never met. Whatever impression the fair Agatha had made on the young politician was apparently effaced by new interests; for when he was safe in Parliament, and the Prime Minister had returned victoriously to office and taken him up warmly, he did not once attempt to make his way to the Vicarage in Boswell Square. To Mr. and Mrs. Busby, indeed, this was a keen disappointment; not that they had any definite matrimonial designs on the young man, but because they considered the acquaintance of a peer's son and a member of Parliament in itself a thing to be desired. As to Agatha, at nineteen she remembered Mr. Hamley just as she did other boys whom she had met in what she called the days of her youth, and as a matter of taste thought him not nearly so "nice" as her father's curate, the Rev. Harry Jones.

Just at the time when Mr. Busby was offered the bishopric of Barminster he had all but given up hope of any further professional advancement. St. Bride's suited him very well in its way, that is to say, as a stepping-stone to something else; but years had gone by and the something else seemed as far off as ever. St. Bride's, Boswell Street (corner of Boswell Square), was not reckoned a prize in the religious lottery, and if Mr. Busby had accounted himself a fortunate man when he was appointed to it, it was mainly because it was the best thing to be had at the moment, and, above all, because the preferment had come to him almost by accident. How that accident was afterwards to affect the disposal of an important bishopric not one of the parties to the transaction could of course have even guessed.

Long before Mr. Busby's time St. Bride's had been a highly popular place of worship. It was an unsightly brick building with a heavy stone portico-a clumsy caricature of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields—and had been erected some ten years before the beginning of the present reign (when such churches were the rage) to meet the growing wants of a new neighbourhood. Houses, and then whole streets and squares, had sprung up on every side of the little old St. Bride's of former days, which until recently had been the church of a quiet village; and when the village was swallowed up in London the little church was replaced by the St. Bride's of Mr. Busby. first the dwellers in the new suburb were wealthy folks—most of them "carriage families," as the local doctor's wife was wont to assure Mrs. Busby when enlarging on the glories of the days that were no more and a popular pulpit orator used to draw crowds of the rich and religious to his ministrations. But the neighbourhood went down by leaps and bounds, as such neighbourhoods will; its magnates migrated to more refined regions; the mews were converted into "courts," wherein an Irish population congregated, and made night hideous-Saturday night especially—as the feuds of the Finnegans and the O'Flahertys were fought out. Worst of all, the pews would let no longer, and the endowment was not large, for the greater tithes were in the hands of a lay rector. Presently the "hot gospeller," who had "occupied the pulpit" with so much success in the palmy days of the

parish, passed to his reward in a snug canonry, and resigned the living which he no longer considered worth keeping. And then came Mr. Busby's opportunity.

The good man had neither family influence nor ample means of his own, but after ten years or so of uneventful curate life he had taken a step which poor but prudent parsons often find advantageous. He had, in fact, married the wealthy young widow of a local brewer, and the happy couple had forthwith begun to consider how they could best improve their position in the Church and in the world. Mrs. Busby was not content that her husband should continue to be a curate, yet as her money was carefully tied up it was not easy to purchase an advowson for him, or even a "next presentation" worth the having. Mr. Busby, however, had studied the question of Church patronage to such effect that he was not long in finding another solution to the problem.

Unlike most churches of the kind, St. Bride's was in the gift of a private patron, who was also the lay rector. Had it been built in a newly formed parish, the presentation to the incumbency would naturally have been vested in the Bishop of London; but as the parish was an old one the lay patron retained all his rights though he had not contributed a penny to the erection of the new church. This arrangement, which may be regarded as almost the most marvellous among all the mysteries of our ecclesiastical law, led in the present case to strange results. At the time when the living became vacant the patron was, as it happened, a young man of decidedly unecclesiastical tastes, who was wont to leave the care of his concerns (so far as they were cared for at all) to his solicitors; and when, one morning, he received a shoal of applications for the benefice, he promptly forwarded them to Messrs. Phipson and Rhees.

The profane laity know little of these matters, and as a rule care less, but in certain clerical circles the vacancy of a living causes quite a flutter of excitement—indeed, it is a matter of far more moment there than is the vacancy of a see in the eyes of more important ministers. It is, therefore, no wonder that a well-known "Church of England Family Newspaper" found it worth while to publish week by week a carefully compiled list of flocks having no shepherd, giving the exact pecuniary value of each pastoral charge, and the name of the patron. This arrangement made matters easy for clerical candidates, and it was as a competitor with some hundreds of eager curates, ancient and modern, that Mr. Busby entered the lists. However, there was something in Mr. Busby's letter which at once caught the keen eyes of

Messrs. Phipson and Rhees, and led them after due inquiry to recommend him to the patron as the man par excellence for St. Bride's. Mr. Busby had prudently described himself as "an experienced clergyman, with private means," intent on taking the charge of a poor parish "solely for the good of souls;" and the lawyers, thinking more of his means than of his motives, quickly concluded that if such a candidate were selected the lay rector might get rid, by arrangement, of his legal obligation to repair the chancel—a matter of some consequence, seeing that that portion of the ancient church had been left standing when the rest had been rebuilt. So Mr. Busby squared the solicitors—or was squared by them, whichever it was—and entered joyfully on the proud position of a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England.

Sixteen years passed by, and Mr. Busby heard no more of his patron; but one day something occurred which made him not a little curious. The advowson of his living was put up for sale by public auction. Now it was no concern of the Vicar of St. Bride's who the purchaser might chance to be, but he amused himself by attending the sale. The advowson was knocked down at a low figure to a buyer whom nobody knew-a country solicitor, it was said; and what made the existing incumbent all the more inquisitive about the transaction was that his old friends, Messrs. Phipson and Rhees, could not be persuaded to tell him anything on the subject. course they knew, but they would say nothing-nothing, that is, which threw light on the matter. It was not unnatural, they admitted, that the Vicar should care to hear who was the new patron, although his concern with him was for business purposes really very slight. Well, the advowson had been bought on behalf of John Smith, Esq., and others. More than that they were not in a position to say. Mr. Busby, however, was a wide-awake man, and thinking that he smelt "trustees," pondered deeply upon the matter. For what could trustees want with such a living? From a business point of view it was worthless; for though the endowment added to his wife's income made it good enough for him as a stepping-stone, a parson without private means could not have carried on the work of the parish at all. The pews had long since ceased to pay, the offertory was an empty ceremony, and the "surplice fees" were of scanty amount. However, three more years passed by before he gained any light on the subject, and then the information came to him in a somewhat singular way.

One Saturday morning in February the Vicar of St. Bride's was journeying alone to London from the provincial town where he had

served as curate in his earlier days. The good man was cold and also a little out of spirits, for a pleasant visit to some of his wife's relatives, who regarded him with reverence, had been prematurely cut short by a telegram announcing that his curate was ill and unfit for duty on the morrow. Now, Mr. Busby had been invited to preach at his old parish church, where it was his pride to appear in the rôle of a distinguished London incumbent, and altogether it was trying to go back to his deserted home. But he had started in great haste, leaving his wife to finish her visit; his younger children were safe at school; and Agatha was on a visit to a former schoolfellow, the daughter of a rich City man, at Ealing. The morning was raw and damp, and the parson, with the collar of his overcoat turned up, and his neck and chin encircled by a large and sombre mufflerthe work of pious fingers—was ensconced in the corner of the railway carriage, to all appearance asleep, but in reality ruminating on his discourses for the impending Sunday, when part of a conversation reached his unwilling ears, which, as he listened, was far more interesting to him than were his sermons to his flock on the following day.

"It was a good stroke of business," said one of the speakers, "and now that the advowson is safe in the hands of the College it is time to get old Busby to resign quietly."

The Vicar did not start or stir, but with the tail of his eye he furtively glanced at the rude man who called him "old Busby," and in an instant recognised the solicitor who had acted for the new patrons of St. Bride's.

"Of course, of course," answered the solicitor's friend. "I was always against keeping the living in the hands of trustees. People would ask why we concerned ourselves with such a sorry piece of preferment, but it is quite natural for the College to have a parish of the kind to turn to account for mission work."

"By the way, Father," said the lawyer, "is the priest fixed on?"

"Oh yes. No one can be better fitted for the work than Father Coffin. The Bishop cannot object, for he is not a marked man—always prudent, though thoroughly Catholic; never signed anything, never joined the E.C.U. or the S.S.C. His preaching will carry everyone with him, and in another year we shall have vestments and lights at St. Bride's, and the rest of the 'six points' in due time."

"Busby must know nothing," said the lawyer earnestly. "By what I hear of him he is just the man to refuse to resign, so as to bring himself before the public. But he *does* know nothing; no one does except Phipson, and he is all right."

"It is fortunate that he is not likely to get Crown preferment,"

said the ecclesiastic gaily. "If the Prime Minister knew what we're about I verily believe he would promote him just to get the presentation *pro hac vice* into his own hands."

"Perhaps make him Bishop of Barminster," cried the lawyer with the air of a man who has for once in his life said a really good thing.

The two friends laughed so uproariously at this sally that Mr. Busby became warm with indignation. He had never dreamed of Crown preferment, but it was galling to have his incapacity taken for granted and joked about, especially by men whose opinions argued that they probably thought very poorly of the bishops as a body. However, he restrained himself, and listened eagerly as the lawyer explained the process by which he was to be persuaded to make way for an "advanced" successor. The living had been quietly purchased by a committee of wealthy Ritualists, and made over by them to the Warden and Fellows of Pusey College, Oxford. the church and the extreme poverty of the people around it had marked it out as just the place for the successful development of Ritualism in its most extreme form, and the clergyman whom it was proposed to appoint was a "dark horse," whose nomination would cause no stir, and whose popularity as a pulpit orator would serve to protect him from subsequent prosecution. As to Mr. Busby, he was to be kindly dealt with if only he would resign. But as Mr. Busby slept his fox's sleep and heard his destiny shaped out for him, he smiled grimly under his muffler, and said, "Not good enough, my conspirators; I can do better for myself." The "conspirators" left the train at Reading, and when once their backs were turned, Mr. Busby bought an evening paper, and having eagerly read a single paragraph gave himself up to reflection. Then a wild idea took possession of him and he laughed aloud at himself, and then changed sides, so to speak, and gave it a fair hearing, and adopted it. He was not wanting in courage, and when once his course was decided on he was impatient to act. It seemed as if he would never get to London, though he was being carried along as fast as a Great Western express can move; and when Paddington was reached at last, he leaped from his carriage with most unclerical haste—almost knocking down his daughter Agatha who stood close by on the platform.

"Agatha!" he cried almost fiercely. "What on earth brings you here? What do you want?"

"Why, father," faltered the girl; alarmed at his tone and angry bearing, "I came to meet you. Mother telegraphed that you were coming up, and bade me meet you and go home and take care of you; and so I came up from Ealing about twenty minutes ago,"

"Good girl, good girl," said the divine, recalling some of his composure. "But what the deuce—what am I to do with you?"

"Do with me?" she repeated in amazement, "why, take me with

you, of course, father!"

"True, true," he muttered like one in a dream. "Take her with me, of course. Why not, why not? Here, jump into this hansom, child; there's not a minute to lose.—Drive on!"

"Where to, sir?" asked the cabman, as they neared the station gates.

"Where to? Why, to No. 11 Downing Street, and be as quick as you can."

And Mr. Busby relapsed into his former train of thought, without noticing the startled exclamation which burst from his daughter's lips as he gave the order.

Ealing had been all excitement during the fortnight which Agatha had spent there with her friend, for a vacancy in the representation of the county had occurred, and, as much was supposed to depend on the result of this bye-election, both parties put forth all their strength, and the contest for the seat was keen. More than one leading politician went down to this important centre, and aided the opposing candidates with all the influence which political prestige or the dignity of office brings with it. The Prime Minister was, of course, deeply interested in the event, and if he did not himself mingle in the fray, encouraged the electors by sending in his stead his trusted lieutenant and private secretary, Mr. Arthur Hamley. Parliament had not yet met, and this clever young politician was able to do more in the way of electioneering than is usual with men in his exalted position. Not only did he make several speeches of surpassing eloquence and importance at public meetings in support of the Ministerialist candidate, but he went so far as to give up almost a whole afternoon to the Cowslip Confederation, a political agency of enormous power in the country just then, in which the fair sex were enrolled in their thousands. The Dames and Damsels of this association had been doing wonders during the canvass, but greater wonders must still be done in order to carry the day at the polling booths, so that the time of the great man's henchman could hardly have been better employed than in addressing these most persuasive of politicians. Now it was at the house of one of the local leaders of this mighty movement that Agatha Busby had been a guest. Mrs. Primrose was a Dame of advanced degree, her daughters were Damsels, and her sons Knights and Pages. It was no wonder that

the emissary of the Prime Minister thought it a duty to be made known to such political power; and if the sight of Agatha Busby, who sat close to Mrs. Primrose, first attracted Hamley's attention to the great Dame and her dignity, he was careful to conceal the fact from everyone save Agatha herself. She was very glad to see him again, and the sort of distinction which his immediate recognition of her, and deferential claim to be received as an old friend, evidently conferred upon her, in the eyes of envious Dames and Damsels, at once amused and flattered her. As for him, the sight of his pretty little partner of three years back, grown now into a really lovely young woman, awakened in a moment certain fancies which he had declared to himself to be foolish and almost fatal to his career, and he was again as much her slave as when he had wandered about with her at Boulogne in the wake of the Vicar of St. Bride's and his excellent wife, before that providential telegram recalled him to safer pursuits. Hamley's plunge into political life had had much the same effect upon him as his previous habits of hard reading at the University. He was a good deal in society, of course, but so far as the gentler section of society was concerned, not in any cordial sense of it. It was from no youthful fickleness that he had lost sight of the little girl who had taken possession of his heart so suddenly in the days of his nonage, but rather from a rigid sense of duty. Of course someone had seen him at Boulogne with the Busbys, and of course the incident had found its tale-bearer; and when Hamley's mother had asked him who "those people" were, and cautioned him carelessly not to "turn that poor child's head," he had remembered the necessities of his position as a younger son of a poor peer, and resolutely "put away childish things from him" and gone to work to make his career. But all this had been undone in a moment by a glance from Agatha's blue eyes, and when Hamley went back to town, after charming the "Cowslippers" with the eloquence of his address and the kindly cordiality of his conversation, it is to be feared that he had forgotten all about them, and the candidate whom he was supporting. He had, in fact, thrown prudence to the winds, and all that he cared for in connection with Ealing and its electors was the recollection that he had accepted Mrs. Primrose's invitation (to that good lady's undisguised delight) to attend a dance at her house—to be given a day or two before the polling, for a political purpose—and that Agatha would be there. To do this he had to hurry away from the dinner-table of the Prime Minister himself, and the great man was more than ever impressed with the energy and self-abnegation of his secretary. To this "suburban hop" Arthur Hamley was wont in after days to look back as one of the most delightful events in his life, and Agatha on her part enjoyed herself immensely and liked her old playfellow (as she had been used to call him to herself) better than ever. On the morrow came the telegram which recalled her from Ealing, and as she thought over the ball on her way up to town, it was with a curious mixture of feelings. Would she meet this pleasant, well-bred young man, who had been so attentive to her, any more, or would another three years pass by first? He had said that he hoped not, and that he was eager to renew his acquaintance with her father and mother. She wondered whether he would really make his way to the Vicarage, and how he would like her friends there-for instance, the Rev. Harry Jones. What made her think of Mr. Jones just then? She did not know; she often thought of him, and he was very nice. And then somehow she found herself comparing these two young men, and wondering whether Mr. Hamley could play lawn tennis with the skill displayed by the athletic curate on fine afternoons in Boswell Square.

"Why have you come back so suddenly, father dear?" Agatha asked, when the hansom was clear of the station. But Mr. Busby's thoughts were far away, and though she repeated the question, not a word did he answer till they were in Parliament Street and almost at their destination.

"Jones is knocked up," he said suddenly, "and I'm glad of it, as it turns out. But who is that gentleman?" he asked quickly, for coming away from the Prime Minister's house was a young man who bowed to his daughter with delighted recognition, and then approached the cab as it drew up at the door.

"Mr. Hamley, father," whispered Agatha hastily. "I met him at Mrs. Primrose's, and he knew me again at once."

Mr. Hamley! The Prime Minister's private secretary, and an old acquaintance! Could anything be more providential? So said the Vicar of St. Bride's to himself as he returned the young man's cordial greeting. Of course Mr. Hamley was entirely at the service of Agatha's father, and when Mr. Busby hastily informed him that he was the bearer of a piece of important political intelligence which could be communicated to the Prime Minister alone, and in the strictest confidence, he promised to secure an audience for him at once if possible. It was not very easy to manage this late on a Saturday afternoon, but Mr. Hamley could manage most things with his master, and the parson was duly admitted to the presence. Meanwhile Agatha could not be left to shiver in the cab; so her luggage was deposited in the hall and she herself established at the fire in the

ante-room. Mr. Hamley's engagements, if he had any, were post-poned for the present, and he did his best to amuse his companion till the Vicar's return; and if Agatha could not help wondering why her father was glad of poor Mr. Jones's illness, and then what he could have to say at such length to the great man whom he had never seen before, Arthur Hamley's professional instincts slumbered so strangely that it never occurred to him to think of the matter at all, although more than two hours passed by before Mr. Busby came back.

The Prime Minister was in sore perplexity. He had weathered many a storm, and done many a bold thing when it seemed likely to serve his ends, but never in his life had such a difficulty stared him in the face as that which was now to be dealt with. Mr. Busby had not misused the time for reflection which he had had between Reading and Downing Street, and he stated his case with an amount of address and assurance which did him infinite credit. Of the circumstances under which he had gained his information he said nothing, but he gave the Minister ample means of verifying his statements. He had come there, he said, as a public duty; his own concern with the matter was comparatively small, as he had determined in any event not to retain the living. Family considerations impelled him to this course, much as he regretted it, and it was out of his power to avert the threatened calamity. The Minister almost wrung his hands, and did actually tug at his shirt-collar as if he felt himself on the verge of an epileptic fit. Just then a combination of circumstances was against him, and he looked forward to a rather rough Session. Added to this, a question connected with Ritualism was agitating the country immensely, and a Bill dealing with it was to be brought into the Commons, which the Leader of the House was pledged to resist, although he felt sure that his party was to a large extent divided on the question. If such a mine as the appointment to St. Bride's were exploded at the wrong time, he felt that it might result in the overthrow of the Government; for this was a subject about which no one could be depended upon to act reasonably, and keep his temper and head cool.

"You must not resign, my dear Mr. Busby," he said, in his most persuasive accents. "You must stand by me. That is the only way out of the difficulty."

"There is another way, my lord," said the parson coolly. The great man had listened to him so long and so leniently that he saw his advantage, and meant to press it home. "There is another way. If the Crown were to give preferment to the present incumbent of

St. Bride's, the next presentation to the living would by custom be in your lordship's hands. As to not resigning, I fear that I can make no promises. I have laboured long and arduously without seeking or receiving any recognition of my services to the Church, and I do not think that the struggle can be carried on much longer." He spoke with the pathetic whine of an over-worked and ill-used man.

"There are, certainly, some desirable livings in my gift from time to time," said the Minister, "but the fact is that just now——"

"I do not intend to accept another living, much less to ask your lordship for preferment. I merely desired to indicate the only way out of this difficulty, as you have so frankly spoken your mind to me and I am unable to help you."

"It would be a public disaster if such an appointment were made just now!" cried the Minister excitedly.

"It would indeed," returned the Vicar, with composure. "The conspirators, as I must call them, are alive to that themselves, but they are not averse to injuring the present Government. I cannot help being amused at it, but it is a fact that they on their side are a little anxious about the delay in the appointment to the Bishopric of Barminster! I am sure that need not alarm them!" And the good man laughed softly.

The Prime Minister said much more, but the situation was not materially altered. Churchman as he was, he did not understand a parson of Mr. Busby's description at all, and the force of the resistance offered to his wishes inspired him with a sort of respect for his opponent. However, at last the interview came to an end, the Vicar only promising to hold his hand for a few days, so that the question might be duly considered; and the Prime Minister was left free to reassure his anxious family, who, when the dinner-hour had passed by unheeded, had begun to fear that the Eastern Question had assumed some new and startling phase.

"You know him, Hamley? Tell me, what kind of clergyman is he?"

Arthur Hamley's temptation had come in earnest, and he was no St. Anthony. A week had elapsed, and the St. Bride's affair had assumed a more serious aspect daily in the eyes of the unhappy Premier. Only a few days remained before the opening of Parliament, and the Ritualistic cloud was growing blacker and blacker. Differences, and almost disputes, had arisen in the Cabinet, and it was clear that it would be all but impossible to hold the party

together if one straw more were added to the burden. On this single point the Leader of the House knew well that he was distrusted by a large section of his followers, and at last he declared to himself that "something must be done."

"Yes, I know him," replied Hamley cautiously—"that is as an acquaintance, not as a clergyman. But he is said to be an excellent man; keeps close to his parish, and does not go about spouting on political questions."

"Well, we want no more bishops with the foot-and-mouth disease," said the Minister, with an uneasy laugh. "Perhaps a 'missioner' bishop would be a change for the better. Is Mr. Busby a missioner, do you know?"

"I hardly know," said Hamley, "but I should think he was. He has Sunday schools, and clubs, and kitchens, and all that sort of thing, and his family go about a great deal among the people. Charming clergyman's family," he added, as if that settled the missioner question.

"Ah! a family of Church workers. Very well, very well. I suppose it must be; but I should have preferred Pelham myself."

Now, Arthur Hamley had just given the great man the amount of encouragement which he needed in order that he might convince himself that the act of policy which he wanted to do was an act of principle. The young man was not quite happy about the part he had played in the affair, but, after all, he told himself he had only spoken the truth. Mr. Busby might be rather a bore, but he would not make a worse bishop than many other men—and he was Agatha's father. To marry a daughter of the Bishop of Barminster would be quite another thing in the eyes of his family from marrying the daughter of the unknown Vicar of St. Bride's; and-in short, it was not his business to stand in his future father-in-law's light. The Premier was fond of making sensational appointments in the Church. Schoolmaster bishops had been a failure, he said to himself, and so had political bishops, and popular preachers. For once he would appoint a quiet parish clergyman who had spent his life among the poor, and would know the wants alike of the clergy and the people.

"There!" he cried, tossing a letter across the table to his secretary, as he rose to go to luncheon. "There! send that to Mr. Busby as soon as you can—by special messenger, if you like—and we shall see what he says to it."

Hamley had no great doubt in his own mind as to what Mr. Busby would say. But what would Agatha say? He began to think that it was not too soon now to ask her that.

"I'll be the special messenger myself," he thought. "If I am the first to give her this piece of news she will not like me the less for it."

He was soon at Boswell Square, and learned that the Vicar was laid up with a bad cold, and that Miss Busby was out but expected to return every moment. He determined to see Mr. Busby at all hazards, and, after waiting ten minutes or so in the back drawingroom, he was invited to go upstairs to the sick man's room. Mr. Busby looked ill and feverish; the excitement of the last week had in fact told upon him considerably; but Mr. Hamley was graciously welcomed. The Vicar summoned his self-command, and received the Premier's offer with all the dignity of which he was capable. He even begged for time to consider the unexpected proposition which had been put before him, and spoke with deep feeling of the enormous responsibilities attaching to the office and work of a bishop. Hamley was very patient of all this prosing, hoping that if only he prolonged the interview Agatha might return. So he gently but firmly insisted that the Premier's anxiety should be set at rest at once, and when in due time he bade his friend good-bye, Mr. Busby's acceptance of the see was in the secretary's pocket. Then he made his way downstairs, and returned to the drawing-room, where he had left his hat and cane. Was Agatha there? he wondered; and when he saw that she was not, he ventured before leaving the room to look through the half-drawn, heavy curtains in the arch between the two drawing-rooms. Yes, there was Agatha-but she was not alone. By her side was a tall, muscular-looking young fellow in correct clerical dress, whose arm was round her waist, and against whose black shoulder her sweet golden head was laid lovingly. situation spoke for itself, and Hamley turned softly and fled. What had happened was too terrible to think of yet. He was wounded to the heart, he knew; nothing could undo what was done. But he was a brave man, and no thought of railing against her ever crossed his mind.

"Too late, just too late," he said. "Well, thank Heaven, Busby will be able now to give the fellow a living. What a fool I have been!"

The next morning Mrs. Busby was telegraphed for to London, her husband's illness having seriously increased. He was in no danger, but Agatha was a little frightened about him, and also, if the truth must be told, a little anxious to confide to her mother the secret that she had accepted the heart and hand of the now con-

valescent curate. Mrs. Busby lost no time in making her way to the side of her sick husband, and her reception there did not tend to allay her anxiety.

"Look here," cried the divine, sitting up in bed, with gleaming eyes and excited gestures. "Look here!" and he flourished a letter in the face of his affrighted spouse. "I'm to be Bishop of Barminster!"

"Bishop of Balderdash, my dear," said the lady gently. "Do lie still. You will be in a fever if you go on like that. Dear, dear," she added to herself, "he is raving now, I believe. Bishop of Barminster, indeed! Poor Burton!"

"Read it; read it yourself," insisted the parson. "You'll believe your own eyes, I suppose?"

Mrs. Burton Busby could hardly believe even them. But when all the daily papers raved like her lord, she grew accustomed to the idea. The process was longer in Arthur Hamley's case, and that is possibly the reason why the great Premier has never promoted another mediocre man to a bishopric from that day to this.

SHELLEY'S "JULIAN & MADDALO."

[It may as well be mentioned that the idea embodied in this Essay was first broached by me in a letter to Professor Dowden nearly a year ago, and the Essay itself written before anything on the subject had appeared, or, as I supposed, before the idea itself had occurred to anyone else. Circumstances delayed its publication for some time, and in the meanwhile a similar suggestion appeared in a brief letter to the Academy. I have, however, thought it best to give my article exactly as it was first written.]

T T is by this time superfluous to praise the manner in which Professor Dowden has accomplished the difficult task of writing a new, and, we think, final, life of Shelley. He has enjoyed an advantage beyond all his predecessors in having access to documents not known to them, apparently all that are to be had, and (except perhaps as to one part of his life) sufficient for a just portraiture of this strange, noble, bewitching, and bewildering child of genius. Even on this obscure part, which, like all the rest, is touched with candour and insight, he has, by his new documents, thrown new and important lights; and whilst here and elsewhere refraining, perhaps too carefully, from stating his own opinion, and impressing his own judgment on us, he yet helps us to form one for ourselves.

The literary criticism with which his biography is (but too rarely) interspersed is fine and subtle, as we should expect from the author. Nor, on reading the separate poems with his explanatory comments. should we expect to find a single cranny that he has left unexplored. Yet it so happens that he has in one instance passed by, as it were, a small door, closed, but not fastened, and it is this that we propose to open and look into. The poem is "Julian and Maddalo"; and I will begin by quoting from a letter of Shelley's to Leigh Hunt (written in 1819, a year after the piece was composed). "Two of the characters are known to you, and the third is also, in some degree, a painting from nature; but, with respect to time and place, Professor Dowden observes, "We must guess, in this instance, of what original the painting presents an idealisation." No one as yet, as far as I know, has ventured to guess; yet, from even the imperfect details given by former biographers, I had long formed VOL. CCLXIII. NO. 1882.

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a theory on the subject, which was that this unfortunate represented Shelley in an earlier stage of his life, and that the woman who had so wronged and tortured him was Harriet.1 I had, indeed, to draw on conjecture for some facts to sustain the theory; which facts, when Professor Dowden's book appeared, I found to have actually existed, and what was then only a plausible hypothesis may now, I think, be regarded almost as a certainty. To show this, I propose to analyse the poem, at least what I may call the inner part of it, the maniac's story. For it is obvious that he has set it in a framework of a very different kind, in order to disguise the real personal history it contains. This is in accordance with Shelley's general practice, and the usual strategy of poets who wish to perpetuate what they have poured out in impromptu emotion (generally their best), and yet not quite to lay bare their heart's secret to the world. This part refers (as I conclude) to the quarrels and separation of 1814; and it is almost impossible not to believe that it was then written more or less as it now stands. Such wild ejaculations of anguish could not have been got up in cold blood (a way which was never Shelley's) after four years of happy union with another. It is true that the style has more of the cachet of 1818 than have the less mature verses of 1814; besides that, the metre is the ten-syllable rhyming couplet, which was, to our knowledge, never used by Shelley before.² But might not that metre have first occurred to him when pouring forth his grief for himself alone, seeking nothing but unrestrained expression? This metre is highly tempting to such a soliloquising state of mind—the rhymes come easy, the length of the lines facilitates improvisation, and they are free from the limits and restrictions of the stanza form. Having then to compose the frame in which this fragment was to be set, he would naturally choose the same metre for it. No doubt the earlier lines were much corrected and re-modelled by the maturer taste and skill of 1818; yet still the wild incoherent passion of these soliloquies remains to contrast with that calm, embodying narrative, as do the occasional unconnectedness and negligence of the verse with the firmer and smoother march of the first part, the inevitable result of having to fit in what was written under such different conditions. It was then with a fine sense of art that Shelley accounted for the twofold incongruity by putting it into the mouth of a lunatic. Yet there is nothing really mad in these verses; they are the cries wrung

¹ Harriet Westbrook, Shelley's first wife.

² We may set aside the first "Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson," "the MS. of which," says Hogg, "had been confided to Shelley by some rhymester of the day."

out by the immediate pressure of agony; not by any means (as I think) the sighs heaved over the remembrance of it.1

The first thing that strikes us in this dreamy mourner—this maniac, as he calls him—is that it is so faithful a portrait of Shelley himself. In characters that may be supposed to express his own sentiments we find generally some traits of self-resemblance, but here they are so close and so many that we cannot but regard this as a fragment of autobiography. The passion of philanthropy, the love of justice which had been his from boyhood, the devotion to causes (he is, he says, "still the same in creed as in resolve") which may expose him to danger or even death, and, even more, that sensibility which

Made him as a nerve o'er which do creep The else unfelt oppressions of the earth,

the gentleness

That loved and pitied all things, and could moan For woes that others hear not,

and that gave "tears for scorn and love for hate"; in these pathetic tones do we not hear Shelley's own voice as it were thinking aloud?

I propose now to analyse the soliloquy, and show how well it agrees with the facts of Shelley's life as they come out under Professor Dowden's new lights. The story of Shelley's and Harriet's first acquaintance at the respective ages of nineteen and sixteen is known to all; we now learn that Harriet first fell passionately in love, and that he, though by his own statement at the time not at all in love with her, in fact, still grieving for Harriet Grove, was yet by her avowals of love and despair, her "throwing herself"-poor ignorant child—" on his protection," hurried through pity and gratitude into an elopement and marriage; that, at first an anxious and depressed bridegroom, he grew to be very fond of her, and that for two years she was a good wife and their happiness unbroken; but that, towards the end of 1813, chiefly it would seem owing to her sister's evil influence, conjugal dissensions broke out, and, by the early spring of 1814, Harriet was indifferent and estranged, and Shelley miserable. In May he addressed to her the verses (now first published by Professor Dowden) of a loving, rejected, despairing husband, complain-

I do not argue the early date of these verses from the comparative carelessness of the style, as though that were by itself a sign of immaturity. On the contrary, Shelley's earlier poems do not lack finish. Witness the musically perfect lines of April 1814: "Away! the moors are dark beneath the moon," and the lines to Harriet in May. In fact, there is much in this first poetry of the square preciseness of form of Byron's occasional verses, as well as of their somewhat conventional expression; and it was as his powers matured and he, as it were, let himself go that his style and rhythm became freer and bolder.

ing of her scorn, and imploring her pity ("Thy look of love has power to calm"). The second stanza is very emphatic:

Harriet! if all who long to live
In the warm sunshine of thine eye
That price beyond all pain must give,
Beneath thy scorn to die;
Then hear thy chosen own too late
His heart most worthy of its fate.

There is also a very remarkable poem, "When passion's trance is overpast," addressed "To—," and printed amongst Shelley's later verses, but with no precise date and no explanation, none of the usual notes being appended to state the occasion of writing or the meaning of its mysterious allusions. In fact, unless we regard it as addressed to Harriet at the period we are speaking of, it remains a hopeless enigma. It supplicates only for endurance. We quote the second stanza:

It were enough to feel, to see Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly, And dream the rest—and burn, and be The secret food of fires unseen, Couldst thou but be as thou hast been.

She remained hard and repellent, and in June left him for her father's house in Bath, not probably with any purpose of permanent separation, but at any rate for a considerable period. What followed we all know—their parting in July and Shelley's immediate action in consequence, the departure with Mary Godwin for the Continent. Two years after, Harriet was missing, and Shelley instituted inquiries in vain; in a month she was found again at last—a corpse in the Serpentine. She "had strayed from the paths of right living"; her father's protection, it would appear, had been withdrawn from her on the discovery, and she whom Shelley had provided for with all possible care, now cast out, doubly deserted and disgraced, sought refuge in the death of despair.

The soliloquy opens abruptly with what appears to be the outbreak of Shelley's misery when he first found his wife coldly hostile to him, and yet had to live on apparently good terms with her.

¹ Doubts have lately been cast on this till now generally admitted fact; but there can be no doubt in the minds of those who have investigated certain evidence (the *Times*, December 12, 1816) to which Professor Dowden refers.

He goes on to say-

If I have erred, there was no joy in error,
But pain and insult and unrest and terror.
I have not, as some do, bought penitence
With pleasure, and a dark, yet sweet offence.
For then, if love and tenderness and truth
Had overlived Hope's momentary youth,
My creed should have preserved me from repenting;
But loathing scorn and outrage unrelenting
Met love excited by far other seeming,
Until the end was gained; as one from dreaming
Of sweetest peace, I waked, to see my state
Such as it is!

That is, as we read it, his error, if there was one, in marrying Harriet was not committed for his own pleasure, and had brought him no happiness; he had not, as many another young man might have done, tempted her to an unlawful union, though, indeed, if she had continued to love him, he could not, consistently with his creed, have repented. But she now, having, as he believed, feigned love at first to attain her ends, rejected the love she had thus excited with scorn and loathing.

He then calls on the friend to whom he had become especially attached (Mrs. Boinville or her daughter) to pity him, though not confiding to her his cause of grief:

Oh thou my spirit's mate! Who, for thou art compassionate and wise, Wouldst pity me from thy most gentle eyes, If this sad writing thou shouldst ever see, These secret groans must be unheard by thee; 3

but assures her that he has still the same earnest social views, the same enthusiasm for humanity, which she knew in him, and was prepared, as of yore, "to do or suffer aught for justice and love" though "his nature" was "worthless now."

We shall find full confirmation of this in Hogg's account of Shelley's visits to Bracknell.

- ¹ It would seem to make better sense of this passage to read "Though e'en" instead of "For then."
 - ² This word is always printed loathëd, which is unintelligible.
- 3 It has been plausibly suggested that the "spirit's mate" here is Mary Godwin; but, as his feeling for her scarcely knew an interval between first sight and passion, he could have then regarded Harriet's indifference to him only as a justification of that passion, and his only grief was that he dared not indulge it. His visits to the Boinville family were made earlier, during the worst time of his sufferings about Harriet; and a poem of that date describes the too keen emotion raised by the "dewy looks" and "gentle words" of sympathy that he met there.

The next passage was obviously written after Harriet's death in 1816.

Oh, pallid as Death's dedicated bride,
Thou mockery that art sitting by my side,
Am I not wan like thee? At the grave's call
I haste, invited to thy wedding ball,
To meet the ghastly paramour for whom
Thou hast deserted me, and made the tomb
Thy bridal bed.

This contradiction to all the rest of the poem, which represents her as living, is immediately explained as being a delusion of the speaker's.

I know not what I say.

Hear but my reasons—I am mad, I fear.

My fancy is o'erwrought, thou art not here.

He again dwells on the fact that Harriet had first made love to him.

Nay, was it I who wooed thee to this breast, Which, like a serpent, thou envenomest, As in requital of the warmth it lent? Didst thou not seek me for thine own content? Did not thy love awaken mine?

And he records in words of terrible meaning the very different and cruel language she held to him afterwards "with the grimace of hate."

Let none relent
Who intend deeds too dreadful for a name.
Henceforth, if an example for the same
They seek—for thou on me look'dst so and so,
And didst speak thus and thus—I live to show
How much men bear and die not.—Thou wilt tell,
With the grimace of hate, how horrible
It was to meet my love when thine grew less.

Then comes a touch which is borne out with curious minuteness by a letter of Harriet's, now first printed by Professor Dowden, written from Bath to the publisher, Hookham, expressing great alarm at not having heard from Shelley, evidently from fear that he might have done himself violence.

Alas, love!
Fear me not; against thee I would not move
A finger in despite. Do I not live
That thou mayst have less bitter cause to grieve?
I give thee tears for scorn, and love for hate;
And that thy lot may be less desolate

¹ It is obvious that, whether faithful and attached to him or not, she might well be alarmed at such a possibility as his suicide, as nothing could be more disastrous for her.

Than his on whom thou tramplest, I refrain From that sweet sleep which medicines all pain.

These lines, which must surely have been written before the supposed discovery of the worst offence, are followed by some which, in their vague but emphatic assurance of complete forgiveness, may veil a deeper consciousness.

The last allusion in this poem which can be verified by reference to facts is that Harriet, before her final breach with Shelley, had induced him to do something which his judgment and conscience condemned. He had said before—

There is but one way
To peace, and that is truth—which follow ye!

and now the maniac's friends agree that his woe was caused by

Some deadly change in love
Of one vowed deeply (which he dreamed not of),
For whose sake he, it seemed, had fixed a blot
Of falsehood on his soul, which flourished not
Save in the light of all-beholding Truth;
And, having stamped this canker on his youth,
She had abandoned him.

Towards the end of 1813, says Mr. Rossetti, "she had yielded to the suggestions of interested persons and importuned him to act in ways repugnant to his feelings and convictions." It is likely that the Westbrooks, who were always keenly alive to the advantages of an alliance with one in Shelley's position, had induced him to take some step connected with pecuniary matters which he regarded as inequitable. We know that Harriet had become fond of dress and personal luxuries, and, in fact, spent a good deal of money.

In those mysteriously mournful lines-

Oh, child!

I would that thine [thy fate] were like to be more mild

For both our wretched sakes—for thine the most,

Who feelst already all that thou hast lost

Without the power to wish it back again, ould seem to be of Harriet parted:

the idea would seem to be of Harriet parted from Shelley looking back to the days of her purity and her husband's love, conscious that that was a better state, yet now so far astray in conduct and in heart that she could not even wish to return to it. Or may it be descriptive of her efforts to retain or to resume her position in her husband's house, though without any revival of her affection for him?

The vague conclusion to this story, that "after all she left him," and something of "why they parted, how they met," is obviously inserted as a sort of finish, or a blind, and has no connection with the actual truth.

If we examine the "Epipsychidion" in the same manner as we have done "Julian and Maddalo," we shall find in it, I think, confirmation of the view we have just taken. It has clearly the same autobiographical character. There is the same attempt to disguise the personal nature of the subject with a fictitious or mystifying framework; the "advertisement" to the poem states that the writer had died whilst preparing to seek a home in the Sporades. under this the real self of Shelley and the real feeling show unmistakably.1 When I say "the real feeling," I should, in this case, say rather the imaginative passion—more dream than waking fact—which yet had, like the other, a real object, idealised it is true, and afterwards confessed by him to have been "a cloud" and he "a poor Ixion." There seems to me to run through the "Epipsychidion" a thread of biographical allusions, fine as if drawn out of a fairy web; in plain English, a list of his (mostly poetical) affaires de cœur. But it is of too vague a kind, and has already given birth to too many conflicting interpretations, for me to hazard any fresh theories here, where more distinguished critics cannot agree, save, perhaps, to indicate my own strong belief that "the cold chaste moon," who "young and fair" descended and "hid him from his own darkness," means Mary Godwin on his first acquaintance with her, as indeed she fondly adopts from him for herself the name of "Moonshine" in her journal after Shelley's death. If this conjecture be correct, it would seem to follow that she who "sat by the well with voice of venomed melody" was the unfortunate Harriet, and the other "mortal forms," in which he "sought the shadow of his idol," the three ladies of Bracknell. And in that case the opening verses which describe his early visions of an ideal love point also to their temporary embodiment in the fair Harriet Grove. But I lay no stress on these suggestions, nor would I, against other authorities, pronounce positively that the two figures in whom I seem to recognise Harriet and Mary are not abstractions. I may, however, suggest, as highly probable, that the last personal allusion in this string of passionate remembrances is to "Claire" Claremont, as follows:-

> Thou, too, O Comet, beautiful and fierce, Who drewst the heart of this frail Universe [himself]

¹ It is to be remarked that the only two poems of Shelley's about the publication of which a mystery was made are these two which touch so closely on his own private history. "Julian and Maddalo" was shown in MS., but not published in his lifetime; of the "Epipsychidion" were printed a few copies, without his name, to be seen only by "the esoteric few."

Towards thine own, till, wrecked in that convulsion, Alternating attraction and repulsion,
Thine went astray and that was rent in twain—
O float into our azure heaven again!

This young lady,¹ to whom Shelley was tenderly attached—all the more from the painful circumstances which had placed her under his protection—lived with him and his wife, with the latter of whom, as both of them had hot tempers and Mary was perhaps a little, not unnaturally, jealous (her jealousy is very plainly expressed in her journal and letters to Shelley in 1814), she was generally on unpleasant terms. In consequence of this state of feeling she left them from time to time, and was, in fact, absent at Florence from Christmas 1820 till the summer of next year, while Shelley was writing the "Epipsychidion" at Pisa, and his letters to Claire during that period show how much he regretted her absence. Claire's doggrel couplet in her journal, "Heigho! the Claire and the Mae Find something to fight about every day," is the funny prosaic comment on the state of things so radiantly coloured in Shelley's magic verse.

I know not whether this "reading between the lines" will be regarded as are, by most sane readers, the discoveries made by the American conjurer of cypher-secrets buried in Shakspere's plays; or whether, even if accepted, they will be held worth publishing. I confess I feel it a pleasure to trace a definite meaning in what, without some such clue, might appear to us lovely "nonsense verses"; bright kaleidoscopic figures which do not even form a picture; "tales of little meaning, though the words be" sweet and "strong"; in short, if we may use such a comparison, musical moans of the Mock-Turtle kind; or, to put it more justly, might leave us in doubt whether we were listening to the language of the gods or of the birds.

Moreover, it is always interesting to trace the connection between a poet's experiences, both inner and outer, and his utterances; and in Shelley's case this connection was close and unfailing. All his verses came burning from his heart; for even the ideas of that keen and winged intellect were "interpenetrated and red-hot with passion"—he "learnt in suffering, what he taught in song." But two things are to be remembered when Shelley is the subject of such a study: first, that his poems often body forth only the passionate mood of the moment, not the fixed affections of his life—that

¹ She is generally called Mary's step-sister, but was in fact no relation at all, being only her step-mother's child by a previous marriage.

he could sing himself, it would seem, into a dream of love; secondly, that many of the saddest of these are the offspring, not of some actual misfortune, but of that morbidly sensitive temperament, and, still more, that deep, innate, often apparently causeless melancholy which is the curse of the poetic nature, felt in childhood, in youth, and sometimes till old age, not always consciously present, but always ready to rise like a dark cloud between itself and all existence.

It is curious how much more realistic, how much closer to actual fact and common nature, are the supposed lunatic's confessions than those in the "Epipsychidion," though each poem refers to real persons and incidents. The natural conclusion is, that in the first case the feeling was real, and only half so in the later, which, indeed, is best described in Lady Shelley's beautiful language as a creation of "radiant mysticism and rapturous melody." In this the personages are the rainbow-creatures of a vision; in the former they are made of human, terribly sentient clay.

It will be observed that in all the maniac's complaint there is no hint of what, if true, formed the core of the wife's offence, and was the ground of her alienation—a criminal attachment on her part; it was therefore not necessary to mention it in the above commentary. This reserve was only part of the profound silence that Shelley preserved on that subject to friends and enemies alike. Nevertheless, the allegation forms the real justification of his proceedings in regard to her. Professor Dowden has told the tale with great delicacy and discretion, passing no sentence, but giving merely the facts, and leaving the readers to judge from them, while carefully marking the limitations to our means of forming a conclusion from the paucity of the facts ascertained. He has had, it seems, access to all the documents in possession of Shelley's descendants, of which Lady Shelley says, while rejecting all the various versions given by Shelley's intimate friends, to none of whom, she avers, he confided the truth, that they make the story of his life complete, and that few now living, save the poet's children, have ever perused them. And she quotes Mary Shelley, who says that if the truth were known about these events, "Shelley's character would stand in fairer and brighter light than that of any contemporary."

It cannot be said that even now the mysterious story is wholly clear. But this much is gained, that, of the account hitherto accepted, from which it was impossible to acquit Shelley of gross wrong-doing two leading points may be held quite unproved, and the latter at least false—that he first deserted her, and that he left her unprovided for;

and that, by some now proved facts, an explanation is suggested which would show him as something more than cleared from blame. That, firmly convinced of her infidelity, he so carefully provided for her, allowing her, against his own wishes, to keep the children, continuing to the end his kindness to her, and by his absolute silence shielding her to his last days from the world's reproach at his own expense, would prove, instead of cruelty, conduct more tender and magnanimous than almost any other man's would have been in his But our full acquittal of him must depend on the nature of his conviction; we cannot accept a belief to which the wish was parent, or a morbid fancy in a man like him, liable to some strange delusions, as justification; there must have been assurance grounded on rational evidence. But we do not know his grounds, we only know that he always maintained an undoubting belief on this head; and that Godwin has, on independent evidence, asserted the same fact. Some reviewers, who would seem more disposed to make out a case against Shelley than to attend to facts, assert that his belief in Harriet's misdoing was merely an afterthought, that is, after he had separated from her and united himself to Mary, confusing apparently a later discovery of Godwin's as to the date of the offence with the knowledge of the fact in July, before the separation; which Professor Dowden has made as clear as possible, from a letter of "Claire's," in which she states on Mary's direct authority that Shelley had confided this fact to her, and thereby obtained her consent to their elopement (p. 424, vol. i.).

This is all that the biographer tells, and he has probably no more to tell. We must give what weight we think due to Godwin's belief, and to Shelley's, retained to the last and expressed in his constant statement that he had nothing to reproach himself with towards her, and most markedly in that solemn statement in answer to Southey's accusation of "guilt"—"I take God to witness, if such a Being is now regarding both you and me, and I pledge myself if we meet, as perhaps you expect, before Him after death, to repeat the same in His presence, that you accuse me wrongfully. I am innocent of ill, either done or intended; the consequences you allude to flowed in no respect from me. If you were my friend, I could tell you a history that would make you open your eyes; but I shall certainly never make the public my familiar confidant."

It is natural to wish to see so great a poet and so noble a thinker

¹ May not the attempts he made to induce her to live with or near him and Mary have arisen from a desire to guard her from the fate which eventually befell her?

freed from the charge of heartless, unmanly conduct, such as would give the lie to all the fond eulogies of all his friends and admirers as to his high moral qualities, and put him on a level with the selfish and cynically unfeeling Byron. But it is equally natural to shrink from flinging another and a deeper stain on the name of the poor, young, fair, certainly by nature innocent-hearted creature, who atoned so terribly for all her errors. Shelley stands on his own ground, and can take his chance with the future: he stepped on the world's stage and deliberately braved the world's sentence; and now, crowned with his genius and fame, he appeals to posterity for the favour that genius is sure to win. Harriet has no one and nothing to speak for her; she can only crave to be left to the cleansing waters of oblivion, and even these, alas! she cannot obtain.

But even though we acquit Shelley of blame towards Harriet, we cannot wholly acquit him towards Mary. He, a married man, fell passionately in love with a young girl, almost a child, won her heart, and carried on an affectionate intercourse with her against her father's sanction. Then, as soon as he conceived himself set free from his conjugal obligations, he stole this young girl from her home to live in a union with him unratified by law, custom, or received moral code, cutting her off from father and friends, exposing her to shame, calumny, social excommunication, and, if his single protection failed her, to poverty, neglect, and solitude-and all this when she was too young to know what she was sacrificing or incurring. It is true that in yielding she believed herself to be doing no wrong, that he repaired the injury to her as soon as he could, that she lived happily with him and never repented what she had done, and that, at last, after many struggles and much misery, she conquered the world's esteem. But all this does not diminish our sense of Shelley's first wrong-doing; and we need to remember that he was himself young (only twenty-two), impulsive, the dupe of his imagination and of ardent impossible theories, that he sincerely believed the world's laws which he was thus defying to be cruel and pernicious restraints, that his general feelings were pure and noble, and that in this special case the impulse was from a heart athirst for love and balked of it, condemned at home to an utterly spoilt lot—in a word, to domestic desolation.

"Dieu sera clément envers le génie" is the dangerous hope expressed by a French lady in apology for the errors of her gifted kinswoman. But without presuming to go so far, we may say that such genius as Shelley's commonly co-exists with a nature and a temperament so utterly different from that of the common run of

humanity that it requires more than the ordinary perceptions of right and wrong or the average amount of charity to judge of its claims, its needs, its temptations, and its sufferings. And when we see that it was even so, when we see that genius, not only in his works but in every fibre of his being, making his life something apart from that of others, something that was clearly swayed by a law and guided by an ideal of his own (a noble one, it must be remembered), we shall feel still less inclined to make our own limited experience the rule and measure of so unique a nature.

Finally, in discussing all this tragic history we must remember that we are judging the actions of three most immature human beings, at an age, to begin with, when others are yet in the schoolroom, and whose story was complete in five or six years. It is absurd to judge Harriet as if she were from the first a fully grown, experienced woman; and for Shelley's early aberrations—the rash marriage and rasher connection—the conduct of his father, however difficult it was, as we must allow, to manage him otherwise, in expelling him at eighteen years old from his home and family, and flinging him on the world without restraint and for a while without money, is primarily responsible: for Mary there are various excuses too obvious to need repeating. The inevitable moral is, that when girls and boys are their own sole guides and disposers in such stupendously important matters as love and marriage, mischief and misery are the probable results. In this case it sent a ghastly streak of tragedy through a life that should have been all pure and radiant.

In a recurrence, before we close, to our original subject, "Julian and Maddalo," and this time in a purely poetical point of view, we feel the relief of turning from this dim web of dreary suspicions and surmises to that which shines ever more and more with indestructible certainty—that unparalleled genius of which all the clouds that beset his earthly lot only make the lustre more intense. Perhaps the only unkind stroke which Fate dealt to that genius was the not giving it ten or twenty years more to work in. We have, in several of his poems, assurance of the presence, not merely prophecy of the development, of powers which, with time and calm and the hardening and concentration of his mere working faculties, would have placed him on the mountain tops with Homer, Dante, and No one can read such poetry as this "Julian and Shakspere. Maddalo," the "Letter to Mrs. Gisborne," and the "Cenci," without seeing that, as well as the gift of sublime abstraction which belongs to that mystical imagination that, like a "creature of the elements." flies up into the empyrean, he possessed also, though less developed.

that easy grasp of earthly things, that firm concrete touch, which, ioined with the former gift, make up the twofold nature of the true divine poet. We rarely find these two natures combined in the perfect balance required for such pre-eminence. One or the other is comparatively deficient, as in Æschylus, Spenser, Milton, and Victor Hugo, the earthly side, and in Chaucer, Burns, Byron, and Keats, the spiritual. In Calderon, Goethe, Wordsworth, the two elements are present and beautifully mingled, but neither perhaps in a transcendent degree; though we say this with a remembrance of some immortal passages which seem to silence our presumptuous judgment, and give to them at least the same potential claim as we assign to Shelley. But they lived to the utmost tether of their power; they did all that was in them to do; Shelley wanted not the power, but the time. Many of our great poets' greatest works were composed at or after fifty years old. Dante, before the "Divina Commedia," which was begun after he was thirty-five, had written nothing which but for that would have been held to make him immortal; and Shelley was not yet thirty when he added to his other immortalities his last of all, the "Triumph of Life." In this we see not only in conception and form an inspiration—it is more that than an imitation—from the "Divina Commedia," but in the treatment a strength and distinctness of touch, together with a splendour of imagery, which give him at least a momentary eagle's station but little below the peak on which stands the poet of all the worlds, past, present, and to come.

The truth is, Shelley is no less a thinker than a singer, an observer as well as a dreamer. And this poet, the abysses of whose thought are scarcely veiled by the rich entanglement of the images that grow around them, who paints nature with such glowing colours that if his pictures ever seem obscure it is that they are "dark with excessive light," whose strains now vibrate with cries of human love, wrath, and suffering, now like a trumpet's voice ring of liberty, fortitude, self-sacrifice, who makes divine truths visible to us through a splendour of metaphor—this is he whom some recent critics have qualified as "possessed of a *thin* ethereal poetic genius." Of this astounding characterisation only one explanation seems possible—that such critics have read nothing of Shelley's but the "Ode to a Skylark."

ARABELLA SHORE.

¹ To the case of Keats applies, in a still higher degree, what we say of Shelley; he died too early to show all that he was. There was in him a richness of genius that might have developed in almost any direction.

THE CONTINUITY OF CELLULAR VITALITY 1

A LL organic matter, the substance of animals and vegetables, whether they be living or dead, is ultimately composed of cells, each of which is itself a living entity. This is the fundamental distinction between organic and inorganic matter. animal when it dies or a vegetable when uprooted may be said to lose its collective vitality, the cells of which it is composed do not immediately lose their vitality; the substance of the animal or plant remains organic until decomposition sets in. This cellular vitality (the subject of this paper) vanishes in the process of decomposition, and it is generally assumed that it simply ceases to exist, and that the matter and force of the decomposing substance alone It is my purpose to combat this assumption, and to demonstrate that this cellular vitality has a continuous indestructible existence, just as matter and energy are known to have a continuous indestructible existence. From my point of view, all organic matter, all cellular matter, is composed of three elements—matter, energy, and vitality, the latter being as distinct from energy as energy is distinct from matter. Our consciousness tells us very plainly that this is so, but science has had grave doubts upon the point.

All cells are very similar in whatever species of organic matter they may be found. The cells in a log of timber are very similar to those in the eye of a living eagle. This appears strange, but science assures us that it is true, and it is important in this connection, because it gives a degree of homogeneity to cellular phenomena.

Another important point to bear in mind is the distinction between animals and vegetables. Though it is almost impossible to say in every case, This organism is a vegetable and this an animal, yet there is a broad line of distinction. A vegetable can apparently draw its sustenance from inorganic matter and energy only; an animal, on the other hand, requires organic vitalised matter for its

¹ A Paper read before the Birmingham Philosophical Society, April 8, 1886.

sustenance. It was this distinction (pointed out very clearly in Professor Drummond's work on "Natural Law in the Spiritual World") which drew my attention to this subject. I could not accept his inferences, and instead have arrived at those I am about to submit.

We will examine the phenomena of decomposition, and see if we cannot find strong indications of the continuity of cellular vitality.

The different processes of decomposition of organic matter may be divided into three classes—decomposition by digestion, when an animal digests organic matter for food; decomposition by putrefaction, with which fermentation is closely allied; and, thirdly, decomposition by combustion or other violent application of inorganic force. Let us consider these separately.

I. Decomposition by digestion.—As we have seen, an animal organism requires organic matter for its sustenance—that is, matter endowed with cellular vitality. Further than that (speaking generally), the more highly vitalised the organic matter the better is it fitted for animal food. For instance, seeds, fruit, roots, eggs, milk, and flesh, the most highly vitalised vegetable and animal products, form the best foodstuffs for the higher animals; and the more highly vitalised these are the better. I mean that a fine sample of wheat will make more nutritious bread, a young healthy cow will yield better milk, and an ox in the prime of his youth a better steak than can be derived from less highly vitalised samples of the same species.

Does this not lead to the inference that the vitality of the organic matter is an important factor in its qualification for animal food, and to the further inference that the vitality is in fact transferred in the process of assimilation from the organic matter consumed to the organism consuming, which, as it were, absorbs the vitality of the food in order to sustain its own vitality, in the same way that it absorbs the matter and inorganic energy of the food to sustain its own substance and physical energy?

Analysts do not regard it in this simple light. They ignore vitality in food, and look only to matter and energy; they tell us that certain constituent elements are necessary in food, and that the particular articles I mentioned contain these in considerable proportions; but they cannot make food out of its constituent elements, or if they can make it they cannot digest it. They have to admit that it requires a vegetable to prepare the food for an animal. They cannot do without the life, and yet they ignore it and talk about the mysteries of protein matter.

In the process of decomposition by digestion it would seem, therefore, that the cellular vitality of the decomposing substance is absorbed by the digesting organism.

2. Decomposition by putrefaction.—This has been conclusively shown by Professor Tyndall and others to take place only in the presence of organic germs, atmospheric or otherwise. Professor Tyndall's experiments were directed to test the question of spontaneous generation. He made decoctions of hay, beef, and many other organic substances, and he found that when sufficient care was used to exclude all organic germs from these decoctions, no generation and no putrefaction occurred. The plain inference from this is that organic matter retains its cellular vitality until attacked by an organism capable of absorbing and utilising that vitality, and this is a perfect talisman to the inference we previously drew that an animal organism required, and in the process of assimilation absorbed, vitality from its food.

So far, I think, I may claim that I have been fairly and squarely laying foundations in fact, and that I have barely raised my edifice above that solid ground. Having such foundations, I take the liberty of indicating the outline of the superstructure which they seem to me to be capable of carrying.

We could not very well stop at the point now reached even if we would. We find animal organisms requiring the vitality of organic matter for their sustenance, and we find organic matter refusing (except under the application of violent force) to yield up its vitality to any but a living organism, the inference we draw being that cellular vitality is as indestructible as matter and energy, and the corollary to that is that it cannot be built up out of nothing.

But we have two difficulties to face: one, the apparent loss of vitality in the case of decomposition by combustion; the other, the apparent faculty of vegetables to build up vitality out of nothing. Let us face these difficulties boldly, and, remembering that we are treading in new paths, and are dealing with a subject about which we know scientifically but very little, let us simply observe the phenomena, and if strange combinations present themselves, do not let us cast them aside as absurd before we have well considered them.

Take decomposition by combustion first. In this case the vitality is apparently destroyed, and we have no animal organism at hand to absorb it. Science has accounted for the matter and energy of the decomposing organic substance, but has entirely lost sight of the cellular vitality. On the other hand, there is a product of the combustion which is also unaccounted for by science, and which is of so

subtle a nature that it seems to be entirely immaterial, and to have no connection with the physical forces. May we not connect the two—the unaccountable loss of cellular vitality with the unaccountable presence of the subtle essence, odour?

Odour must not be confounded with gas. Science knows little about it but its negative qualities. A plant may emit a powerful odour for a lengthened period without the slightest apparent loss of weight or substance. Odour has no chemical properties and no energy. It corresponds with nothing but organisms, yet its effect upon them is very powerful and exceedingly subtle. The wonderfully keen sense of smell in dogs and carrion birds is well known. The subtlety of the odour is perhaps more wonderful than the subtlety of the sense, for we have no analogy to it in our experience. Odours, at any rate, are not to be despised. Nothing is more pleasant than an agreeable odour, nothing more deadly than a poisonous one, in which all things evil seem to propagate. A nauseous odour will render some peculiarly susceptible people unconscious. I feel, therefore, that I am doing no violence to facts in assuming provisionally that the vitality of organic matter decomposed by heat or violent chemical action escapes into space, and frequently, though not necessarily, presents itself to our consciousness in the form of odour.

Now let us consider the problem of vegetable growth. One grain of wheat can build a whole plant with perhaps a thousand grains, each endowed with as much vitality as the parent seed had. Have plants alone acquired the art of making bricks without straw, or do they absorb vitality from space, into which we are assuming that some of it escapes? This may perhaps be regarded as a bold supposition merely made to bridge a difficulty, but let us see if it has any support from facts.

Referring to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," I find, under the heading "Biology—Vegetable," the following passage: "Plants are the hewers of wood and drawers of water for other living things. And this property which they so largely possess of constructing from materials not directly available for animal nutrition substances which are so, is found to be uniformly attended with the presence of a peculiar green colouring matter known as chlorophyl, with which a portion of the protoplasm of their cells is tinged." This is all that science (dealing with matter and energy only) can tell us about it. A peculiar green colouring matter called chlorophyl does this legerdemain business; and upon this information Professor Tyndall is bold enough to assert that "the formation of a plant or an animal is, in the eyes of many scientific thinkers, a purely mechanical

problem, which differs from the problems of ordinary mechanics in the smallness of its masses and the complexity of the processes involved." Yet in another place he quotes from Professor Lister as follows: "We know that it is one of the chief peculiarities of living structures that they possess extraordinary powers of effecting chemical changes in materials in their vicinity out of all proportion to their energy as chemical compounds." Why does he ignore vitality in this way, while its effects are so patent and so unaccountable on any merely material basis?

My theory leads to the suggestion that the vegetable cell, by means of its vitality and through the instrumentality of its external chlorophyl, has the power under favourable conditions of absorbing free vitality out of space, and thus of building up the vitality of the plant; and, in the admitted ignorance of science, I submit that the suggestion is at least worthy of consideration.

The idea of free vitality uncombined with matter and energy is not a great stretch of imagination. We know matter and energy uncombined with vitality, and we know that terrestrial matter and energy can only retain vitality within a certain range of temperature, but this, I believe, is rather because the material structure of cells is ruptured by extreme temperatures than because the vitality itself is destroyed.

To my mind science demands a far greater stretch of imagination when it assumes that space is filled with an imponderable *material* which it calls "ether," and which has no material properties. Science wants something that can vibrate, and thus transmit light, heat, magnetism, and other vibratory energy, but with its most delicate instruments it cannot find anything, so it imagines, not an immaterial, but a material ether.

Materialists cannot understand how vibrations can be transmitted through an immaterial medium, and rather than doubt the capacity of their understandings they prefer to imagine that facts are not as they appear. But why must they have a material medium? I doubt if matter can rightly be said to transmit vibrations. Rather by its inertia it presents resistance to them and dissipates them, such vibrations only as it cannot dissipate being transmitted, and this not by virtue of the material but of the immaterial medium.

Faraday appears to be almost the only eminent modern scientist who has escaped this extraordinary conclusion.

Clerk Maxwell, an exponent of the material ether theory, uses the following words in the concluding paragraph of his work on electricity and magnetism: "In fact, whenever energy is transmitted from one body to another in time, there must be a medium or substance in which the energy exists after it leaves one body and before it reaches the other, for energy, as Toricelli remarked, is a quint-essence of so subtle a nature that it cannot be contained in any vessel except the utmost substance of *material* things."

Faraday's theory was that of lines of force having a physical existence without any material medium. The following passages will illustrate his meaning:—

"The view," he says, "which I am so bold as to put forth considers, therefore, radiation as a high species of vibration in the lines of force which are known to connect particles and also masses of matter together. It endeavours to dismiss the ether but not the vibrations." He further speaks of "a vibration of the line of force accounting for the phenomena of radiation." And again, "I conceive that when a magnet is in free space there is such a medium (magnetically speaking) around it. What that surrounding magnetic medium may be I cannot tell-perhaps the ether." He also refers to "physical lines of magnetic force corresponding (in having a real existence) to the rays of light." And lastly, "For my own part, concerning the relation of a vacuum to the magnetic force and the general character of magnetic phenomena external to the magnet, I am more inclined to the notion that in the transmission of the force there is such an action external to the magnet, than that the effects are merely attraction and repulsion at a distance. Such an action may be a function of the ether, for it is not at all unlikely that if there be an ether it should have other uses than simply the conveyance of radiation." Faraday, you will notice, is dealing with magnetic force, but it is surmised that the same medium transmits all the radiant forces.

Newton held a similar view to this. In his letter to Bentley he says, "It is inconceivable that inanimate brute matter should, without the mediation of something else which is not material, operate upon and affect other matter without mutual contact, as it must do if gravitation in the sense of Epicurus be essential and inherent in it. That gravity should be innate, inherent, and essential to matter, so that one body can act upon another at a distance through a vacuum, without the medium of anything else, by and through which their action and force may be conveyed from one to another, is to me so great an absurdity that I believe no man who has in philosophical matters a competent faculty of thinking can ever fall into it."

From which rather involved passage I gather that Newton most

positively concluded that a medium was required to transmit gravitative energy, and that that medium could not be a material one.

Of these two theories I submit that that of an immaterial ether is the one that squares with the facts.

The ether has none of the powers, properties, or weaknesses of matter except (if it be an exception) this capacity for transmitting vibrations. It is imponderable, it has no chemical energy, and no dimensions, for it is infinite; it is absolutely and perfectly transparent and absolutely and perfectly elastic. The light from the most distant stars is transmitted without the slightest interruption or diminution, our power of discerning such being limited only by the condition of our immediate atmosphere and the capacity of our instruments. Its properties remain unchanged, whether it be subject to the intense cold of interstellar space or to the intense heat at the surfaces of suns. The most delicate instruments have never been able to detect it in any way, or to detect in it any of the properties of matter. It has no inertia, it creates no friction.

To the theory of an immaterial, but at the same time actually existing, ether there is none of these objections; the only question is, Could such a medium transmit vibrations? Why could it not? Vibrations are transmitted apparently by such a medium. Faraday and Newton were satisfied with an immaterial medium; why cannot we be also?

I have already suggested that free vitality, the source of vegetable vitality, exists in space; and though it is neither matter nor energy, we have reason to believe that it has an objective reality, for our conviction of the objective reality of matter and of physical energy is based mainly upon the fact that we cannot in the slightest degree alter their quantities. If it be true, as we have inferred, that cellular vitality is indestructible, the same argument applies to such vitality. In its free state it nevertheless exists.

Is it then unreasonable to assume that free vitality and the ether are at least intimately connected, perhaps one and the same transmitting vibrations? Faraday assumed the existence of an immaterial ether without any proof of its indestructibility, and remember that he surmised "that it is not at all unlikely that, if there be an ether, it should have other uses than simply the conveyance of radiation." Moreover, it is well known that there is an intimate relation between vibrations and the phenomena of consciousness (the prime attribute of organic vitality), and from this it may be inferred that a similar relation exist between vibrations and free vitality.

In this connection the only physical attribute of odours known to science is very interesting. Though so subtle, and to all appearances immaterial, odours can intercept the vibrations of heat in considerable quantities. I quote from Professor Tyndall again. "The absorption," he says, "of heat by a tube full of dry air being I, that of the odour of patchouli diffused in it is 30, that of lavender 60, that of rosemary 174, while that of aniseed amounts to 372." He further remarks, "It would be idle to speculate on the quantities of matter concerned in these actions." There I cordially agree with him. would not only be idle but absolutely without result. But I would carry the matter a little farther, and inquire what becomes of the heat thus intercepted. The interception of such a quantity of heat by any material would inevitably result in a rise of temperature, but an immaterial odour cannot rise in temperature. How then can the disappearance of the heat be accounted for? I have suggested that odour is a peculiar form of free vitality, and I now submit that it is free vitality in a certain state of vibration which renders it capable of neutralising in some degree the waves of heat. vibrations can and do thus neutralise each other is a phenomenon well known to science.

I regard this property of odour as a very strong support to my theory. It strengthens the proofs of the connection which we have inferred to exist between cellular vitality and odour, between odour and free vitality, and between free vitality and vibrations.

Let me recapitulate. The fact that animal life requires highly vitalised organic matter for its sustenance, and the phenomena of decomposition by putrefaction had led to the inference that cellular vitality was not destroyed but transferred only in the process of decomposition, and (to complete the theory and make it correspond with the phenomena presented by matter and energy) the further inference was drawn that cellular vitality was indestructible by any means, and that it could not be created out of nothing. In support of this inference we find that on decomposition of organic matter by combustion there is an immaterial product called "odour" unaccounted for by material science, and this escapes into space. We found that plants manufactured their organic substance by means of their external chlorophyl, the operations of which are beyond the ken of material science. We find that science wants a perfect vibrating medium without any material property in space for the purpose of transmitting vibratory energy, and we find an intimate relation existing between vitality and vibrations in the phenomena of consciousness, and we further find an intimate relation between odour and heat vibrations.

Perhaps the strongest argument of all in support of the conclusions at which I have arrived is the nescience of material science about the phenomena I have referred to, and the intimate correspondence between them and consciousness. The effect upon our consciousness of the vibrations which convey heat and light is a very different thing from the effect of the same vibrations upon matter, but material science knows nothing of the difference. Odour, though so palpable to consciousness, corresponds with nothing else except the vibrations of ether transmitting heat. Material science admits its inability to explain the phenomena of vegetable growth and of digestion, and indeed of organic phenomena generally, and is completely puzzled by the spontaneous activity which all life exhibits in strong contrast to the inertia of inorganic matter. We know very well that we live and are pervaded with a something which is entirely different from and infinitely superior to matter and energy. Material science knows nothing of the sort, and would fain persuade us that our insight is a vain delusion.

It would be interesting to draw practical and philosophical conclusions from the theory which I have propounded, or, may I say, from the facts which I have laid bare, but space does not permit. I will conclude by quoting Tyndall once more, this time in a fine passage where his poetic feeling has made him a better philosopher than all his scientific experience.

"Nature," he says, "is not an aggregate of independent parts, but an organic whole. If you open a piano and sing into it a certain string will respond. Change the pitch of your voice; the first string ceases to vibrate, but another replies. Change again the pitch; the first two strings are silent, while another resounds. Now, in altering the pitch you simply change the form of the motion communicated by your vocal chords to the air, one string responding to one form and another to another. And thus is sentient man acted on by nature, the optic, the auditory, and other nerves of the human body being so many strings differently tuned, and responsive to different forms of the universal power."

H. M. GOODMAN.

ON PREFACES.

To make a fair start is as difficult in literature as in life; and among the innumerable difficulties of book-making, this, of the introduction between the writer and his readers, is undoubtedly the hardest, as it is the most inevitable task.

Every writer knows how much depends upon this first appearance, by which the rest of his book will probably be judged, and very carefully he has composed, balanced, and criticised its opening sentences. If, occasionally, they have given him pleasure, he has grown suspicious of that frame of mind, and has been prompted to follow the college tutor's advice which Dr. Johuson quoted, and run his pen right through them. In short, he feels himself in the position of the extempore preacher, who, however ready and experienced, takes good care that his exordium shall have been so well prepared as to be known by heart; for when once the beginning is accomplished, the rest is comparatively easy.

The want of a medium to effect this introduction between the writer and his readers is, however, not felt by every author. There are those who, having something to say, will say it to the world at large without fear of criticism, or demand for personal sympathy; while others—by far the more numerous class—require space, and often large space, for an explanation of themselves, their work and their motives in undertaking it. And the refuge of such is the Preface.

It may of course be said that the egoism of authors finds vent in their prefaces; and yet, were there no such legitimate vent, many books would be without some really interesting and instructive pages, and many readers would miss their only opportunity for making a kind of personal acquaintance with their authors. Indeed, it must be acknowledged that literature would be altogether the loser if such introductions had never been found necessary; and further, it has not unfrequently been the case that these pages—coloured as they sometimes are by personal reminiscences, opening the door of insight into opinions political, social, theological—have created a considerable desire to read what follows.

Whether every book should have a preface, or not, is a question which we do not feel competent to decide. There are weighty arguments to be brought forward on both sides; *d priori* we are inclined to pronounce in its favour, and yet, in many instances, we find it difficult to justify their existence. Addison, a sure guide in literary details, has declared himself to be on the side of "prefatory discourses" generally, and these of a distinctly personal character. The "Spectator" introduces himself to the reader in the following words:

"I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, until he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper, and my next, as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work."

There is therefore little doubt that the lively picture of the "Spectator's" habits and peculiarities which follows is not wholly imaginary, and that in describing the "most profound silence" by which, says he, he distinguished himself from infancy, Addison was revealing that hesitancy of language, and difficulty in expressing his thoughts in general conversation, from which he himself suffered in so remarkable a degree. For it is a well-attested fact that, with all his literary ability, and the fascination of his society when it could be enjoyed tête-à-tête, he was "constantly at a loss for what was called the current coin of conversation;" and, speaking of his deficiency in that respect, there is the well-known story of his own remark, that "he could draw bills for a thousand pounds without a guinea in his pocket."

If the "Spectator's" advice were to be followed literally, the biographers of all times would know where to look for details of the most interesting kind; nor would they have occasion, in the performance of their task, to contend either with overweening vanity, or still more provoking modesty. History, also, would become more real as it became more truly personal; and as ours is avowedly the age of writing (rather than of reading), there would be handed down to futurity a long series of records more curious than the pages of romance, and with illustrations more faithful to life than a gallery of family portraits.¹

¹ Of the same nature as such a scheme of universal autobiographical prefaces for the profit of futurity, is a practice now adopted at the Bodleian, where the librarian is reported to preserve specimens of dinner menus and Christmas cards as curiosities of the day.

Following for the time the theory that every book should have a preface, comes the fact that prefaces are to be found in works of every branch of English literature. It is easier to divide them as a whole into classes, than to bring particular instances strictly within the limits of such special divisions. Speaking broadly, however, prefaces may be classed as explanatory, biographical, critical, historical (in the sense of containing allusions to events of historical interest), autobiographical, and editorial (as those to editions, or to translations, of various works, selected, arranged, or merely presented by a different writer). Besides these, there are the prefaces to second, third-or, indeed, any number of editions of works original or edited, which are often delightfully personal, giving us little glimpses of harmless vanity, while expressing a modest and wellfeigned surprise that the book has been so well received. There is also a large class of prefaces to which it is difficult to affix an expressive title: those to plays, poems, and novels. Nor must the preface Comical be omitted, which, although it furnishes a somewhat scanty list, deserves honourable mention.

It is as impossible to deal fully with each separate division as to give a complete catalogue of prefaces; but it may be interesting to notice, incidentally, some of them—prefaces which might be grouped in one or other of the classes enumerated above. Neither will an attempt be made to present a list of them in their chronological order; for one instance will suggest another, which might not necessarily belong to the same or to the following period. It will be readily understood that this selection is a difficult task, since it is tempting to multiply these quotations to an indefinite degree, and it is quite conceivable that they would soon swell into a large volume. But a history of prefaces does not yet seem to have been required.

Their most ancient form was that of the Epistie Dedicatory, in which, while the author presented the result of his labours to some gracious patron, or to some relative or intimate friend, he would generally give an outline of his plan, its origin, or an explanation of the object which he had in view. Plays, poems, and romances had these epistles, as well as works of a serious or critical character. They are generally well worth reading, for often we come upon passages in them which are of purely personal interest, or which seem to throw a sudden and vivid side-light upon the history of the times in which they were written. We shall take the opportunity of quoting some of these a little later on.

The preface "to the reader" was perhaps first adopted because it was found to fill a want, which could not be supplied by the Epistle

Dedicatory alone. The patron was not always learned enough, or on sufficiently familiar terms with the writer to appreciate an account of his difficulties and his studies; he could not be expected to triumph with him when those difficulties were overcome, and those studies were brought to the desired result. The "reader" was a vague and unknown, but, possibly, intensely sympathetic person; and if, on the other hand, he had only taken up the book for the purposes of hostile criticism, it was but fair to both that a word of warning should be addressed to him, and that in furnishing him with the author's own weapons—a goodly list of authorities and arguments—he should be given to understand in vet plainer language that his judgment was neither respected nor feared. This form of preface (to the general reader) is to be found originally in conjunction with the Epistle Dedicatory, which it supplemented, and afterwards entirely superseded. The dedication was then completely separated from the preface, and became gradually shorter and more natural in expression, till it finally took the simple form which it bears at the present day. On the other hand, the preface became longer and more and more elaborate, till, in Dr. Johnson's time, it had all the characteristics of a critical essay. As, for instance, his own preface to his edition of Shakespeare, to which he added four others, of the same scope, by Shakespeare's other editors, Pope, Theobald, Sir Thomas Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton; while the first four volumes of what are now known as his Lives of the Poets were published by the booksellers of London as "Prefaces biographical and critical to the most eminent of the English Poets;"—what Johnson himself humorously called his "Little Lives and little Prefaces to a little edition of the English Poets."

Dryden, who was considered unrivalled in the composition of the Epistle Dedicatory, draws from an apparently inexhaustible store of learned and ingenious flattery. His plays, which have both epistles dedicatory and prefaces, are generally addressed to some nobleman whose gifts, learning, and condescension are extolled in extravagant language, the author revelling in the most abject manner in the contrast which he draws between his patron and his own humble self. It is difficult to avoid a comparison of such a ridiculous

¹ For another view of the matter, that Dryden was sometimes "laughing in his sleeve" at those whom he flattered, see *Lives of the Poets-Laureate*, by W. S. Austin and J. Ralph, p. 180.

² After leaving Cambridge, when in very needy circumstances, "one of his sources of income was to write prefaces for Herringman, the bookseller." (*Ibid.* p. 145.)

effusion as the dedication of Dryden's *Don Sebastian* to Philip, Earl of Leicester, and Spenser's celebrated dedication of his *Faery Queen* to Elizabeth, which Dean Church rightly pronounces the "boldest perhaps ever penned." John Dryden protests:

"Far be it from me (my most noble Lord) to think, that anything which my meanness can produce, should be worthy to be offered to your Patronage; or that ought which I can say of you should recommend you farther to the Esteem of good Men in this present Age, or to the Veneration which will certainly be paid you by Posterity."

Elizabeth's "most hymble servant, Edmynd Spenser,"

"Doth, in all hymilitie,
Dedicate, present, and consecrate
These his labovrs,
To live with the eternitie of her fame."

But Dryden must not be dismissed before note has been taken of some of the excellences which are undoubtedly to be found in several of his prefaces. They contain such sound criticism of the art of dramatic poetry, that it seems strange that the plays themselves should be so devoid of those very beauties at which he evidently aimed. They are generally dull, and invariably coarse: nor do we feel astonished when we read the account of its reception, which he gives us in the preface to *Don Sebastian*. We cannot but admire the conduct of the audience, who, although "the Poem was insupportably too long," seem to have endured it "with so much patience," and to have been "weary with so much good nature and silence." But "Mr. Betterton" having "judiciously lopt" the play, Dryden prepares them to expect "somewhat more masterly" arising to their view than in most, if not any, of his former tragedies.

"There is a more noble daring in the Figures, . . . and besides this some newnesses of English, translated from the beauties of Modern Torgues, as well as from the Elegancies of the Latin; and here and there some old words are sprinkled, which for their significance and sound, deserv'd not to be antiquated; such as we often find in Sallust amongst the Roman Authors, and in Milton's Paradise amongst ours; though perhaps the latter instead of sprinkling, has dealt them with too free a hand, even sometimes to the obscuring of his sense."

One of the most interesting prefatory letters is that which accompanies Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*. It is from him to his friend in Antwerp, Peter Giles, his "dearest Peter Giles," as he calls him, by whom and Erasmus the manuscript was "placed in the hands of Thierry Martins for publication at Louvain," towards the close of the year 1516. Peter Giles, or "Ægidius," as his learned

¹ This quotation is from Seebohm's Oxford Reformers, in which is a full account of the Utopia. See pp. 304-316.

correspondents used to address him, was the friend of Erasmus as well as of More, and it was in his presence, at More's house in Antwerp, as he relates (of which city Peter Giles was a native), that the conversations with the mythical "Raphael Hythloday of the best state of a Common-Wealth" took place, More having been previously introduced to this "Stranger" by Peter Giles, one day as he was "returning home from Mass at St. Maries, which is the chief Church, and the most frequented of any in Antwerp." There is also reference made in this letter to a servant of Sir Thomas More's, John Clement by name, who, it appears, was present when the "discourses" took place, and by which he profited to the extent of disagreeing with his master's memory of certain facts in them—notably of the breadth of the *Bridg over Anider at Amaurot*.

It is easy to form a vivid picture of the activity of More's daily life from this letter to Peter Giles, for in it he complains very sorrowfully of the little leisure he could snatch for writing from days "spent on other Men's Affairs," in "pleading and hearing, and in judging or composing of Causes, in waiting on some Men upon Business, and on others out of Respect." He was a man with a keen sense of duty in his private, as well as in his public life:

"All the time which I can gain to myself is that which I steal from my Sleep and my Meals," in which ("meat"), as he remarks above, "many do waste almost as much of their time, as in Sleep, which consumes very near the half of our Life."

What time he can spare from public life he devotes to his "Family at home," and not to his study:

"I must talk with my Wife, and chat with my Children, and I have somewhat to say to my Servants; for all these things I reckon as a part of Business, except a Man will resolve to be a Stranger at Home: and with whomsoever either Nature, Chance, or Choice has engaged a Man, in any Commerce, he must endeavour to make himself as acceptable to those about him as he possibly can; using still such a temper in it, that he may not spoil them by an excessive gentleness, so that his Servants may not become his Masters."

That the relations between servants and masters were in those days less distant than they are now, is evident from the interest which John Clement had inspired in More. He says:

"You know he was present with us, as I think he ought to be at every conversation that may be of use to him, for I promise myself great Matters from the progress he has so early made in the Greek and Roman learning." 1

^{&#}x27;For another instance of this kind, see Boswell's account of Johnson's "sincere regard" for a still humbler dependant—his "faithful negro servant, Francis Barbour." He was "so desirous of his further improvement, that he now (1768) placed him at a school at Bishop Stortford, in Hertfordshire." Master and servant corresponded regularly. As Boswell observes, "this humane attention does Johnson's heart much honour."

Owing to the overwhelming cares of More's life the book's completion had been delayed almost a year, "whereas," he tells Peter Giles, "no doubt you look'd for it within six Weeks." He does not seem to have any particular desire to appear before the public in print. If "Raphael" disapproves, he is willing to abandon the undertaking:

"I am so little fond of appearing in print upon this occasion, that if he dislikes it, I will lay it aside; And even though he should approve of it, I am not positively determined as to the publishing of it. Men's tastes differ much; some are of so morose a Temper, so sour a disposition, and make such absurd Judgments of Things, that Men of chearful and lively Tempers, who indulge their Genius, seem much more happy, than those who waste their time and strength in order to the publishing some Book, that tho of itself it might be useful or pleasant, yet instead of being well received, will be sure to be either loathed at, or censured."

The method of these ignorant critics is thus condemned:

"And some, when they meet in Taverns, take upon them among their Cups to pass Censures very freely on all Writers; and with a supercilious liberty to condemn everything that they do not like: in which they have the advantage that a bald Man has, who can catch hold of another by the Hair, while the other cannot return the like upon him. They are safe as it were of Gunshot, since there is nothing in them considerable enough to be taken hold of."

The *Utopia*, we learn from the preface to the translation of it which appeared in 1684, had been "once translated into English not long after it was written," probably "by Sir Thomas More himself." This second translation does not bear its writer's name, but we are justified in concluding that it must have been done by one who was practised in this particular art, of which, indeed, he seems to have had a high opinion, for his preface opens with the remark:

"There is no way of writing so proper, for the refining and polishing a Language, as the translating of Books into it, if he that undertakes it, has a competent skill of the one Tongue, and is a Master of the other," &c.

A criticism of the development of the English language follows, and Sir Francis Bacon, who is quoted as the "first that writ our Language correctly; as he is still our best Author," is yet censured as having "in some places Figures so strong, that they could not pass now before a severe Judg." Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher are cited as the masters of the drama, although the cautious translator takes care not to "provoke the present Masters of the Stage" by an invidious comparison between them and those of the "last Age."

He chooses not to enter into a lengthy criticism of the book, and he even seems anxious to absolve the author from what might be considered a confession of his own social theories in the pages of *Utopia*. He cannot believe that "More himself went in heartily to that

which is the chief basis of his *Utopia*, the taking away of all Property, and the levelling the World." And he is not more happy in his suggestion that the observations on marriage arose from "a misfortune" in More's "own choice, and that therefore he was so cautious on that Head; for the strictness of his Life covers him from severe censures." There does not seem to be the slightest foundation for this insinuation.¹

Of the extraordinary influence which the monarch exercised, two centuries ago, over literature, as well as over every other branch of industry in the kingdom, there is evidence from the allusions which are made to Charles the Second in several prefaces of the times.² The translator of the *Utopia* refers to the power of his influence, when describing the purity to which the English language had been insensibly brought, and which he declares "could not have been compassed without much labour, had it not been for the great advantage that we have of a Prince, who is so great a Judg, that his single approbation or dislike has almost as great an Authority over our Language, as his Prerogative gives him over our Coin."

Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, the beloved friend of Francis Bacon, who suffered perhaps more at the hands of learned and unlearned divines than any other scientific man, appeals to Charles the Second for a fair and liberal judgment of his writings in the Epistle Dedicatory of his Seven Philosophical Problems and Two Propositions of Geometry, a work which, his publisher William Crooke informs us, he translated himself, and "presented to His Majesty, with the Epistle prefix'd in the year 1662, at the same time they came forth in Latin." Hobbes had been mathematical tutor to Charles whilst the court was in exile at Paris, and the King seems to have had a real regard for him all his life. His desire now is that his "Writing should be tryed by" the King's "Excellent Reason, untainted with the Language that has been invented or made use of by Men when they were puzzled;" and he goes on to refer to the King as one who is "acquainted with all the Experiments of the time;" and whose "approbation," he adds, "(if I have the good Fortune to obtain it) will protect my reasoning from the contempt of my adversaries."

¹ See the account of Sir Thomas More to be found in Green's Short History of the English Peor's; and also Seebohm on the subject,

² Possibly Dr. Johnson's incomprehensible partiality for the gay monarch admits of reasonable explanation; at any rate, the writers of the day expected him to give encouragement to learning, and referred to him in flattering terms as no mean judge in matters scientific and theological.

It was, however, vain for Hobbes to plead that in his Leviathan, which had drawn down on him a storm of abuse from the bishops, there was "nothing against Episcopacy." Not all the contempt which he had expressed for the Puritan system of government and religion could secure their favour, or save him from the charge which he so bitterly resented, that of being called an "Atheist." He appeals to the Bishop of Durham to defend him against it, and to stand witness to the evidence of his religious feelings when he "was at the point of death at St. Germains." The Leviathan, he assures the King, "was written in a time when the pretence of Christ's Kingdom was made use of for the most horrid Actions that can be imagined; And it was in just Indignation of that, that I desired to see the bottom of that Doctrine of the Kingdom of Christ, which divers Ministers then Preached for a Pretence to their Rebellion; which may reasonably extenuate, though not excuse the writing of it."

William Crooke, the conscientious "bookseller," who felt that it was his duty to the public, as well as to the "Memory of Mr. Hobbs," to enable his tracts to "come forth with the most correct exactness," gives us in his preface "to the Reader," in the volume published by him in 1682, some idea of the treatment to which in those days authors and their books were commonly subjected. He complains that "several spurious Editions of the History of the Civil Wars," the subject of one of the tracts, had appeared, by which "both the World, and the Name of Mr. Hobbs have been abused," in which "a thousand faults" were printed, "and in above a hundred places whole Lines left out, as," he adds, "I can make appear."

William Lucy, Bishop of St. David's, seems to have employed the years, which he was forced to spend during the Commonwealth "in a sullen retirement," in studying and writing against the Leviathan. His book has both an Epistle Dedicatory and an address to the "Christian Reader," in both of which, amid the din of theological opinions, some whispers of historical interest are to be heard. The volume, which was dedicated to Clarendon, bears the lengthy title, "Observations, Censures, and Confutations of Notorious Errours in Mr. Hobbes, his Leviathan, and other his Bookes;" and Robert Pory, "S.T.P.," Domestic Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, sealed it with his imprimatur on June 10, 1662. It is, says Lucy, "the child of my brain, the fruit of my studies, and so one of the dearest things in the world to me." That he had not spared himself is evident from the number and size of his indices, as well as from the elaborate lists of "the most remarkable errours to be amended," and even of "Points, Comma's, &c., to be rectified by the

curious or censorious Reader," which he added to his work, the latter being, as may be imagined, a most puzzling and sight-baffling catalogue, which the good Bishop need not have feared would be consulted.

The dedication gives some idea of the Church's veneration for Clarendon, the patron of "Vertue, of Religion, of Justice," and of the position of responsibility which he occupied as the trusted counsellor of Charles the Second, both during his "accursed exile," and after the Restoration:

"If there had been flaw or chink in Your Lordship's secrecy, to let out what was committed to your trust, or defect of prudence in directing what was returned, I have often thought with myself, there would scarce have been a subject faithful and trusted by the King, who could have supervived his Restauration, to congratulate this blessed morning of happinesse, which we now enjoy; and therefore most of those gallant persons may acknowledge the preservation of their lives to those great and Counsellour vertues, . . . with which Your Lordship was indued."

In addressing the "Christian Reader," the Bishop's language is, however, less moderate. Hobbes is no longer mourned over as an "unhappy Author," but attacked as a "wild Bore" in the vineyard of the Church, who had "so far digged at the roots of Religion, that the principal Vines hang by little strings, and do only live, yea, would die if not succoured." That Lucy's labours were attended with difficulties and even dangers appears from the following passage in the preface:

"My condition in those times was such that I was forced, upon frequent and sudain searches of inquisitive souldiers, to huddle up my papers, and throw them I know not where, nor can yet find divers of them."

A preface which cannot fail to interest English readers is that which is prefixed to the folio edition of Shakespeare's works published in 1623, seven years after his death, "in which," as Pope observes in the preface to his edition of Shakespeare, "all the plays we now receive as his, were first collected." It is signed by the two Players, John Heminge and Henry Condell, Shakespeare's friends, or, as he calls them in his will, his "Fellows," and to whom, as well as to Richard Burbage, he left the sum of "Twenty Six Shillings Eight Pence apiece to buy the Rings." This preface of the Players is "to the great variety of readers." "From the most able, to him that can but spell," it begins, "there you are numbered, we had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your Purses. . . . But, whatever you doe, buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Jacke goe. And though you be a Magistrate

of wit, and sit, on the stage at *Black-Fryers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes dayly, know, these Playes have had their triall already, and stood out all Appeales; and doe now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, than any purchas'd letters of commendation."

They then utter the regret which all the literary world has echoed since them, that the "Author himselfe" had not "liv'd to have set forth, and overseene his owne writings." These, in the form of "divers stolne and surreptitions Copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious Impostors," had been before imposed upon the public, or, as Pope tells us, "during the time of his employment in the Theatre, several of his pieces were printed separately in Quarto." This first edition Pope does not condemn in the manner that the Players have done, and he considers the errors which had crept into their folio edition far worse than those of the quarto. The Players, however, took great credit to themselves for offering the "maimed and deformed" plays "cured, and perfect of their limbes."

This is but one out of the vast number of prefaces which has collected round the name and works of Shakespeare, for no other author's writings have been so often edited. Some of them, those especially of Johnson, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton, are worth reading, although they are not all worth quoting. Johnson's is an elaborate and critical essay of more than seventy pages; Pope's, which is much shorter, contains less of general criticism and more actual information than Johnson's. There is more said about the plays individually; the players and playhouses of that period are compared with those of Pope's own time; the supposed enmity between Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, the controversy between their partisans, and the latter's "Want of Learning" are discussed; and the spuriousness of certain "wretched plays," attributed to Shakespeare, is declared.

Theobald, whom Johnson in his preface calls "a man of narrow comprehension and small acquisitions," has, nevertheless, something new to tell about Stratford, and "our Shakespear's House," New-Place, where he informs us, with much triumph, that "Mr. Rowe never was appriz'd" of the "knowledge of one particular" concerning it, that "when the Civil War raged in England, and K. Charles the First's Queen was driven by the Necessity of Affairs to make a Recess in Warwickshire, she kept her Court for three Weeks in New-place. We may," he adds, "reasonably suppose it then the best private House in the Town; and her Majesty preferr'd it to the College, which was in the possession of the Coombe-Family, who did not so strongly favour the King's Party." The legend of the "two large

Chests" of Shakespeare's papers and manuscripts, "in the Hands of an ignorant Baker of *Warwick* (who had married one of the Descendants from our Shakespear)," being "consumed in the general Fire and Destruction of that Town," is also related, a tale which, says Theobald, "we have been told, indeed, in Print, but not till very lately."

The severe and learned Dr. Warburton's preface comes upon its readers like a thunder-clap, after the mild voice of Sir Thomas Hanmer, the courteous "Oxford editor." He spares no one—neither critic nor reader, neither the "Tartuffe ready on the first appearance of this Edition" to tell him he suffers himself to be "wholly diverted" from his purpose by these matters "less suitable" to his "clerical profession;" nor the "Friend," who bids him take "so candid an intimation in good part." Why should he withdraw himself into the "clerical Pale" again, and erect another work "to the confusion of Infidelity," when he has already "done all this, and more?" Why are secular studies to be forbidden him? Was not Saint Chrysostom so fond of Aristophanes "as to wake with him at his studies, and to sleep with him under his pillow?" And "I never heard," he adds, "that this was objected either to his Piety or his Preaching, not even in those times of pure Zeal and primitive Religion." "Aristophanes's best wit is but buffoonry," he continues, "in respect of Shakespear's great sense;" and again, "in comparison of Aristophanes's Freedoms, Shakespear writes with the purity of a Vestal."

As for Theobald and Hanmer, who, he says, had been recommended to him, the "One as a poor Man, the Other as a poor Critic," they "separately possessed those two Qualities which, more than any other, have contributed to bring the Art of Criticism into disrepute, Dulness of Apprehension, and Extravagance of Conjecture." But then these unfortunate men had both offended the Doctor, the one by appropriating Warburton's remarks as his own, and the other by "trafficking" with his papers without his knowledge, and "when that Project failed," by employing a number of Warburton's conjectures "in his Edition, against," says he, "my express Desire not to have that honour done unto me."

It may readily be imagined that Dr. Warburton's notes were written in the same uncompromising tone, and that they raised a "clamour," which Johnson describes as "too loud to be distinct."

The universally acknowledged master of the art of preface-writing, he who really first brought prefaces to an art, was Dr. Samuel Johnson, who probably composed more dedications and prefaces (for the works of others, as well as for his own) than any other author whatsoever.

"The ability and nice adaptation with which he could draw up a prefatory address," says Boswell, "was one of his peculiar excellences," If ever an unknown author ventured his "Dictionary of Ancient Geography," or his "Dictionary of Commerce" upon the public notice, Johnson's hand was easily to be discovered in the finely turned periods and antitheses of its preface; and as for dedications, "What an expense, Sir, do you put us to," exclaims Boswell, "in buying books, to which you have written prefaces or dedications!" and Johnson answers, "Why, I have dedicated to the royal family all round; that is to say to the last generation of the royal family." That he prided himself on this peculiar gift is evident from Boswell's remarks on the celebrated Preface to the Dictionary, which, he observes, "furnishes an eminent instance of a double talent of which Johnson was fully conscious. Sir Joshua Reynolds heard him say, 'There are two things which I am confident I can do very well: one is an introduction to any literary work, stating what it is to contain, and how it should be executed in the most perfect manner; the other is a conclusion, showing from various causes why the execution has not been equal to what the author promised himself and to the public." Boswell fairly revels in his delight over this preface to the Dictionary, which he considered one of the masterpieces of his beloved friend; and his remarks are so naïve and characteristic. that it is impossible to resist quoting the following passage.

"One of its excellencies has always struck me with peculiar admiration: I mean the perspicuity with which he has expressed abstract scientific notions. As an instance of this, I shall quote the following sentence: 'When the radical idea branches out into parallel ramifications, how can a consecutive series be formed of senses in their own nature collateral?"

How, indeed? We lose ourselves in this more than Cretan labyrinth, and Bozzy's admiration strikes us as *peculiar* in a far different sense from that he intended. Light has, however, arisen for him, though not for us, in this impenetrable darkness, for he adds:

"We have here an example of what has been often said, and I believe with justice, that there is for every thought a certain nice adaptation of words which none other could equal, and which when a man has been so fortunate as to hit, he has attained in that particular case the perfection of language."

That other and learned judges appreciated Johnson's powers, and valued his performances in this line, appears from Boswell's report of what Wetherell, Master of University College, said in his presence: "I would have given him a hundred guineas if he would have written a preface to his 'Political Tracts,' by way of a discourse on the British constitution." It was soon after this wish had been

expressed, that Johnson "burst out" with the exclamation of many a literary man before and after, "Why should I always be writing?" But Boswell, who was of course as anxious as the Master that Johnson should write on the subject, adds the following explanation:

"I hoped he was conscious that the debt was just, and meant to discharge it, though he disliked being dunned."

What Pope called the "dull duty of an editor" was to Johnson his proper field of labour, nor could he forgive Pope this unlucky expression of contempt, which escaped him in his preface to Shakespeare. "Let us now be told no more of the dull duty of an editor," he repeats wrathfully; and if Pope undertook a work which he considered "unworthy of his abilities," Johnson would have it known that "he understood but half his undertaking. The duty of a collator is indeed dull," he continues, "yet, like other tedious tasks, is very necessary; but an emendatory critick would ill discharge his duty, without qualities very different from dulness." And it is probable that the directions to be followed by a critic who would be successful, which Johnson proceeds to lay down, are worth all the learned Dr. Warburton's boasted "body of Canons for literal criticism" put together, had he fulfilled his intention, and done more than supply them "occasionally," in the course of his remarks on the subject.

Among the best examples which could be offered of English composition, Johnson's preface to Shakespeare would stand in the front rank. It was written when he was at his fullest vigour of mind and body, and it is eminently Johnsonian—but in the best vein of Johnsonese. It abounds with thoughts, clothed in majestic but natural and simple language, and it deserves—seventy-three pages though it is—to be carefully read straight through. The following paragraphs may be pointed out as the most noteworthy. There is not space to quote them all at their full length.

"The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients. While an Authour is yet living we estimate his powers by his worst performance, and when he is dead we rate them by his best."

"Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied," &c. &c.

Shakespeare's "dialogue is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation, and common occurrences."

Shakespeare's is the drama of real life. His "plays are not in the rigorous and critical sense either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow," &c. &c.

Johnson is too impartial a critic; in his own words, he has too little regard for "that bigotry which sets candour higher than truth," to be blind to Shakespeare's faults:

"Shakespeare with his excellencies has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other merit. . . . His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. . . . The plots are often so loosely formed that a very slight consideration may improve them," &c. &c.

More cannot be quoted, although Johnson's arguments in favour of Shakespeare's so-called "neglect of the unities," whether by "design" or "happy ignorance," are well worth reading. But the following passage on "notes," and how they should be used, has too great a force to be omitted:

"Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. . . . Particular passages are cleared by notes, but the general effect of the work is weakened. The mind is refrigerated by interruption; the thoughts are diverted from the principal subject; the reader is weary, he suspects not why; and at last throws away the book which he has too diligently studied."

Johnson's prefaces to the English poets were not so successful as might have been expected. Boswell heralds the appearance of the first four volumes in 1779, with the remark that Johnson gave the world "a luminous proof that the vigour of his mind in all its faculties, whether memory, judgment, or imagination, was not in the least abated;" but it is certain that the work done at the age of seventy had not, and probably could not have, the value of that done at fifty-six.

These "Lives" have been since edited by Peter Cunningham (1854), who in his very interesting preface to the first volume gives a list of the errors which the original work contained—"those attributable to the imperfect information of his period, and those due to his own neglect." Some idea of the animosity, which Johnson's unjust and imperfect treatment of the subject drew upon him, may be gathered from Cowper's exclamation, recorded by Cunningham: "I could thrash his old jacket, till I made his pension jingle in his pocket." But, on the other hand, as the editor justly remarks, "wherever

¹ For Wordsworth's opinion of the "Lives," see his supplementary Essay at the close of vol. i. of the edition of his poems published in 1815, pp. 366-367.

the world has dissented from his judgments, the world is still curious to preserve his opinions; and where understanding alone is sufficient for poetical criticism, the decisions of Johnson are generally right."

This preface of Cunningham's closes with an interesting story, which, had it been determined to place these writings in their own order, would make it rank in the division of Autobiographical prefaces. He relates how an edition of the "Lives," in four volumes, "then comparatively a dear book," came into his father's hands for the modest sum of three shillings and elevenpence; and that it was in this edition that he himself first read Johnson's work, and "determined twenty years ago to become his editor." His father, who began life as "a common stone-mason," had made his way on foot from the town in which Burns died to Edinburgh, "foreseeing a better outlet for his genius than his native place was likely to afford." When his labours of the day were over, he would repair to "a saleroom kept by old Blackwood (afterwards eminent as a publisher), where books were sold at night by cheaper advances in price than those now in use." It was when carrying away the "Lives" in triumph from this sale-room, that a gentleman who had arrived too late to secure them stopped the stone-mason, and offered him a handsome per-centage for the books. To his astonishment the offer was refused, and the successful purchaser hurried away, the gentleman looking from his "mason's apron" to the volumes, with "mixed and increasing surprise."

The "only book" that ever took Dr. Johnson "out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise" was Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, of which remarkable work, a very different critic, Byron, had also a high opinion. Burton chose to introduce himself "to the Reader," under the name of "Democritus Junior," in a very long, very learned, and most curious address, which he calls a "Satyricall Preface conducing to the following Discourse."

Truly, never was such a preface written before, or after; and were not the writer's real name so well known, it would be quite easy to follow his advice, when he says: "Suppose the Man in the Moone; or whom thou wilt to be the Author; I would not willingly be known." Robert Burton died at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1639, where he had lived for so many years, and to which he alludes in his preface in terms of pride and affection. He says he was "brought up a student in the most flourishing Colledge of Europe," and can "bragge" with Jovius that for thirty years he has continued a scholar (having the use of "as good Libraries as ever he had"), and he is anxious that his writings should be worthy of "so learned and noble a societie," and

not dishonourable to "such a royall and ample foundation." How well we can fancy him leading his uneventful, "monastique life," while mutters of the coming storm of the Rebellion grew louder and louder without the loyal University town, where he was pursuing his studies, like Democritus "in his garden," modelling himself perhaps on that "little wearish old man, very melancholy by nature, averse from company in his latter daies, and much given to solitarinesse" (as Burton renders the description by Hippocrates and Laertius), not devoted exclusively to the study of theology, but wishing to have "some smattering" in all sciences!

The title of his book, of which he is evidently proud, was taken from an ancient work called the *Anatomie of Wit*; he chooses it because he thinks it a striking and attractive one, for then, as now, the sale of a book seems to have been considerably influenced by its name. "The first, second, and third edition were suddenly gone," he relates, "eagerly read, and, as I have said, not so much approved by some as scornfully rejected by others." It is wonderful that, amid the enormous number of Latin quotations with which both the preface and the book abound, he should be able to boast that he has always given his authorities: "I have wronged no authors, but given every man his own. . . . The methode only is mine own." As for the style, he owns that it must be apologised for; he had no amanuenses to help him, and he hopes that the matter will atone for such deficiencies. Indeed, he would rather write an altogether fresh work, he declares, than correct and alter a new edition of an old one.

Among the numerous writings, which are nowadays accumulating so rapidly that they serve, he says, "to put under pies, to lap spice in, and keep rost-meat from burning," there have appeared so many sermons and pamphlets, "that whole teemes of oxen cannot draw them;" and as they have done no good, and only cause wrangling, he does not see why he should necessarily write on theology. The subject of "melancholy" is suggested by his being himself "busie to avoid melancholy," and easing his mind by writing, and his head of "a kind of impostume" which had troubled him. If physicians object to his trespassing, he retaliates with the astonishing accusation that many of them "have taken Orders in hope of a benefice." On the other hand, he, too, "in the theorick of physick," has "taken some pains," not for the sake of practising, "but to satisfie myself."

His great theory is that all men are mad, and this he intends to prove; and that they have "n.uch more need of *Hellebor* then of *Tobacco*." What would Democritus say, could he see mankind now? he asks,

And then follows a singular and most melancholy description of affairs in England during Burton's time; the state of the Churchboth with regard to its divines of the Roman Communion, and on the adverse side "some of our nice and curious schismaticks;" the law ("our common hungry Pettefoggers,"—" a purse-milking nation, a clamorous company, gowned vultures, theeves and Seminaries of discord; worse than any polers by the high-way side; . . . a company of irreligious Harpies, scraping, griping catch-poles"); the army; the people of every class; commerce; exportation; industrial manufactures; agriculture; the wretched condition of the land, rivers, villages, and cities—all is described in glowing language. "Money" is the "goddesse we adore," he cries, and unworthiness and folly are what are rewarded; and we see "him that can paint Thais, play on a fiddle, curle hair, &c., sooner get preferment then a philologer or a poet." It is all very well to scoff at all foreigners; to "account Germanes heavie dul fellows, explode many of their fashions; they as contemptibly think of us;" indeed, a feeling of mutual contempt seems to have prevailed amongst the nations in Burton's, as perhaps it still does at the present, time. But the flourishing condition of Holland moves his envious admiration; and he enters into a lengthy comparison between its "neat cities and populous townes, full of most industrious artificers," and those "many thousand acres of our fens (which) lie drowned, our cities thin, . . . our trades decayed, our still running rivers stopped, and that beneficiall use of transportation, wholly neglected, so many Havens void of ships and townes, so many Parkes and Forrests for pleasure, barren Heaths, so many Villages depopulated."

"Many will not believe, but that our Island of Great Britaine is now more populous then ever it was; yet let them read Bede, Leland, and others, they shall finde it most flourished in the Saxon Heptarchy, and in the Conqueror's time was farre better inhabited, then at this present."

The "fortunate Union of England and Scotland which our fore-fathers laboured to effect, and desired to see," has been happily accomplished, and the kingdom is well ruled by a wise prince; but what of "those wild Irish," over the water? Speaking of the "prudent policy of the Romans," whereby so many nations were civilised, which were "once as uncivill as they in Virginia," he adds:

"Even so might Virginia, and those wild Irish have been civilized long since, if that order had been heretofore taken, which now begins, of planting Colonies, &c. I have read a discourse, printed Anno 1612, "Discovering the true causes, why

¹ Reference is also here made to the "thousands of Parishes" mentioned in Domesday Book, which were now no more.

Ireland was never intirely subdued or brought under obedience to the Crowne of England, untill the beginning of his Majesties happy reigne.' Yet if his reasons were throughly scanned by a judicious Politician, I am afraid he would not altogether be approved, but that it would turne to the dishonour of our Nation, to suffer it to lye so long waste."

The conquest of Ireland by Cromwell, only one year after Burton's death, was a terrible answer to this accusation.

Just reasons and excellent remedies for the deplorable state of affairs in England are, of course, suggested; and Burton indulges in a dream of another "Utopia," which, though not so widely known, perhaps, as the discourses of Raphael Hythloday, contains many practical ideas of reform. This ideal kingdom is to be, perhaps, amongst other sites, in "Terra Australi Incognita, there is roome enough," he says, "(for of my knowledge neither that hungry Spaniard, nor Mercurius Britannicus have yet discovered halfe of it)." As "idlenesse" is the universal cause of distress in the old country, so he would have it to be an impossibility in the new; he will "suffer no Beggers, Rogues, Vagabonds, or idle persons at all, that cannot give an accompt of their lives." In the cities there are to be "convenient churches," and the dead are to be buried in "separate places," "not in churchyards." Church patronage and social matters are to undergo peculiar reforms. Although marriage is to be rather "enforced than hindred," yet "no man shall marry untill he be twenty-five, no woman till she be twenty;" and the dowers of the latter, which are to be "rated" by "supervisors," are to have this curious proportion: "They that are foule shall have a greater portion; if faire none at all, or very little."

A book which made even a greater stir than Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy was the Religio Medici of the "learned Sir Thomas Browne, Kt., Doctor of Physick," at Norwich. In his preface "to the Reader," the author complains that "a most depraved Copy" of the work had already appeared, without his sanction, and composed from his own imperfect notes made seven years before, which had been communicated to some one, and then became "common to many," although they were necessarily unfit for publication, having been done without "the assistance of any good Book, whereby to promote" his "invention or relieve his memory."

When Sir Kenelm Digby lay a prisoner at Winchester House in 1642, the original and imperfect copy of the *Religio Medici* was recommended to him in the warmest terms of praise by his friend and patron, Lord Dorset, who was anxious to hear his opinion of it. It was already very late in the day, in fact, bedtime, when the news of

the wonderful book reached Sir Kenelm, but, as he tells Dorset, he at once sent to *Pauls-Churchyard* for a copy of this "favourite of his," to which he sacrificed his night's repose, for he says that he read it straight through from beginning to end, as he lay in bed. He then immediately proceeded to "blot a sheet or two of Paper" with his "reflections upon sundry passages" of it. Sir Thomas Browne having read these observations, wrote to explain the matter to him, and Sir Kenelm's reply is worthy of a courteous Cavalier, who although he liked to dabble somewhat in literature, was yet afraid to enter the "Lists in Publick with so Eminent and Learned a Man" as this doctor of Norwich:

"Those slender Notions I have, are but dis-jointed pieces I have by chance gleaned up here and there. . . . My superficial besprinkling will serve only for a private Letter, or a familiar Discourse, with Lady-auditors. . . . I kiss your hand, and rest, your most humble Servant."

A complete edition of Sir Thomas Browne's works appeared in 1686, four years after his death, and included his Tracts, which the publisher, Thomas Tenison, relates in a short preface "to the Reader," were delivered by the "Lady and Son of the excellent Author" to him; and he, considering them to be designed for "publick use," accordingly published them. This preface concludes with remarks in the dictatorial tone adopted very generally by the publishers and editors of those and earlier times. If the reader is not pleased with these Tracts, "he seemeth to me," Mr. Tenison observes, "to be distemper'd with such a niceness of Imagination, as no wise man is concern'd to humour."

Browne's three other works, the Pseudodoxia Epidemica, the Hydriotaphia, and the Garden of Cyrus, compose, with the Religio Medici, the whole of his collected writings. The first has a preface by himself, which opens with a curious paradox: "Knowledge is made by oblivion, and to purchase a clear and warrantable body of Truth, we must forget and part with much we know." His style, upon which Dr. Johnson was said, perhaps unconsciously, to have partly modelled his own, is frightfully overweighted with what may be called Anglicised Latin words, coined by himself. Indeed, "our first intentions," he observes, "considering the common interest of Truth, resolved to propose it unto the Latin Republique and equal Judges of Europe, but owing in the first place this service unto our Country, and therein especially unto its ingenuous Gentry, we have declared ourself in a language best conceiv'd. Although I confess the quality of the Subject will sometimes carry us into expressions beyond meer English apprehensions. And indeed," he adds (with truth so far as

his own writings are concerned), "if Elegancy still proceedeth, and English Pens maintain that stream, we have of late observed to flow from many, we shall within few years be fain to learn Latin to understand English, and a work will prove of equal facility in either." He cannot doubt that his "Brothers in Physick will friendly accept, if not countenance" his "endeavours;" and as for the "frown of Theology," that cannot be expected "herein; nor can they which behold the present state of things, and controversie of Points so long received in Divinity, condemn our sober Enquiries in the doubtful appertinancies of Arts and Receptaries of Philosophy."

Among Charles Lamb's "lie-children," one of which, his "Biographical Memoir of Mr. Liston," imposed so successfully on the playgoing public, is to be found a "Preface, by a friend of the late Elia," which it is supposed was originally intended as a postscript to the collected edition of his first Essays in the "London Magazine," and afterwards altered into an introduction to his Last Essays, when Lamb, against his first intention, was persuaded by his publishers to continue them. The original piece appeared as "A Character of the late Elia, by a friend," and in it the supposed reception of the news of his death by his publishers and literary companions is thus described: "Exactly at twelve last night, his queer spirit departed: and the bells of Saint Bride's rang him out with the old year. mournful vibrations were caught in the dining-room of his friends T. and H., and the company, assembled there to welcome in another 1st of January, checked their carousals in mid-mirth, and were silent." In both the "Character" and the "Preface" Elia's love of tobacco, and its power of controlling his stammering speech, are feelingly acknowledged:

"Only in the use of the Indian weed he might be thought a little excessive. He took it, he would say, as a solvent of speech. Marry——as the friendly vapour ascended, how his prattle would curl up sometimes with it! the ligaments which tongue-tied him were loosened, and the stammerer proceeded a statist."

In the short biographical essay which accompanies the edition of Lamb's *Essays* published by Messrs. Bell & Daldy in 1867, a delightful story is told of the quaint effect which this stammer would sometimes produce when Lamb was in a humorous mood:

"The maddest quibble even he ever uttered was surely the answer he gave to a lady who had been boring him with a rather fatiguing dissertation upon her love for her children: 'And pray, Mr. Lamb,' said she at last, 'how do you like children?' 'B—b—boiled, ma'am!'"

Like Francis Bacon, who dedicated the first edition of his Essays to his brother Anthony, Oliver Goldsmith addressed the most celebrated of his poems, The Traveller, first published in 1765, to his brother Henry, a clergyman, whom he describes in this letter as one "who despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity with an income of forty pounds a-year." The Deserted Village, which appeared four years later, was dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, with Dr. Johnson and other members of the celebrated Literary Club, was one of Goldsmith's intimate friends. Here again we are reminded of Bacon's dedicatory letters, for, as he addresses the second edition of his Essays to his brother-in-law, Sir John Constable, in these touching words: "My last Essaies I dedicated to my deare brother Master Anthony Bacon, who is with God. . . . Missing my brother, I found you next; in respect of bond of neare alliance, and of straight friendship and societie, and particularly of communication in studies;" so Goldsmith writes: "Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you." In the short preface to the Good-Natured Man, a comedy first acted at Covent Garden in the beginning of 1708, a curious remark on the style of French comedy of that date occurs, which may be compared with the perhaps opposite extreme exhibited more than a century and a half later. Goldsmith "hopes that too much refinement will not banish humour and character from us, as it has already done from the French theatre. Indeed," he adds, "the French comedy is now become so very elevated and sentimental, that it has not only banished humour and Molière from the stage, but it has banished all spectators too."

She Stoops to Conquer was dedicated in a short but warmly affectionate letter to Dr. Johnson. And the short paragraph in which The Vicar of Wakefield is presented to the reader is one of the most perfect prefaces ever written.

The lesser poets of the early part of the last century had also the same practice of writing introductions, and Ambrose Philips has an exquisite little preface to his *Pastorals*, in which he expresses in the following metaphor the difference between the "Epick and Tragick poem,"—which, says he, "put the Spirits in too great a Ferment by the Vehemence of their Motions,"—and the Pastoral, which "gives a sweet and gentle composure to the Mind."

[&]quot;To see a stately, well-built Palace strikes us, indeed, with Admiration, and

swells the Soul, as it were, with Notions of Grandeur. But when I view a little Country Dwelling, advantageously situated amidst a beautiful Variety of Fields, Woods, and Rivers, I feel an unspeakable kind of Satisfaction, and cannot forbear wishing, that my good Fortune would place me in so sweet a Retirement."

Harriet Martineau has expressed just this thought, although in different language (and without intending it as a metaphor), in the opening paragraph of her novel *Deerbrook*.

Wordsworth has written several prefaces which are both learned and critical, and these he prefixed and added to his poems; two of which are to be found in the edition of 1875, together with an "Essay supplementary to the preface," which he inserted, "by way of interlude," at the close of the first volume of that edition. This essay is a history and criticism of two centuries of English poetry, from the time of Spenser:—"a hasty retrospect," as he calls it, "of the poetical literature of this country for the greater part of the last two Centuries." It contains some valuable criticism on what must still be called *taste* in poetry, although Wordsworth himself had such an aversion to the term. It is also interesting to read his acknowledgments of obligation to a work which had not been adequately appreciated in this country in Wordsworth's time—Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, of which he speaks in the highest praise.

Prefaces to novels are not so common at this decade of the century as they were thirty or forty years ago. Scott, Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, Nathaniel Hawthorne, besides many other novelists, all wrote prefaces either to first, or subsequent editions of their works. Indeed, this practice had become so common among novelists of every description, that a leading Review 1 felt itself called upon to address "a few words of special remonstrance to those writers of fiction" who, it says, "now indulge in egotising prefaces, giving narratives of the circumstances under which their works were composed, . . . or making statements with all the formal accuracy of the specification of a patent, of the precise points in which the author claims the merit of originality. This practice . . . is not altogether new, but it is disagreeably on the increase." The example of Sir Walter Scott is not to be "cited in justification of these offences against good taste," his prefaces not accompanying his novels, but being merely "literary gossip addressed to a public whom he assumed to be familiar with the books themselves."

One of the greatest novelists of this century, and whose prefaces have a charm peculiarly their own, is Nathaniel Hawthorne. Would

¹ See the Edinburgh Review for July 1864.

that we could claim him as entirely our own! But although this author of the weirdest, most mysterious, and subtly beautiful romances ever conceived, has to complain of the impossibility of writing such a romance with his own country for its suitable site—where, he says. "there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight,"-yet it is still his "dear native land," and we must give him up to America with a sigh of envious admiration. Whoever has read the preface to Transformation will remember how he was made by that most touching appeal entirely the author's own; and how he pleased himself with fancying that he was "that one congenial friend," to whom alone Hawthorne says he has been in the habit of addressing himself, and whom his imagination has painted "more comprehensive of his purposes, more appreciative of his success, more indulgent of his short-comings, and, in all respects, closer and kinder than a brother—that all-sympathising critic, in short, whom," he adds, "an author never actually meets, but to whom he implicitly makes his appeal whenever he is conscious of having done his best."

Charles Dickens's prefaces are a complete contrast to those of Hawthorne. His novels are often studies of the pathetic, but his prefaces are the essence of commonplace. Possibly the composer of those withering remarks on novelists, which have just been quoted, had such a preface in his mind as that to *Martin Chuzzlewit* when he wrote them, for this is but a justification, delivered in the usual jocular manner, of the characters which the author has drawn. In it there occurs just one remark worth quoting, and that because it suggests a possible extenuation of what must be considered the most evident fault of Dickens's writing.

"On this head of exaggeration, I have a positive experience, more curious than the speculation I have just set down. It is this:—I have never touched a character precisely from the life, but some counterpart of that character has incredulously asked me: 'Now really, did I ever, really, see one like it?'"

In the original preface to *David Copperfield* (which it is not surprising to hear him call his "favourite child," for it certainly contains his best work), Dickens describes something of the keen pleasure which he felt in his own productions. After such a "two years' imaginative task" his pen is "sorrowfully" laid down, and he feels as though he were "dismissing some portion of himself into the

¹ For a perhaps better illustration of the commonplace in preface-writing, the reader may be referred to the preface to Miss Edgeworth's *Moral Tales*, by that lady's mother.

shadowy world, when a crowd of the creatures of his brain are going from him for ever." His whole heart and strength have been given to the work, and "no one," he says, "can ever believe this Narrative in the reading, more than I believed it in the writing."

Charlotte Brontë's enthusiastic admiration for the genius of Thackeray found vent in her preface to the second edition of *Jane Eyre*, in 1847, which, although he was then a "total stranger" to her, she dedicated to him. She still speaks the nervous, powerful, and emphatic language of her novels:

"I see in him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognised. . . . I regard him as the first social regenerator of the day—as the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped system of things; . . . no commentator on his writings has yet found the comparison that suits him, the terms which rightly characterise his talent. They say he is like Fielding: they talk of his wit, humour, comic powers. He resembles Fielding as an eagle does a vulture. Fielding could stoop on carrion, but Thackeray never does. His wit is bright, his humour attractive, but both bear the same relation to his serious genius, that the mere lambent sheet-lightning, playing under the edge of the summer cloud, does to the electric death-spark hid in its womb."

Three autumns after this was written there appeared a new edition of the works of her two sisters, Emily and Anne, who had meanwhile died, and Charlotte prefixed a "biographical notice of Ellis and Acton Bell" to the book, and a preface to Emily's share of it, Wuthering Heights. The first is a touching account of these two cherished sisters, who faded away a few months after each other, leaving her who mourned them but a few years before she too died. There is scarcely a more romantic spot to be shown in the history of literature than that wild Yorkshire moorland, where blossomed those three strangely gifted girls;—and yet, hardly a sadder. They were cut off in their early promise, and who knows what good fruit they might have borne had they lived? It was the harvest of their youth that they bequeathed to us.

Charlotte's preface to *Wuthering Heights* is a short and unbiassed criticism of Emily's story, whose faults and merits she has pointed out with an impartial hand. The closing paragraph sums up in fittest language all that could be said of this crude, but powerful work. It has been too often quoted to need repetition.

Prefaces to the works of modern novelists are "not indispensable;" indeed, they are becoming rare in proportion as these books are produced in ever-increasing numbers, and with ever-decreasing care. Whenever George Eliot indulges the reader with a preface, it is, of course, a unique piece of writing, having all her usual characteristics—

insight, sympathy, and knowledge. Yet it is such writing as might have been incorporated with the book which it introduces, for it has nothing in common with an ordinary preface. There is an entire absence of the personal element when George Eliot speaks in a *Proem*, or a *Prelude*, or an *Introduction*. We hear the same sweet, but sad voice uttering world-truths in exquisitely simple, or profoundly philosophical language; but the face of the oracle is veiled from our eyes, and she never reveals herself to us.

The *Proem* to the perfect Florentine romance, *Romola*, is a beautiful retrospect of more than three centuries, with a comparison between what then was, and now is; where it is found that though the faces of outward things have changed at Florence, as elsewhere, yet the Spirit of the fifteenth century, should he reappear, would find the heart of man swayed and governed by exactly the same influences as of old. Politics and trade, buildings, even speech, may have changed, but here is immutability. Let not the Spirit look on these changes, which will sadden him; let him rather turn his gaze on what is still, and always will be, familiar:

"Only look at the sunlight and shadows on the grand walls that were built solidly, and have endured in their grandeur; look at the faces of the little children, making another sunlight amid the shadows of age; look, if you will, into the churches, and hear the same chants, see the same images as of old—the images of willing anguish for a great end, of beneficent love and ascending glory; see upturned living faces, and lips moving to the old prayers for help. These things have not changed. The sunlight and shadows bring their old beauty and waken the old heart-strains at morning, noon, and eventide; the little children are still the symbol of the eternal marriage between love and duty; and men still yearn for the reign of peace and righteousness—still own that life to be the highest which is a conscious voluntary sacrifice. For the Pope Angelico is not come yet."

To turn from George Eliot to George Meredith—from a *Prelude* such as that to *Middlemarch* to *Of Diaries and Diarists*, the introduction to the novel *Diana of the Crossways* (although this also professes to throw light upon the character of its coming heroine)—is to take up a volume which appears to be in another language, with the hopeless fact staring us in the face, that no dictionary or commentary can be produced to guide us on our way. Take only such specimens as this definition of sentimentalism: "fine flower, or pinnacle flame-spire, of sensualism that it is;" or, again, this defence of "brainstuff" in fiction:

"Brainstuff is not lean stuff; the brainstuff of fiction is internal history, and to suppose it dull is the profoundest of errors; how deep, you will understand when I tell you that it is the very foot-ball of the holiday-afternoon imps below. They kick it for pastime; they are intelligences perverted. The comic of it, the adventurous, the tragic, they make devilish, to kindle their Ogygian hilarity."

Let Mr. George Meredith put down his Carlyle, whose language at its best would seem to be eminently out of place in a novel, and read what David Hume has to say of the charm and attractiveness of a simple and direct style in writing. It is, he observes, "with books as with women, where a certain plainness of manner and of dress is more engaging than that glare of paint, and airs, and apparel, which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections."

Prefaces to new editions are sometimes extremely entertaining; and before closing the study of these writings, a glance may be given at those which, in a strict catalogue, would certainly find themselves in the class *Comical*.\(^1\) Carlyle's idea of a new edition is very humorous. In the preface to the second edition of his *Life of Schiller*, he complains that as "certain parties, of the pirate species," were preparing to reprint the book, it was necessary for him to take the matter into his own hands:

"There are books, as there are horses, which a judicious owner, on fair survey of them, might prefer to adjust by at once shooting through the head: but in the case of books, owing to the pirate species, that is not possible. Remains therefore that at least dirty paper and errors of the press be guarded against; that a poor Book, which has still to walk this world, do walk in clean linen, so to speak, and pass its few and evil days with no blotches but its own adhering to it."

What a deliciously quaint idea is this to connect with the neat bindings of new editions;—clean linen!

There is a preface to the twenty-first edition of Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character, which contains some of that genial author's best stories and descriptions, concluding with a translation by Dean Stanley of the beautiful Latin lines which the Bishop of St. Andrews had addressed to the author on the publication of the twentieth edition of the book. Every reader who has been cheered by its sprightly pages will echo the lines:

"Not in vain hath he *lived*, who will never let die The humours of good times, for ever gone by: Not in vain hath he lived, who hath laboured to give In himself the best proof how by love we may live."

We have been wandering up and down a large and well-filled library, selecting a volume here and there, as it caught our eye, and often, perhaps, selecting unwisely. And now it is time to have done. It was inevitable, we knew, that we should feel ourselves drawn into that inner room, where the shelves are filled with books, more gaily bound, it may be, but bearing, none the less, the marks of

¹ One of the most amusing of modern prefaces is that to be found at the beginning of Crockford's *Clerical Directory*, in which the editor graphically describes the difficulties which beset him, year by year, in his dealings with his clerical brethren.

constant wear and tear. Here are the thoughts and imaginings of countless writers, both wise and foolish; here are all manner of lights to guide us if we find ourselves overtaken by the darkness;—lights glaring, or brilliant, lights mellow, or dim, lights dancing before us like will-o'-the-wisps, and leading us astray with mocking laughter. This is the chamber of Romance, where the "Time-Spirit" holds his audience. For that we do follow these lights, and that we are influenced by this voice, is absolutely certain; and it would be well if those who, in these days of universal authorship, sit down pen in hand to address the public, would recognise the fact, and ask themselves whether they have a message to give, or have only taken to literature as a refuge from ennui. Romance, as a branch of literature which becomes daily more important, appealing as it does to classes whom no other reaches, has a vocation as distinct as science or theology can claim; and its influence will live as long as such writers as George Eliot, George Macdonald, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and I. Henry Shorthouse continue to be the teachers of generations of men and women; and Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, Blackmore, Thomas Hardy, and Howells, the delight of their leisure hours. In the preface to John Inglesant a beautiful description is given of what a romance of the highest order can be:

"'But,' you say, 'it is only a Romance.' True. It is only human life in the 'highways and hedges,' and in 'the streets and lanes of the city,' with the ceaseless throbbing of its quivering heart; it is only daily life from the workshop, from the court, from the market, and from the stage; it is only kindliness and neighbourhood and child-life, and the fresh wind of heaven, and the waste of sea and forest, and the sunbreak upon the stainless peaks, and contempt of wrong and pain and death, and the passionate yearning for the face of God, and woman's tears, and woman's self-sacrifice and devotion, and woman's love. Yes, it is only a Romance. It is only the ivory gates falling back at the fairy touch. It is only the leaden sky breaking for a moment above the bowed and weary head, revealing the fathomless Infinite through the gloom."

It now only remains to bring these scattered thoughts and studies to a conclusion, and to apologise for what has been merely a harmless excursion into a field of literature, which has not, perhaps, before received its due amount of visitors. In the words of Montaigne, "I make no doubt" but that I have happened "to speak of things that are much better and more truly handled by those who are masters of the trade." But "whoever shall take me tripping in my ignorance will not in any sort displease me; for I should be very unwilling to become responsible to another for my writings, who am not so to myself, nor satisfied with them."

THE SEASON OF THE TWELVE DAYS.

T is only five days from London to the Piræus, and after eating our Christmas dinner at home and going through the customary festivities we found on our arrival in Greece that we had yet several days to spare before Christmas according to the Old Style would be celebrated. Our route lay northwards, and, having time at our disposal, we determined to spend the Season of the Twelve Days, as the period between Christmas and Epiphany is called in Greece, at places where we could study the Greeks in their more primitive abodes, and enjoy old Father Christmas in his genuine old style. landed us at Chalcis, in Eubœa, on Christmas Eve, a charming old town, semi-Turkish in character, with the minarets of mosques now converted into shops and barracks for soldiers, with a massive and picturesque fortress of mediæval days commanding that celebrated stream the Euripus, the narrow current separating Eubœa from the mainland, which changes its course sometimes as often as fourteen times in twenty-four hours.

The landing at Chalcis was somewhat difficult, for the current was racing against us. First we laboured up one side of it as far as the castle, which is built in the middle of the stream; then we were twisted round at a great rate towards our ship again; and then another twist carried us into the backwater and landed us on Eubœa. For some time after landing we stood on the bridge and watched this natural phenomenon and the numerous little craft which were going through the same difficulties that we had experienced ourselves, whilst beneath us boiled the rushing water of the current, apparently not intent on changing its course for some time to come; and we thought of the legend which relates that Aristotle sought to drown himself with despair because he could not discover the causes of this natural wonder. which baffles even the learned of this scientific age. The views around us were superb. Chalcis, with its walls and towers built on a projecting tongue of land; the circular bay of the Holy Minas, which serves as a port for the town, dotted with pretty caïques with gaycoloured sails; to the east the mighty snow-clad peak of Eubœa, Mount Delphi, made an exquisite background to the red roofs and towers of the town. To the west rose the Bœotian Mountains on the mainland, joined to Eubœa by a bridge. Somewhat loth to leave this glorious scene, we followed the porter who carried our luggage through some tortuous streets, and found ourselves in a miserably dirty inn, established for Christmas. Of course we carried sheets and towels with us; for when it is considered time to wash these articles in a Greek inn I know not: generations of travellers must have slept in those that were originally spread on our beds, and used the slippers and the comb which are always provided; but we had severed ourselves from civilisation for a purpose, and Father Christmas in his Eastern home cannot be visited without a spirit of resignation and a certain degree of fortitude.

On Christmas Eve I bought a cradle from one of the most delightful women I have ever seen, dressed in a long tunic of homespun material embroidered at the edges, and her head enveloped in a yellow kerchief. The cradle was made of untanned goatskin fastened to two reeds and slung over her shoulders by two cords. She wished me to take the baby too, which was sleeping in it; but this I declined. The result, however, of making this extraordinary purchase was that I soon possessed a host of eager inquisitive friends, peasants from the mountains, respectable citizens of Chalcis, each and all of them ready to talk about Christmas, and the customs observed by them in its celebration.

As I returned towards the inn, with my cradle concealed as well as it could be inside my coat, I observed some children going from door to door singing ditties, after the fashion of our own Christmas carols, about the birth of Christ, and receiving as they passed by from each housewife presents of dried fruit and eggs. I entered one of the houses, of mean aspect, which are built on the higher slopes of the town, and which form all that is left of the old Turkish town. Here I found many peasants assembled, and very hospitably inclined, inasmuch as they insisted on my gulping down a glass of mastic and eating a spoonful of jam. In a moment of inadvertence I opened the buttons of my coat, and down on the floor fell my cradle, to my intense horror and the astonishment of the assembled peasants. They did not laugh: if they had done that I could have borne it better. "The man has a cradle with him!" they whispered to one another. "Do the Frank men carry the babies?" said another, and it was useless to tell them that I had bought it for a curiosity. I am sure they looked upon me as a specimen of some effeminate race of mankind who

mind the babies whilst their wives work in the fields. To change the subject, I murmured that I had come to spend Christmas amongst them, that I wished to know exactly what they did on this occasion; and before I left I received a general invitation to look in any time I liked during my stay at Chalcis and see for myself what are the habits and customs of the Eubœans during the season which we are pleased to describe by the epithet "festive."

In the first place, it must be clearly understood that Christmastime to a Greek is by no means considered as festive; in fact, they look upon the twelve days which intervene between Christmas and Epiphany rather with abhorrence than otherwise; it is to them the season when ghosts and hobgoblins are supposed to be most rampant; it is generally cold ungenial weather, and the Greeks of to-day, like their ancestors, live contented only when the warm rays of the life-giving sun scorch them. They can get up no enthusiasm like we can about yule-logs and blazing fires, for they have nothing to warm themselves with save small charcoal braziers capable of communicating heat to not more than one limb at a time; all the festive energies of the race are reserved for Carnival and Eastertide, when the warmth of spring enables them once more to enjoy life out of doors-the only one tolerable when you know what their low dirty houses are like. The saying thus runs in Greece: "Stop in bed at Christmas, and put on fine clothes at Easter." I verified for myself the fact that this saying is put into frequent practice; for next morning, a dull cheerless day, with a biting cold wind from the surrounding mountains, in almost every cottage I entered I found the master of the house buried under a pile of homespun rugs on the family couch murmuring "Winter! winter!" whilst his wife was bustling about preparing for the Christmas meal.

For a month before Christmas every pious Greek has observed a rigid fast; consequently the "table" which on that day is spread in every house produces something akin to festivity. My friends of the evening before begged me to sit down and partake of the meal that they had prepared. It was somewhat of a struggle to me, I must own, for I expected it would not be served in very magnificent style. Still I was hardly prepared for what actually happened. On a small round table was placed a perfect mountain of maccaroni and cheese—not such cheese as we are accustomed to put with ours, but coarse sheep's-milk cheese, which stung my mouth like mustard, and left a pungent taste therein which tarried there for days. Then there were no plates, no forks, no spoons. The master of the house had a knife with which he attacked the dish, and the one which on

ordinary occasions fell to the mistress was now kindly placed at my disposal. As for the rest of the family, they were an example of the adage that fingers were made before forks, and these fingers grew obviously cleaner as the meal progressed. What a meal it was indeed, as if it were a contest in gastronomic activity! Yet it was pleasant to see the appetite with which great and small entered into the contest and filled their mouths to overflowing with the savoury mess. I was left far behind in the contest, and had, I fear, to tell many untruths concerning my appetite and the excellence of the dish, and great was my relief when it was removed and dried fruits and nuts took its place. To drink we had resinated wine—that is to say, wine which has been stored in a keg covered with resin inside, which gives the flavour so much relished by the Greeks, but which is almost as unpalatable to an Englishman as beer must be to those who drink it for the first time. The wine, however, had the effect of loosening the tongues of my friends, who had been too busy as yet to talk, and they told me many interesting Christmas tales.

In the first place, the conversation turned on certain spirits called "lame needles," which every Eubœan woman of low degree will tell you visit the earth at this season of the year; one "lame needle," presumably the leader, comes on Christmas Eve, and the rest of the tribe put in an appearance on Christmas Day. They are dreadful creatures to look upon, and, according to my friends, they live in caves whilst on earth, near which no wise person at this season of the year will venture. They subsist, like the Amazons of old, on snakes and lizards, and sometimes on women, if they are lucky enough to entrap one. These demons are only dangerous at night, from sunset to cockcrow. When not engaged in dancing the "lame needles" wander about, and do any amount of mischief. is their custom to enter houses by the chimney; so every housewife is careful at this season of the year to leave some embers burning all night, for they dread fire and also crosses, and it is for this reason that at Christmas-time we see so many whitewash crosses on the cottage doors in Greece.

The priests alone have any power over them, and it is to ward off these uncanny visitors that the procession which we saw, of the priests and two acolytes going from house to house, is made on Christmas Day: they give each house their blessing, waft the censer in at the door, and pass on. When Epiphany comes these "lame needles" are forced to flee again underground; but before they go they take a hack at the tree which supports the world, and which one

day they will cut through. In appearance, these ugly visitors are supposed to be goat-footed goblins, far taller than any man; and when they stand erect they are higher than the highest chimney; in fact, I should imagine that they are lineal descendants of the satyrs of old, still haunting their accustomed purlieus. They are more especially troublesome to women, and from amongst these they select as the object of their attack widows and expectant mothers; and no wise woman who may chance to belong to either of these critically situated classes of females would dare to go out at night and fetch water from the well during the Season of the Twelve Days, or she would be waylaid, and, if not eaten, cruelly handled. It is considered as a distinct calamity to a family if a child is born during these days, for these unfortunate children will be sure to walk in their sleep and be otherwise queer, and after their death they will go to swell the ranks of the much-dreaded "lame needles."

I will give you a specimen of one of the stories which my friends told me when I slightly threw discredit on the above-described apparitions. It is not a very lively one, but will show the character of the Christmas stories which are current in Greece to-day. The lady of the house it was who vehemently took up the cudgels on behalf of the discredited "lame needles," and told the tale which she was sure would beyond all doubt establish the truth of her previous assertions.

"A 'lame needle' once overheard two women settling to get up at night during the Season of the Twelve Days to leaven bread at the house of one of them. Accordingly he knocked at the door of the woman who was going to carry her dough to the other's house, and pretended to be a messenger sent to hurry her. Fearing nothing, the silly woman set off with her dough, accompanied by the uncanny messenger. When they had got a little distance the 'lame needle' turned round and said, 'Stop: I wish to eat you.' Whereat the woman recognised who he was, and, mindful of the fact that 'lame needles' are very inquisitive, she replied, 'Just wait till I tell you a story.' It was very long and very interesting, so the first cock crew before it was finished. 'It is only the black one: go on; I have yet time,' said the eager 'lame needle.' Then the second cock crew, and he said, 'It is only the red one: I have nought yet to fear.' Just as the woman had reached the most thrilling part of her story the third cock crew. 'It is the white one!' exclaimed the terrified hobgoblin; 'I must be gone.'"

I am sure this story is believed in by the peasants of Eubœa, they are still so primitive and unsophisticated; and a dread of these

uncanny creatures forms the basis of their dislike to the period which had just commenced.

A steamer touched at Chalcis next day and carried us north, up the lovely channel between Eubœa and the mainland, past the far-famed baths of Œdipsus, past the mountains which look down on Thermopylæ, and next morning we woke in the harbour of Volo, the port of Thessaly, a town which will eventually rise to importance if ever modern Hellas is to have a future. The next event of interest in connection with the Season of the Twelve Days found us at Trikkala, a fortress town on the frontier of Greece and Turkey, at the wretched little inn "America," where no guest expects a whole room to himself more than he would a whole railway carriage.

Trikkala is very Turkish, having only been in Greek hands for eight years; and though you see mosques and latticed windows at every turn, there is not a Turk left: when his rule is over the Mussulman packs his luggage; he will not be subject to the infidel. It is very squalid indeed, and down the bazaar ran an open drain; but, nevertheless, the walk by the river, a tributary of the Peneus, is pretty, and towards evening women came down to the stream to wash and fetch home water in quaint round bottles. I think one of the most marked distinctions between Turk and Greek is whitewash. Greeks love whitewash. Houses, churches, public buildings, are excessively clean outside, and promise what the interior fails to fulfil. This is especially remarkable at Trikkala, where the brown mud houses of Turkish days are being rapidly converted into white Greek ones.

It was St. Basil's Eve—that is to say, the Greek New Year's Eve. a very marked day in the period of the Twelve Days, and one on which all make merry. The squalid streets of Trikkala even looked bright as bands of gaily dressed children, nay, even grown-up young men, went round singing the Calend songs-Greek Calends, that is to say, which, though it is twelve days later than ours, came at last. And on this the eve of the Calends these bands paraded the streets, each carrying a long pole, to the top of which was tied a piece of brushwood, within which was concealed a bell, and to which were tied many scraps of coloured ribbon. At each house the singers stopped. The inhabitants came out to greet them and offer them refreshments -figs, nuts, eggs, and other food-which were stowed away by one of the band who carried a basket. Their songs to our ears were exceedingly ugly long chanted stories beginning thus: "To-morrow is the feast of the Circumcision of our Lord and the feast of the blessed great Basil." I asked a priest whose acquaintance I had

made to copy down one of them, or which the following is a rough translation:—

From Cæsarea came the holy Basil;
Ink and paper in his hands he held.
Cried the crowds who saw him coming,
Teach us letters, dear St. Basil.
His rod he left them for instruction—
His rod, which buds with verdant leaves,
On which the partridges sit singing
And the swallows make their nests.

Jangle went the bell in the brushwood—"the thicket," as they call it—and out came the housewife when the singing was over, her hands full of homely gifts, in return for which she was presented with one of the silk ribbons from the trophy. This she will keep the whole of the ensuing year, for it will bring her good luck. And after many good wishes for the coming year the troupe removed on to another house.

Before it was dark we strolled up to the ruined fortress of Trikkala. built on an eminence above the town. The view was enchanting over the surrounding mountains: behind us were Othrys and Pindus; at our feet, towards the north, once lay an old Greek city, now marked by only a few fragments; and among the houses, dotted about amid gardens and trees, flowed the Trikkalinos of ancient legend, the river of forgetfulness, on its way to join the Peneus, of which we determined not to drink, for we did not wish to forget the view; it would be to us an everlasting memory. By the bishop's palace we descended, which is an interesting specimen of Roman and Byzantine architecture in stone and wood; and past the church, with its storks' nests and quaint pictures of fearful saints; up and down winding squalid streets, until we came to the nomarch's house, the representative of the new régime in this corner of Thessaly. We called upon him, and he explained to us the plan they had of replacing the old town by straight streets at right angles to one another. The work of destruction is in rapid progress undoubtedly; but the work of reconstruction, in the present financial condition of Greece, is not likely to progress with equal rapidity, and meanwhile Trikkala will be but a miserable place.

No good Thessalian would think of being absent from the liturgy on New Year's Morning, and no good peasant would think of leaving behind him the pomegranate which has been exposed to the stars all night, and which they take to the church for the priest to bless. On his return home the master of each house dashes this pomegranate on the floor as he crosses his threshold, and says as he does so, "May as many good-lucks come to my household as there are pips in this pomegranate;" and apostrophising, so to speak, the demons of the house, he adds, "Away with you, fleas, and bugs, and evil words; and within this house may health, happiness, and the good things of this world reign supreme!"

In like manner, no good housewife would neglect to distribute sweets to her children on New Year's Morning, considering that by eating them they will secure for themselves a sweet career for the rest of the year. And many other little superstitions of a kindred nature are gone through and considered essential to the well-being of the family. In one house we entered on New Year's Day we were presented with pieces of a curious and exceedingly nasty leavened loaf, and were told that this was the New Year's cake, which every family makes; into it is deposited a coin, and he who gets the coin in his slice will be the luckiest during the coming year. Every member of the family has a slice given to him-even the tiny baby, who has not the remotest chance of consuming all his; and then, besides the family slices, two large ones are always cut off the cake and set on one side: one of these is said to be "for the house," which nobody eats, but when it is quite dry it is put on a shelf near the sacred pictures, which occupy a corner in every home, however humble, and is dedicated to the saints—the household gods we may call them—and is not thrown away till after Easter; the other slice is for the poor, who go round with baskets on their arms on New Year's Day, and collect from each household the portion which, they know, has been put aside for them.

Every Thessalian, however poor, gives a New Year's gift-" for good luck," they say; and these gifts, curiously enough, are called έπινομίδες—a word which we find Athenæus using as a translation of the Roman term strena for the same gift, which still exists in the French étrennes, and Italian strenne. Even as in ancient Rome gifts were given on this day boni ominis causâ, so did we find ourselves at Trikkala constantly presented with something on New Year's Day nuts, apples, dried figs, and things of a like nature, which caused our pockets to become inconveniently crowded. I fancy it was much the same in Roman days, and probably earlier, as it is now in out-of-the-way corners of Greece. We know how on New Year's Day clients sent presents to their patrons—slaves to the lords, friends to friends, and the people to the Emperor-and that Caligula, who was never a rich man, took advantage of this custom and made known that on New Year's Day he wanted a dower for his daughter. which resulted in such piles of gold being brought that he walked barefoot upon them at his palace door.

The custom of giving New Year's gifts in Rome grew as great a nuisance as wedding presents bid fair to become with us, and sumptuary laws had to be passed to restrict the lavish expenditure in them, and the earlier Christian divines took occasion to abuse them hotly, St. Augustine calling New Year's gifts "diabolical," and Chrysostom preaching that "the first of the year was a Jewish feast and a Satanic extravagance." Wishing to Christianise a pagan custom, as they always tried to do, these earlier divines invented Christmas gifts as a substitute. Owing to this we unfortunate dwellers in the West have the survival of both Christmas and New Year's gifts: in Greece Christmas gifts are unknown; but there exists not in Greece a man, however poor, who does not make an effort to give his friends a gift on the day of the Calends.

It was by chance that we found ourselves in another remote corner of Greece for the closing festival of the Season of the Twelve Days. We embarked at Volo on a tiny Greek steamer for Salonica on a lovely night, to wake next morning and find ourselves tossing about in a great storm, amongst a small group of islands known as the Northern Sporades. Our captain, much to our annoyance at the moment, told us that it was impossible to proceed on our voyage, for the sea at the mouth of the Thermaic Gulf ran so high that it would be dangerous to proceed. Consequently we put into the best harbour which these islands afford, the island of Skiathos, where we remained for two whole days, and were able to pass most of this time on shore amongst the inhabitants of a pretty and quaint village; and as it chanced to be the feast of Epiphany, or, as they call it, the "Feast of Lights," we were not altogether discontented with our fate.

On the evening of the "Feast of Lights" bands of children again paraded the narrow streets and quay. It seems to me that this is the most favourite Greek method of celebrating a festive season. The people in no way resent these constant visitors and claims on their hospitality; nay, rather they would be deeply hurt if the bands of children passed them by. The songs sung on this occasion, I noticed, are far more religious and less blended with superstitious lore than those I have heard sung on St. Basil's Day, May-day, the swallow festival on the 1st of March, and other occasions on which this street singing takes place. After some difficulty I obtained the words of one of the Epiphany songs we heard at Skiathos, which began with a somewhat lengthy conversation between our Lord and St. John on the bank of the Jordan, and ended thus:—

And then St. John baptised our Lord, That from the evil hearts of men Might now be throughly cleansed and purged The sin that Adam first had sinned; That to the lowest depths of Hades might be driven The thrice-accursed foe, beguiler of mankind.

Despite the wind which howled and the rain which fell from time to time, we wandered about in Skiathos a good deal that evening. It was such a pretty, primitive little place, built in an amphitheatre round a tiny harbour, and with a quay divided into two parts by an island converted into a promontory by a narrow causeway. The harbour was full of caïques taking refuge from the storm; the cafes by the shore were full of sailors from all parts of this Eastern sea, and thus the population of the town, which is under a thousand, was considerably augmented. Behind the town rose firclad hills, sending out into the sea innumerable promontories, reminding us much of Riviera scenery. Skiathos is one of those happy places without a history, and without a prospect of creating any. Now, as in ancient times, it is but a dark speck on the Ægean Sea, a place of shade and mysterious repose, from which it has acquired and retained the name of "the shady."

I was anxious to be present at the early liturgy next morning to witness the ceremony of the "blessing of the waters." It was a great effort, for it was still cold and stormy; however, by some process which will never be quite clear to me, I managed to find myself at the door of the one church of Skiathos, with its many-storied bell-tower, soon after four o'clock. Very quaint indeed it looked as I went out of the cold darkness into the brilliantly lighted church, and saw the pious islanders kneeling all around on the cold floor as the liturgy was being chanted prior to the blessing of the waters. Near the entrance stood the font, filled to the brim; and close to it was placed an eikon or sacred picture, representing the baptism of our Lord; around the font were stuck many candles, fastened by their own grease; whilst pots and jugs full of water, of every size and description, covered the floor in the immediate vicinity of the font.

After the priest had chanted the somewhat tedious Litany from the steps of the high altar in an antiphonal strain, he set off, dressed sumptuously in his gold brocaded vestments, round the church, with a large cross in one hand, and a sprig of basil in the other, accompanied by two acolytes, who waved their censers, and cast around a pleasant odour of frankincense. Everyone was prostrate as the priest read the appointed portion of Scripture, signed the water in the font and in the adjacent jugs with the cross, and threw into the

font his sprig of basil. No sooner was this solemn and impressive ceremony over than there was a general rush from all sides with mugs and bottles to secure some of this consecrated water. Everybody laughed, and hustled his neighbour in the struggle; even the priest, with the cross in his hand, stood and watched them with a broad grin on his face. The scene was ludicrous in the extreme—a striking contrast to the prostrate solemnity and worship which had reigned amongst the congregation only a moment before.

Very soon the font and the jugs were emptied of their contents, and each worshipper had secured his portion in the bottle or vessel that he had brought with him for the purpose, and an orange which had been floating in the font, for what purpose I could not ascertain, was presented by the priest to one of his acolytes. Before taking his departure for his home each person went up to kiss the cross which the priest held, and to be sprinkled with water from the sprig of basil. Each person had brought his own sprig of basil, which he presented to the priest to bless, and in return for this favour he dropped a coin into a plate, which an acolyte held to receive contributions for the church. Basil is always held to be a sacred plant in Greece. The legend says that it grew on Christ's tomb, and they imagine that this is the reason why its leaves grow in a cruciform shape. It is much thought of by everyone. It is a favourite offering from one man to another, and is found in every cottage garden.

When the service was over the congregation dispersed, each individual carrying carefully with him his bottle of water and sprig of basil to hang up in his home amongst the saints. In nearly every humble Greek dwelling you may see a dried sprig of basil hanging in the household sanctuary. It is this sprig which has been blessed at the Feast of Lights. It is most effectual, say they, in keeping off the influence of the Evil Eye—that dreaded influence which every Greek mother fears for her tiny offspring, and which every farmer imagines will wither up his crops and shrivel his olive trees unless it be warded off by priestly blessing and religious intervention.

The day broke finer, and the violence of the storm was over. From the hill above the town, which we climbed, the distant snow-clad mountains of Greece were visible—Ossa, and Pelion, and giant Olympus; around us the sea was dotted with islands, spread over its surface like leaves on the grass after an autumn storm. Yet our captain still lingered, saying that perhaps towards evening we might start, and for this delay I believe I discovered the reason. Towards midday on Epiphany it is customary amongst these seafaring islanders to hold a solemn function, closely akin to the one I

had witnessed in the church that morning, namely, the blessing of the sea.

From their homes by the shore the fishermen came, and all the inhabitants of Skiathos assembled on the quay to join the procession which descended from the church by a zigzag path, headed by two priests and two acolytes waving censers behind them, and men carrying banners and the large cross.

Very touching it was to watch the deep devotion of these hardy seafaring men as they knelt on the shore whilst the Litany was being chanted, and whilst the chief priest blessed the waves with his cross and invoked the blessing of the Most High on the many and varied crafts which were riding at anchor in Skiathos harbour.

When the service was over, there followed, as at the service I had attended in the church that morning, an unseemly bustle, so ready are these vivacious people to turn from the solemn to the gay. Everyone chatted with his neighbour, and pressed forward towards a little jetty to witness the prospective fun. Presently the chief priest advanced to the end of this jetty with the cross in his hand, and after tying a heavy stone to it he threw it into the sea. Thereupon there was a general rush into the water: men and boys with their clothes on plunged and dived, until at length, amidst the applause of the bystanders, one young man succeeded in bringing the cross to the surface, stone and all. A subscription was then raised for the successful diver, the proceeds of which were spent by him in ordering many glasses of wine at the nearest coffee-shop, and the wet men sat down for a heavy drink—to drive out the chill, I suppose.

Thus was concluded the last ceremony of the Season of the Twelve Days. The mind of the housewife is now relieved from all anxiety respecting those horrible hobgoblins, which are now obliged to flee to their abode. The mind of the sailor is at ease, for amongst these islands the superstitious mariner avoids if possible entrusting himself to the sea during these days. In many places even you find the boats hauled up on to the beach on the day before Christmas, and nothing will induce the owners to launch them again until after the blessing of the sea. I am firmly convinced that the captain of our steamer shared the same superstitions, though he chose to laugh at the benighted islanders and their funny ways; for a few hours after the sea had been blessed we put out into it, and I should imagine that we could have started hours before if the captain had been so inclined.

THE CASE OF MARY OF SCOTS

FROM A COMMON-SENSE POINT OF VIEW.

T T would be difficult, if not impossible, to name any historical character which has such an undying interest, and has given rise to such endless controversy, as that of Mary Stuart. There is something significant in the undoubted fact that, as soon as her case is brought upon the tapis, every man-I do not think women care so much about the unhappy lady—who may be engaged in the discussion immediately loses his head, so to speak; not one of the interlocutors seems able to speak calmly and dispassionately on the subject, but must be either a frantic antagonist or a still more frantic partisan. So the subtle witchcraft of that marvellous beauty and grace maintains its influence over mankind after three hundred years have passed. Some, believing, honestly no doubt, that the Queen of Scots was a monster of iniquity, with whom Messalina or Jezebel would compare rather favourably, will hardly listen to arguments which in the case of any other accused person they would be the first to consider like reasoning beings. Others fly to the opposite extreme: it is asserted, on tolerably good authority, that a movement is on foot in influential Roman Catholic circles to secure the beatification, and subsequent canonisation, of the poor queen, who might surely be allowed to rest quiet in her grave, after that bitter experience of "life's fitful fever" which was in itself one long purgatory.

Now, it has often occurred to me that the most violent adherents of both sides of the case commonly lose sight of one simple but at the same time important view, viz. the common-sense one. People are so busy seeking for motives—not to say garbling evidence—that they will not take the trouble to consider Mary Stuart's history as they would that of any other woman. And yet, looked at in the light of everyday experience, the facts are much more in favour of her innocence than against it; and this is what I propose briefly to show.

In the first place, her anomalous position must be had in mind-

Here was a young girl—she was barely nineteen when she formally assumed the Scottish reins of government—suddenly called upon to rule the most turbulent people, probably, that ever monarch had to deal with. She had been bred in an atmosphere of elegance and luxury; suddenly she was torn from this, to live amongst semibarbaric surroundings. She held to that Catholic faith which her ancestors preferred; but the people whom she was called to govern had to a great extent apostatised, and were prepared to treat her, as they did, with all the bigotry which invariably distinguishes perverts. no matter from what form of religion. Besides which it must be borne in mind-it is too little recognised-that, whatever may have been the case in other countries, the so-called Reformation was in Scotland simply a political dodge: the question was which of two factions amongst the nobility should have the upper hand; and one of them gained the victory by pandering to the mob-who, abhorring restraint of any kind, grasped eagerly at anything which promised them release from the claims of law and order, and, consequently, were only too ready to embrace a religion which left them free to do as they pleased, so long as they could glibly recite certain formulas. And to the tender mercies of such a crew, high and low, was this young creature consigned. Even if she had, in utter despair, gone astray from the main path, would it have been wonderful? I deny that she ever did, even in thought.

We must—as far as is possible in such a case—put sentiment entirely aside, and look, as has been said, to the points suggested by common sense. In order to do this the more categorically, let us consider, in due order, the three episodes which stand out most glaringly in the history of Queen Mary's reign, viz. the murder of David Rizzio, the murder of Darnley, and the marriage with Bothwell.

And first, to deal with the Rizzio episode. So much nonsense has been talked about this, and so many false notions have been disseminated—thanks chiefly to painters and publishers anxious for a romantic subject—that probably nine people out of ten have a vague general conception of "Signor Davy" as a handsome young gallant whom no sensible husband would like to see too intimate with his lovely young wife. But take the bare facts. Rizzio was not only a man well stricken in years, but actually deformed—a hunchback, it would seem. He was a grand bass singer—the All-Father generally makes some compensation to those of His poor children whom He sees good to afflict bodily—and the Earl of Mar brought this fine singer to Scotland to sing in the royal chapel of Holyrood. But

David Rizzio was a scholar in his way as well as a musician, and he had an acute and subtle nature. So it came about that after a while he became the royal secretary, and from his linguistic attainments was extremely useful to his mistress, one of the chief desires of whose heart was to bring back her people to what she at least believed to be the True Faith. With this object in view it was but natural that she should turn her eyes to that fair France-still to some extent the "Scotsman's other home"-where her own creed reigned undisputed, and where she might not unreasonably look for assistance from her royal connections. Now, to carry out this plan of correspondence with the Guise party, a trusty secretary was needed; and here was the wily little old Italian hunchback ready at hand. So now we have got at David Rizzio's real crime. He was the secret agent of the communication which Mary was undoubtedly carrying on with her uncles and their adherents. As such he was anathema in the eyes of the reforming nobles, and must be removed, after the rough and ready fashion of those times. But how to work The Queen's miserable husband must be won over. Here was the difficulty, for Henry Darnley was a Romanist, so far as the wretched libertine can be believed to have had any religion at all. The obvious way was to excite his jealousy. Though barely come to man's estate, he was, as history testifies, an incurable drunkard; whilst his conjugal infidelity, with the loveliest and cleverest woman then living for a wife, was gross and patent. When the conspirators suggested the foul slander to him, he, in the words of a homely country proverb, "measured other folks' corn with his own bushel." He had been false to his wife: was it not natural, in his besotted opinion, that she should retaliate in kind? What on earth could Mary Stuart ever have seen in that wretched boy! Go and look at his portrait in the gallery at Holyrood, and ask yourself seriously where the charm can have been. Was there ever a meaner, a more despicable face outside a police court? Why, the man is the ideal Edinburgh "gutter-blood." I believe, myself, that the poor girl married him partly, woman-like, for the dear delight of thwarting that awful English cousin of hers, and partly to have some man who could have the right to defend her. There can be no doubt that he was something of an athlete. So that terrible night of March 9, 1566, came about, and the reformers were rid of their bugbear. There is no need to dwell upon that cruel, that pitiful tragedy; but, considering the circumstances, can any of us wonder that James VI. had throughout his life such a horror of bare steel? Can any of us wonder that the son of Henry Darnley was the shame of honest manhood?

Let us come now to the question of the titular king's death. Now, more especially even than before, common sense comes in. We will begin with a syllogism. First, every exceptionally beautiful woman is vain of her beauty—there is an honest vanity as well as a dishonest; second, Mary of Scots was an exceptionally beautiful woman —the whole consensus of history goes to prove this; but if proof be wanted, there is her portrait extant at Workington Hall in Cumberland; third, therefore Mary of Scots, being an exceptionally beautiful woman, was vain of her beauty. To what does this bring us? Namely, that, according to all trustworthy chroniclers, Mary of Scots ventured her own youthful beauty, not to mention the hazard of her life, in the interests of that profligate husband whom she still loved—perhaps because he was, after all, the father of her only son. On January 4, 1567, Darnley was taken ill at his father's house in Glasgow, of small-pox. We all know what small-pox is, even in our own times; but what were its terrors before the days of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, or of Jenner! Within three weeks-remember the slowness of communication in those days-Mary started from Edinburgh for her husband's bedside, and, like a true woman, forgave him everything. She nursed him tenderly, as nobody denies, until he was convalescent, when she took him in a litter by easy stages to Edinburgh. Now, is it probable, is it in accordance with common sense, that she should have acted thus whilst entertaining the deliberate purpose of his murder? Her accusers would have us believe that the loveliest woman of her time deliberately risked, if not death, at least the loss of that beauty of which she may reasonably be supposed to have been vain, by exposure to the danger of a loathsome contagious disease, in order to secure the recovery of a man whose destruction she was even then plotting! Why, in the name of all that is preposterous, could she not have left Darnley to die of his malady, if she really wished him dead, and thus have saved herself from odium? Whatever charges may have been brought against Mary of Scots, nobody yet has ever accused her of being a It should also be always remembered that Darnley took up his abode at the fatal Kirk of Field in direct opposition to the wishes of his wife, who pressed him to go to her own favourite castle of Craigmillar. Very possibly his refusal was only part of his petulant, obstinate character; but it is within the bounds of probability that he was over-persuaded by those who had predetermined his end, and had no mind that their designs should be baffled by the retreat of their victim to a clace of a fety.

I pass over the so-called evidence, upon which some of the Queen's

accusers have laid so much stress—of Thomas Crawford and Nicholas Hubert, alias French Paris—because legal or quasi-legal details do not come within the scope of this article; merely noting that the former was notoriously the creature of Lennox, and the latter of the Earl of Bothwell.¹ One thing may, however, be remarked. Women are not as a rule the most lenient judges of members of their own sex who are accused of such crimes as those imputed to Mary. Yet the murdered man's own mother, the Countess of Lennox, believed in her innocence to the last: more than eight years after the tragedy, in November 1575, we find her writing to the then imprisoned Queen in terms of the deepest loyalty and affection. This letter, evidently intercepted in transmission, was discovered so lately as 1850 amongst Cecil's papers in the State Paper Office.

My object being to show the gross improbability of Mary's having been in any way concerned in the murder, it is apart from the purpose to enter upon any discussion as to who did commit it. There is no doubt, however, on that point in the mind of anyone with the slightest acquaintance with the facts. Even were there no other evidence, the question would be definitely settled by the dying confession of the chief actor, Bothwell, made years later in the Castle of Malmö, where he had been imprisoned as a pirate by the King of Denmark. He was the man, instigated, as he himself declared, by the counsels of Moray and Morton, but still more, one can readily believe of such a man, by his own lawless passions. The original of this document seems to have disappeared; should it ever be discovered, there can hardly be imagined a more interesting historical record.

And now we come to the third section, viz. to the charges brought against Mary as regards her alliance with Bothwell. This can only be touched upon very lightly in a magazine intended for general reading. Still, it may be hinted without prejudice that, considering the Earl's notorious character, any unfortunate lady who had found herself a defenceless inmate of Dunbar Castle would be only too thankful if its lord would permit her to issue forth his acknowledged wife, or even his affianced bride. And if it were true that the poor young Queen—remember that she was only twenty-five—was so deeply infatuated with her captor, and so determined to be his at all hazards, how came it that she did nothing but weep throughout that marriage ceremony of May 15, 1567? It will scarcely

¹ If any readers wish easily to gather the facts connected with this point, I would refer them to an excellent little monograph, published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. in 1886, entitled *Mary Stuart: a Sketch and a Defence*, by Gerard Daniel.

be alleged that these were tears of joy at the accomplishment of her purpose. Not to mention that, according to the testimony of the French ambassador, Du Croc, she actually contemplated suicide—even if she did not attempt it—on the day before her wedding; says he, in his letter to Charles IX., "They think that unless God aids her she will fall into despair."

There is no need to add any more; but I submit that the case is made out, and that, from a common-sense point of view, the probabilities are vastly more in favour of Mary Stuart's innocence than of her guilt. At her age, and under her unhappy circumstances, exposed, too, as she was, to the full glare of

That fierce light that beats upon a throne,

it is not wonderful if she was often thoughtless, often imprudent; but that she was ever criminal there is not a tittle of evidence worth the name. So clever a woman, being really guilty, would have been far too astute to leave her conduct so open to the charges of her enemies.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

A BELGIAN HOLIDAY.

H OW and where best to take a very short holiday at no great expense is a question which interests almost all busy men. A little band of half a dozen friends have successfully solved it during a few Easter seasons, and as a record of former tours has seemed interesting to several, so also may the account of what we did this spring show how much enjoyment may be found in new scenes within the reach of the least adventurous travellers. Last year we visited the French Departments of L'Aisne and L'Oise; this year we determined to spend a few days in the Ardennes and some of the towns in Belgium. One advantage conspicuous in our last year's tour was necessarily wanting to this. Compiègne, our former centre, was one which enabled all we wished to see-Soissons, Senlis, Pierrefonds, Château Coucy, and other places of interest—to be visited by day excursions, so that without the trouble of packing and unpacking we could return each evening to dine at the Hôtel de la Cloche, knowing well how excellent a dinner, how comfortable rooms awaited us. This year we had to go on and on; indeed, save in a few districts in France, and perhaps Ghent and the Hague, last year's plan is not possible. But, after all, judicious selection of only the needful clothing will reduce a week's luggage to one small bag or portmanteau, which each man may easily carry, and packing is therefore reduced to a mimimum.

Our party of six were to start, if possible, on the Wednesday before Easter, from Charing Cross viâ Ostend, by a new service of large steamers then advertised, and they were to do the passage in little over four hours. Trains in direct communication would take us to Namur in time for a late dinner. Alas! the business of London was not so easily shaken off by all, and only two of the party presented themselves at the station. The others would follow, and join us at Namur. The state of the laggards, little as they deserved it, was more gracious than our own. Our hearts sank into our boots as we saw the rain beat in torrents against our windows, diversified by frequent snow showers, and heard the wind gradually increase in

violence as we neared the coast. We crossed, not in one of the new boats as promised, nor in four hours, but in nine, and had, of course, to sleep at Ostend, in a great barrack of an hotel, in which we were almost alone, for the time for tourists was not yet. We were glad to escape early next day, wondering why any one ever stayed at Ostend. Almost the only people we saw in the deserted town were gathered round two ballad-singers in the market-place, who chanted to a doleful accordion a ballad of a recent murder committed at Bruges, the collection at the end, if any, to be devoted to the widow. It is to be feared the commission would, however small, have exceeded the receipts. There was no reason for pressing on to Namur, where our friends could not possibly arrive till midnight, and we were glad to breakfast at Ghent, and spend a few hours in that pleasant town. The church of St. Bavon was all in a bustle, preparing for the Washing of the Pilgrims' feet by the Bishop, and the Suisse said it was out of the question that we could see once more the great picture of the Adoration of the Lamb. But a judicious expenditure of a franc more than usual opened the chapel in which the wondrous picture hangs; and we saw it at leisure, not as I had once seen it on a dull day, but with a bright spring sun bringing out every violet in the grass, every flower in the thicket which surrounds the altar whereon stands the mystic Lamb. I venture to quote words in which that picture was described eleven years ago, and which seem even more true as I look on it again. I did not remember that I had said that when I came to Ghent I would look on no other picture than on this, but I was, as if by instinct, true to my then intent.

"If I came here again I would look only at one picture: to see that is to have lived through a deep spiritual experience, and to have gazed on things beyond tongue to tell. The subject is the mystic Lamb of the Revelation 'as it had been slain,' and the great company of the Redeemed who came to worship Him.

"But they worship in no mystic ideal heaven, no clouds are rolled about a throne in an unsubstantial sky. A soft light from the west falls on a sweet Rhine-land landscape, on a green meadow studded with violets and daisies. Trees of foliage and flowers strange to Germany grow in the bosquets, through which pathways lead to the central field, but they are trees of earthly growth, and do not seem incongruous. The Lamb, with a human look of love in his tender eyes, stands on a central altar, before which plays a fountain of pure water, and all that is idealised is the stream of blood, which flows into a chalice from his pierced heart. That is ideal, for there is in it no suggestion of the shambles, or of sacrifice unto death; it is a living

heart that lives still, but gives of its love thus symbolised. Those who are gathered are types of men of all classes and kinds; in front are the great Saints and Patriarchs and Apostles. From the blossoming thickets come those who had done for mankind what then seemed great charity, who had founded abbeys of learning and of rest, and the holy women who had loved and died. There is no hint of rejection, none of the dark doctrines of sin and death. It is a bright, happy, human company gathered before the symbol of Love as it seemed to men of that day. Of the technical merits of the picture it is not for me to speak—I am no painter, no art-critic—like that great company I can stand only and adore.

"The great picture is set in a disused chapel, where now no tapers flare, no mass is sung, no relics are enshrined, no censer sends up its smoke. An altar which is crowned by this has no need of any other presence to consecrate it."

The picture being a portion of a triptych, is sheltered from the light except when unclosed for visitors. The colours are seemingly as fresh as when first laid on, and the whole was lit up like a jewel as it sparkled in the sun. We could have stayed yet longer, but the verger jangled his keys and began to grow impatient, for he, too, was to assist in the feet-washing, he had to put on his cassock and surplice, and the time of the ceremony drew on. Being already in the ambulatory of the choir, we had but to pass round behind the high altar and we were at once close to the sacristy, in the thick of all the little flutter and fuss which attends the vesting of bishops and ladies alike before a great ceremony. This, when it took place, was interesting; the bishop in his white mitre, and girded with a towel sash-wise over his left shoulder to his feet, the pilgrims in clean but much-darned stockings stripped from their withered old shanks, the fine music during the whole, made the service as little like that which it commemorated as high mass is like the original passover meal in the upper room at Jerusalem. But the ideal contains now and then deeper truths than did the real.

We were obliged, with regret, to leave our proposed visit to Oostacker—the Belgian Lourdes—for another time, and took the afternoon train to Namur, avoiding Brussels save for an enforced halt of an hour, and so we arrived at our destination a day later, but the day had been well and pleasantly spent. Here, at midnight and at early breakfast next day—Good Friday—our missing friends arrived in detachments.

There is little to see at Namur, though a walk by the swift-flowing Meuse, and under the fortress—which is, they say, to be soon dis-

mantled—is not without its picturesqueness; and the escarpments and angles recalled the thought of Uncle Toby who, at the siege of Namur, received his celebrated wound. He seemed even more real in Sterne's pages than that true hero of history who lies buried in a hidden and forgotten grave behind the high altar of the cathedral—Don John of Austria, the victor of Lepanto when aged only 26. He was but 33 when he lay here in his grave, poisoned, as is suspected, by order of Philip II.

The storm which raged in the Channel, and indeed had blown inland the day before with some force, had given place to a bright sun and more genial breeze. After our breakfast, maigre indeed, as suited the day and the prejudices of foreign cooks, it seemed better to drive to Dinant, than, by taking train, lose half the beauties of the river banks. No doubt in summer the steamer which runs between the towns is better still. The great bluffs of limestone crag round which the river sweeps, the fine lateral valleys running up between these bluffs, opening out as they near the river, and the opal-coloured waves as they sparkled in the sun, made a pretty landscape even without green leaves, which showed, if at all, only in very sheltered places. As we neared Dinant some left the carriage, and scaling the left bank by the ruined castle of Crève-cœur, came down on the town to find those who had driven on had clambered the opposite bank.

Dinant, like many Rhine towns, e.g. St. Goar, stand on just a strip of land between the river and the high cliffs, so that it is narrowed to a single street, and the choir of the church, at right angles to the street, almost abuts on the solid rock. The exterior of the church, severely plain almost to ugliness, is in vivid contrast with the beautiful interior. The grey pillars, many of which spring from the floor without a base, like trees rather than stone columns, support a vaulted roof of warm yellow brick, and the blending of these tones is most beautiful. Since returning to England we have learnt that the church of Dinant was one of many whose west front was left unadorned because of the heavy tax paid in the middle ages to Rome on the completion of that portion of the building. The architect's original intention was probably much more elaborate, and till that was carried out it might be plausibly maintained that it was still unfinished. In other cases, while all possible decoration was lavished on the great western portals, the towers which flanked it were not completed.

The fort above is dismantled, and sold to private possessors; indeed, neither it nor that of Namur would avail in real warfare. The height is worth scaling for the view, and for an interesting

collection of old matchlocks and other tools of battle, making us wonder at the great deeds that were done, still more at how many lives were lost by such clumsy weapons. In one of the embrasures of the fort stands a mouldy old gig, said, though we did not learn the authority, to have been the property of Madame de Maintenon, "dame de la Cour de Louis Quatorze." Our little guide knew no more of her or of it, and no doubt it is as veritable as many another relic we have seen in our travels. But let no one visit or believe in the Grotto, a miserable hole in the side of the hill, calculated to warn travellers, unfairly, against the really interesting caverns which abound in the Ardennes.

Givet, over the French border, to which we went by train on Easter Eve, is not specially interesting, except as the whole scenery of the Meuse is picturesque. But we returned to a little station, the second in Belgium, and crossing the river by a ferry, struck into the heart of the hills. The girl who punted us over the river was one of those whom Mr. Pen Browning loves to paint, not beautiful, nor graceful, but with a certain solid strength which would call forth admiration if the possessor were but of the other sex. More than once on our tour the scenery reminded us of North Devon; it did so especially in this walk. Deep combes, with streams rippling at the bottom, luxuriant growth of tree and shrub on the sides, then a broad sweep, half down, half plough-land, to sink again into another combe. The year was too young for leaves and flowers, but the sun was warm, and the birds sang, and the clear tracery of the branches and twigs against a perfectly cloudless sky gave a strange effect to the landscape: it was not winter, for there was no chill in the air; nor spring, for the sap did not seem to move in the vegetation; but rather a charmed time, in which the life of earth seemed suspended while the sun in its course had rolled the skies round into summer. of a very Devon lane we emerged into a clearing round the Château de Warzin. We were on the left bank of the Lesse, which runs through a valley like that of the Meuse, to which it is tributary, though on a smaller scale. Behind us were the woods, in front the stream, with great marble crags, ruin-crowned, to form its right bank. One of these ran downwards and ended in a level plateau hanging over the stream, and forming for it a sort of arched grotto. The château stands on the level- one side, the most ancient, overhanging the stream above the caverned rock; the other, a quasi-Renaissance front, looking up the valley and the course of the river. Below the grotto the water broadens out once more to a full-flowing stream, and rippling over a wide weir dashes round several little islands down the

valley towards the Meuse. It is a charming spot, presenting boundless possibilities to the fisherman; and, indeed, the stalwart young miller who put us over in his punt said there was abundance both of trout and grayling, and that it was not difficult to obtain permission to fish. The walk from Warzin, high over the hills, and above the valleys and the meeting of the two rivers, past the Rocher de Bayard to Dinant, is one of singular beauty.

Easter Day, after a frosty night, brought once more bright sunshine and a warm atmosphere. We took a brake, and drove to the Caves of Han, twenty miles into the hills. Once more the country reminded us of the upper valleys of the Tavy, on the skirts of Dartmoor, and indeed the whole country, though wider, and with more hills behind hills, is of Dartmoor character. The Forest of Arden is, in fact, far more like some great upland tracts of western England or of Scotland than the mid-English woodland scenery of which Shakspere thought when he made the fortunes of Orlando and Rosalind unfold themselves within its sylvan shades. Yet here and there are thick coverts, which hold, if not a lion, yet wild boar and wolf; and the King, from his Château d'Ardennes, by which we drove, finds without difficulty plenty of sport and wild large game. It was curious to come on a great post office, with a guard-house, on the wild hills, established for the service of the King, who appears even on his hunting excursions to be unable to shake himself so free from the duties of his position as Victor Emmanuel was wont to do in the Val d'Aosta.

The frequent steep hills, and the slow pace of the brake, gave to some of us many opportunities of walking, and to one, wilful about the direction of a path, of losing himself, and going several miles out of the way. We met large companies returning from mass, for the population is scattered, and the churches few-fine handsome men, and sturdy women, all of whom gave a kindly greeting as they passed, and seemed a pleasant, genial race. At Han, a little village where the meadows between the hills broaden out to a plain, we found the prospect, and afterwards the fact of an excellent déjeuner, and while this was preparing some of us looked into the church, where, in Scotch fashion, the afternoon service followed hard on that of the morning for the convenience of those who had to get home across the hills. They were chanting vespers, though it was scarcely two o'clock. The village choir, more ambitious than usual, essayed a setting of the Easter hymn, "O filii et filiæ," somewhat above their power, and the very genuine devotion of the congregation was interrupted by a titter, as the folk in the organ-loft completely broke down. Even the prime

offender was discovered and named as he gave a sonorous chest note, so out of tune that every one else stopped: "Ah, c'était Blaise qui a fait cela!" I never saw so many handsome men gathered together at one time as in that little village church, and wondered that an artist who lives among them like Mr. Browning should choose the women rather than the men to paint. Boon Nature has in these valleys been kinder to her sons than to her daughters, and here her "prentice han" has been tried on the lasses.

At Han we parted into two companies for the night. To see the caves, and sleep at Rochefort, would entail some little exertion, and a start at five next morning if we were to carry out our plan for Monday; three more applaustic than the rest yearned after the fleshpots of Brussels, and a start next day at ten. The other three saw them go off with the brake and the luggage to catch the train at Gemelle, and we turned our steps to the river side and the famous We went with some misgivings; the guides said the water was still so high that we could not see the whole, nor come out on the other side of the hills to where the Lesse disappears for a while in a gigantic "swallow." The grotto at Dinant had proved a fraud, and had we not seen the Clapham Caves in the side of Ingleborough in Yorkshire? Across some meadows and a foot-bridge, by the side of a stream, ideal for a fisherman, and by a cottage in which an Englishman-a retired colonel-has established himself, surely the most retired colonel living, we came to the entrance of the cave, and the boat by which we were to cross the river flowing from its depths. But the caverns proved worth going any distance to see, the extraordinary heights and depths, the folds of the stalactite curtains, their transparency, the strange effects of echo, the gleam of the torches in the water, and from the roof, where a giddy pathway is scaled by one of the guides, are all far beyond the usual grotto.

When at last we came to a point not far from the end, at which the stream was above the path, but not more than knee deep, there was one of the party who would fain have overcome the scruples of his companions, and taking off his stockings have waded to the exit; but the guides, to whom the whole thing was stale, and for whom water had not a daily task of pure ablution, did not look at the matter in the same light. Even the proposer was not prepared to be a second Sindbad, to penetrate alone into the depths of our unknown cavern. We returned to find our boat floating back for us, as we looked down from a crag, like some fairy barque poised in mid air, rather than as floating in water, with the torches gleaming on the moist walls. The triple light as we floated to the entrance, the ruddy

glow of the torches, the day reflected like moonlight from the stalactites, and the sunlight itself at the entrance, made a singular and most beautiful combination.

From Han we walked over the hills to Rochefort, where our friends had left our luggage. We were escorted part of the way by three school children, two boys and a girl, who had been to dine with some relatives at a hill farm. They were very intelligent, and spoke excellent French, though the conversation between themselves was in the Walloon dialect. At Rochefort we heard another service in the fine modern church; this time the music was all that could be desired. Confident that our supper was preparing we listened to a well-turned sermon on Dives and Lazarus, probably the only sermon delivered in the bounds of Christendom on that day in which there was not the very faintest allusion to the event which Easter commemorates, though there were many opportunities which the preacher gave himself, but of which he did not take advantage.

The inn at Rochefort was comfortable and the service alert. Our coffee was served with great punctuality at five, and we started in a bright and beautiful morning to catch the train at Gemelle, turning our backs on the hills with regret. Our friends at Brussels had not been so fortunate. They had been well fed at a restaurant the evening before with viands unknown to our simple Rochefort, but the hotel they had chosen was uncomfortable and unpunctual, and no coffee was forthcoming for them in spite of the promises of overnight. Unbreakfasted they remained till we reached Oudenarde for our midday meal.

While the more important towns in the Low Countries are well known, some not less interesting are almost wholly neglected by the tourist. Oudenarde is one such, and well deserves a visit. The fortifications are gone, but from the top of the church tower it is still quite possible to replace them mentally, and see how the siege was planned. The present prospect was smiling and peaceful; red roofs and steel-blue streams, with the spires of distant churches in the flat plain, make at once a pleasant picture and afford evidence of the teeming yet comfortable population of the district. has a most interesting museum of antiquities, weapons, and prints, these last mainly of Louis XIV.'s battles, and would have repaid a longer time than we could give to it. The council-chamber, or room of state, is well restored, with good frescoes. The amount of money spent by these little provincial towns is most creditable to their public spirit, and is an evidence of general prosperity, though the towns are not the vast mercantile centres which once they were. At Courtrai,

where we had decided to sleep, we plunged into the revel of an Easter fair, which was to last for fifteen days. But it was confined to the Square and one or two streets leading immediately into it. From there we had but to turn a corner, and the noise of the fair was dulled, and the sound of chanting and the ring of bells came from one or other of the beautiful churches. These were full, and so was the fair; the country people seemed to have flocked in for devotion as well as amusement, and the one had hallowed the other. All was orderly and decent, though joyous. We found our way into a quiet Béguinage, where every nook was full of singular beauty-here a corner which reminded us of Queen's College at Cambridge, there a turret which carried our thoughts away to Nürnberg. Each house of the many inmates bore some sacred name, as "Maison de Notre Dame de Lorette," " Maison du Sacré Cœur," and the like. A nun was changing the floral decorations in the chapel, an old lady was making pillow lace at a window, another was shredding vegetables into a pot of water; all was peaceful and picturesque. The old gatetowers remain, but we had not time to go beyond the Ghent Gate, and visit the little chapel erected on the Field of Spurs, Courtrai deserves another and a longer visit.

Our hotel was comfortable, just a little disorganised by the fair, the supper-table being largely surrounded by the principal performers in the better-class booths of the fair. The chaff, which was freely exchanged, and indeed shouted to considerable distances down the table, between the comic man and the equestrienne at a circus, was somewhat embarrassing when we regarded all our company as private persons, whose manners should imitate, if not attain to, the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. But the condition and the relations of the *convives* once understood, the whole affair became an amusing advertisement, on which we acted by going to the circus and seeing a really excellent performance.

All that we had felt about the public spirit of Belgian towns in reference to their historic monuments was intensified when we saw Ypres next day, and the great building which makes the town preeminently interesting—the Clothworkers' Hall. The trade which once filled this vast edifice has wholly vanished, the place contains not a tenth of its former inhabitants. But the energetic public spirit of the townsmen has taken measures to preserve the hall from decay, and caused its large wall spaces to be filled with admirable frescoes, recalling past history, and fostering modern art.

To lunch at Ypres and dire in London was perfectly easy, and so ended a week full of pleasant travel and happy memories.

SCIENCE NOTES.

EXPLOSIONS OF NATURAL GAS.

American enterprise of boring for natural gas; that in China the Lake Foo Chang rests upon a district that was blown up and all its inhabitants destroyed, and that the same catastrophe is imminent in the United States unless the laws restrict further developments in the boring of so many wells. The correspondent who sounds this note of alarm says, "Should an explosion occur, there will be such an upheaval as will dwarf the most terrible of earthquakes ever known. The country along the gas belt from Toledo through Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky will be ripped up to a depth of from 1,200 to 1,500 feet and flopped over like a pancake, leaving a chasm through which the waters of Lake Erie will come howling down, filling the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, and blotting them out for ever."

This is very startling, and to many may appear very plausible, seeing that the quantity of gas that sometimes rushes forth when these wells are opened is so enormous. Those, however, who have made practical experiments on exploding such gases will not be prevented from settling in the Ohio or Mississippi valley by fear of the anticipated catastrophe.

Lecturers who, like myself, have often shown the old popular experiment of the electrical pistol will especially appreciate my meaning. This is a tube through which an electric spark may be passed into a mixture of coal gas and atmospheric air. The usual mode of showing the experiment is to hold the tube over a gas jet for a few seconds, then cork it and pass the spark. It should explode and shoot out the cork, but very frequently fails, and why? Simply because it contains too much gas. The lecturer, in such case, removes the cork, blows down the tube or otherwise removes some of the gas, and introduces air in its place, then tries again, and bang it goes.

The fact is that a tube, a borehole, a gaspipe, a gasholder, a cavern, or a coal mine filled or nearly filled with hydrocarbon gas is

perfectly inexplosive. If half filled with such gas it will not explode. Even at the present day the majority of those who pass the great gasholders ("gasometers," as they are miscalled) of our gasworks imagine that a terrible explosion would occur if a light reached their contents. The fact is that if a flaming torch were plunged into one of them when filled with gas the torch would be instantly extinguished, and the gas issuing from the hole through which the torch was thrown would simply burn in the air, but not in the holder. It would be a big gas jet, and nothing further.

In 1813 Sir Joseph Banks, and a committee of Fellows of the Royal Society, were just as ignorant on this subject as the abovenamed passers by. They recommended that the capacity of gasholders should be limited to 6,000 cubic feet, and be secured in strong buildings. When they visited the gasworks at Peter Street, Westminster, as an official deputation, and were standing near the gasholder, Mr. Clegg, who was not a F.R.S., replied to their foolishness by ordering a workman to bring a pickaxe and a candle. When the "Fellows" learned that he intended to break a hole in the gasholder and apply a light, they scampered to save their lives, but Mr. Clegg having broken into the iron with the axe, applied the candle to the hole with no more fear than when lighting an ordinary gas burner.

I witnessed the accidental firing of a very large gasholder at Edinburgh (near the Calton Hill) nearly forty years ago. There was a huge flame and a collapse, but no explosion.

On December 31, 1813, Westminster Bridge was lighted with gas. The lamplighters refused to work, and Mr. Clegg had to light the lamps himself. People touched the gas-pipes with gloved hands, believing them to be dangerously hot; and when the House of Commons was first lighted with gas, it was enacted that the pipes should be placed at least five inches from the walls, lest they should fire the building.

If the natural gas had the explosive properties imagined by the above-quoted correspondent, London, which is undermined with gas of similar composition, would, ere this, have been "flopped over like a pancake." We have had explosions, but in these cases the gas has escaped into a sewer and there become admixed with ten or a dozen times its own bulk of air, thus forming an explosive mixture, and the sewer having considerable bulk the explosion has been serious.

The factor of bulk is as necessary as that of admixture with air in order to produce explosive mischief. To flop over the district

named, there must be huge cavities extending under the whole area, and these must be filled with a carefully adjusted mixture of air and gas. The mere borings, or the small cavities containing the hydro carbon liquids which by their distillation produce the gas, are utterly inadequate.

SHIP RESISTANCE.

I HAVE received the following with permission to publish it. It appears to me to be very suggestive, and to throw some light on the difficulties of an important practical subject. I do not, however, express a decided opinion for the simple reason that I am not competent to do so, though there can be no doubt that if a ship in its progress lifts any water there must be work done in such lifting and a corresponding expenditure of power. The wave that visibly precedes every ship moving through water is water thus lifted. If anybody doubts the fact of such lifting let him watch the progress of a steam launch in a narrow part of the Thames, carefully marking the alteration of level shown on the nearest bank.

Many years ago I heard Dr. Dionysius Lardner lecture on this subject, and well remember one of his illustrations. He told us that if a light boat be pulled very rapidly along a canal, it will be lifted nearly out of the water, although the pull be horizontal.

I have tested this action by simply drawing a thin piece of wood rapidly along the water. It actually jumps out of the water. I have seen the same on heaving the log (the old-fashioned quadrant-shaped wooden log, attached to a knotted log-line). After the loose pin is jerked out, the log skims along the surface, in spite of its leaden weighting, and jumps occasionally out of water when rapidly pulled in edgewise.

The "duck and drake" ricochet of a flat stone thrown horizontally, or nearly so, indicates the same, and that of a heavy cannon ball still more strikingly.

Mr. Ram is clearly wrong in his objection to what he describes as Mr. Froude's "strange dictum." It is a fact that a body with one end round and the other end sharp moves more easily through the water with its round end in front. Fishes and the best ships are all shaped accordingly, in spite of the apparent paradox. This admits of easy proof by using a model, and dragging it through water in both directions by means of measurable power, such as a falling weight and pulley.

An instructive experiment might be made by floating a vessel in still water—on a lake, for example—carefully marking its water-line vol. CCLXIII. NO. 1882.

while at rest, then propelling it by screw or tow-rope and observing the change in the water-line. It certainly would be raised forward and lowered aft, but careful investigation would be necessary in order to learn whether the vessel would, as a whole, stand any higher out of water when moving than when at rest. It appears to me that it must do so, as the resistance to the ship's passage through the water is partly exerted in front, partly at the sides, and partly below. This latter component must exert a lifting action.

SIR,—So much light is thrown on a variety of subjects in your "Science Notes" in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, that after a perusal of an article on "Shipbuilding" in a new volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica, I venture to address a few remarks to you, in the hope that you may be inclined to consider a point connected with that important subject, and perhaps to favour your readers with a few observations on the same, in case you should agree with me that the shipbuilding authorities are in some of their theories on the wrong tack.

That article being written by a late Chief Constructor of the Navy represents, I presume, the orthodox opinions of the day. It quotes wholesale with approval the dicta of the late Mr. Froude, who was employed by the Admiralty to investigate questions relating to the most advantageous forms for ships.

One of the passages quoted from Mr. Froude is as follows:—"The old idea that the resistance of a ship consists essentially of the force employed in driving the water out of her way, and closing it up behind her; or, as it has sometimes been expressed, in excavating a channel through the track of water which she traverses—this old idea has ceased to be tenable as a real proposition," &c. For this "old idea" of excavation Mr. Froude substituted certain, to me, rather obscure theories of "wave-making resistance," &c., the main element of the resistance (indeed the only one, apparently, at low speeds) being "surface friction" or "skin resistance."

The question which I venture to trouble you with is this. Is it possible for a solid body as long as a ship to move through the water without lifting, more or less, the incompressible fluid which it displaces as it proceeds—without lifting it away from the centre of the earth against the force of gravitation, not a single ounce being lifted a single inch without an expenditure of force? Does not the case stand thus—that if the earth were made of heavier material more force (caeteris paribus) would be required for the attainment of a like speed, and vice versâ?

If this be so, Mr. Froude and his followers, by ignoring the main factor of the resistance, viz. the force of gravity, must necessarily be altogether at fault as regards the value of the factors, real or imaginary, of which they make so much.

The following passages from Mr. Froude's works show how he ignores the pulling contest which goes on between the advancing ship and the attracting earth:—"A body moving through frictional fluid at or near the surface." "Here surface friction, eddy-making resistance, and wave-making resistance will act in combination, and will together make up the total resistance."—W. Froude, "Laws of Fluid Resistance," Science Lectures at South Kensington, 1879, p. 114.

"In fact, we may say generally that all submerged bodies of fairly fine lines experience no resistance except surface friction" (p. 111). [Surely the water displaced cannot be shifted instantaneously from stem to stern, and therefore must be lifted so as to form more or less of an elevation at a great cost of energy.

The slower the body moves the fewer the number of inches it will have to be raised, as it will have more time to escape horizontally.]

A general agreement with Mr. Froude appears to be expressed by the present Chief Constructor, Mr. W. H. White, in his "Naval Architecture." "In the modern theory the total resistance is considered to be made up of three principal parts: (I) Frictional resistance due to the gliding of particles over the rough bottom of the ship; (2) 'eddy-making' resistance at the stern; (3) surface disturbance or wave-making resistance."—W. H. White, "Naval Architecture," 1882, p. 440. "In well-formed ships, moving at moderate speed, frictional resistance constitutes nearly the whole of the resistance" (p. 448).

"For the wholly submerged boat, which creates no waves, there will be no resistance when once the movement has been made uniform" (p. 444). Mr. White, however, does not appear to be very certain of his ground, since he observes (p. 450), "The laws which govern the wave-making resistance of ships are not yet fully understood." "The problem of making the resistance as small as possible is one of considerable difficulty, mainly in consequence of our ignorance of the laws which govern the wave-making resistance." Should he not rather say, "mainly through our ignoring the attraction of gravitation"? Is it not this which makes him so ready to confess that "for his part he often felt with Agur that 'the way of a ship in the midst of the sea' was beyond full comprehension"?—"Times" report of speech, Jan. 21, 1887.

If skin friction counts for so much, what becomes of the fact that "it often happens that a vessel constructed on lines giving a very fair run aft may have a considerable length inserted, and be loaded down to the same draught without any increase of resistance"?—G. H. Phipps, "Transactions of Institution of Naval Architects," March 1864, vol. xxiii., p. 321.

The theory that the principal work done in propelling a ship consists in driving away the liquid lying ahead of it—either vertically at a very great expense of force on account of the attraction of gravitation, or (to a much greater extent) horizontally with, relatively, a very slight expenditure of force (the friction of particles of water amongst themselves being almost nil), is in accordance with the fact that vessels built on fine lines will go faster than those built with rounder bows, in spite of Mr. Froude's strange dictum that "a body with one end round and another sharp no doubt experiences less resistance when going with the round end first" (p. 110). With a sharp bow much more of the water movement is horizontal, and vice versâ. For the same reason, to increase the speed of a ship is to increase the work to be done per mile, the water not having so much time to escape the vertical lift by easily flowing away right and lest.

The fact that the "expenditure of power in the Livadia (the late Tzar's broad yacht) is about double that for ships of ordinary form and equal weight" (Inst. Naval Arch., vol. xxii., 1881, p. 274) may be accounted for on the same grounds. Also that the twin ship Dover and Calais requires a great expenditure of coal for a given speed, each consort checking the horizontal flow of water running from the bows of the other, thus increasing the amount of vertical movement necessary; a disadvantage which is much less in the case of the Castalia (Trans. Naval Arch., 1879, pp. 17 and 46), which, being of two half instead of two complete hulls like the Dover and Calais, has not to press the intervening water upwards to the same extent. For the same reason a steamer cannot be driven through the Suez Canal at so high a speed as in the open sea (as I was informed by the captain of the Liguria as I was coming through), the banks checking the horizontal flow, and the vertical movement being consequently

increased, though I never saw this fact acknowledged in any discussion of the question whether the canal should be doubled in width or have a sister running by her side.

Shipbuilders seem to be now gradually drifting into making more speedy steamships—a result which, I suppose, they might long ago have attained at a bound, if they had been fully cognizant of the correct scientific principles affecting their craft.

My apology for thrusting upon you this rather lengthy effusion is the assurance I feel that a few remarks upon so important a subject from the pen of a practical scientist of such acknowledged authority as yourself could not fail (if you have leisure and inclination at any time to produce them) to interest the readers of your Monthly Notes, even if the shipbuilding mind be too little receptive to benefit by them. But perhaps I am too boldly assuming that you will agree with me that the authorities whose writings I have quoted above are in error.

I am, yours sincerely,

FRANCIS RAM.

7 Lorne Villas, Priory Road, South Lambeth.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

MEMORIALS TO CHARLES READE AND D. G. ROSSETTI.

N the afternoon of August 2 a few men of letters and others met in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral for the purpose of unveiling a memorial tablet to Charles Reade. The design, which is due to private subscription, consists of a medallion portrait, an excellent likeness, taken by Mr. S. M. Curtice from a cast after death of the great novelist's features. It is close to the bust of George Cruikshank, and bears the simple inscription, "To the memory of Charles Reade, D.C.L., born June 2, 1884: died April 11, 1884: author, dramatist, journalist." The bust was unveiled by Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P. Such "flattery" can scarcely "soothe the chill cold ear of death." We owe it to ourselves, however, that a place in our Walhalla should be assigned the author of "The Cloister and the Hearth," and a score of other brilliant and powerful works. Not long before, in front of his former residence in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, a monument to Dante Gabriel Rossetti was uncovered by his old friend and associate Mr. Holman Hunt. This also was due to private subscription. Failing the national recognition, which is now reserved for soldiers or for princely or aristocratic nonentities, but will in future days become the appanage of the intellectually great, this form of tribute must be taken as satisfactory. When possible, the open-air monument is the preferable, as the more easily in view and readily accessible. It is only when a man has dwelt opposite an open space or on a river bank that such a memorial as is erected to Rossetti is possible. A memorial other than a plaque in a modern London residential street is not to be thought of.

THE EXETER THEATRE.

BEFORE there has been time for the words I wrote on the fire at the Ring Theatre in Vienna to be forgotten by those who took cognizance of them, a domestic calamity only less cruel has taken place in our midst, and a couple of hundred of our fellow-

countrymen have been suffocated or burnt in the fire at the Exeter theatre. Once more the fire began at what, with a close knowledge of theatres, I pointed out as the seat of utmost danger, namely, the portion immediately above the stage, where the scenery is desiccated and as combustible as tinder. Once more there will be an outcry, once more it will subside, and nothing will be done. Are we in England, then, such children that it is necessary for Parliament to legislate for us? The real remedies are known, and all that is necessary is for the public to stay away from the theatres until they are applied. No one, however, will do this. The precautions managers announce are forgotten as public fear subsides, and the whole process of destruction begins afresh. Meanwhile, visits of inspection are made by those appointed to see into the condition of our theatres. Will it be believed that these visits are invariably announced before-The manager receiving the intimation has every portal open, every barrier removed, a little whitewash applied to points where the ceiling is blackened by gas-lights, and everything put in spick-and-span order. So soon as the visitor's back is turned the doors are closed, the barriers re-erected, and things resume their former course. Verily, for a people that has conquered no inconsiderable share of the world, and still dares to rule it, we are the most pitiful of impostors. The lesson, "How not to do it," could scarcely obtain more satisfactory illustration.

WHAT ARE THE BEST PASSAGES IN ENGLISH POETRY?

To deal with the subject of poetical quotation generally, I defy any man of wide range to say what is his favourite passage. His choice changes according to his mood or his surroundings. I have held myself that I would fain place in gold letters in every room in my house this maxim from Wordsworth:

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride, With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

I own, however, that it is the sentiment rather than the poetry that justifies such preference. My life, again, has been moulded in its higher moments by Milton's magnificent injunction

To scorn delights and live laborious days,

and I have asked, with full sense of its lovely suggestion, the question he opposes to this counsel:

Were it not better done, as others use, To sport with Amaryllis in the shade, Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair? There are moods when the whole soul goes out with Tennyson's "Break, break, break!" or when the "Lotus Eaters" appears the most ineffable of poetic utterances. At others I would give up both for a chorus in Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," or a stanza or two from the prelude to "Songs before Sunrise." There are two stanzas in Mr. Arnold's "Thyrsis" that at times seem to fit all intellectual longing; and there are moments even when the magnificent rhetoric of Clough seems better than poetry. The best lyrics of Shakespeare, Drayton, Herrick, Milton, Wither, and I know not how many more, and poems such as the "Skylark" and the "Ode to the Nightingale," the lover of poetry has off by heart, and, being able to summon them up at will, he feels as if they were, so to speak, his own property and did not come into the competition. Who that does not know one at least of the sonnets from the Portuguese of Mrs. Browning? So interminable is, indeed, the list of poems that rises, I am disposed to take refuge in the idea that the poetry a man learns off by heart intentionally or by frequent repetition, for the mere pleasure of employing it as a sort of instrument to play an accompaniment to his moods, is what he loves best. One thing more I will say. While Æschylus, Horace, Dante, and Bossuet are freely quoted by the competitors in the Fortnightly, there is no line given from any German author or from any Saga. Hugo, Musset, and Heine pass unmentioned. The exclusion by many contributors of Shakespeare and the Bible is perhaps natural. For every prose passage given from Raleigh, and Ruskin, and Carlyle I will be bound to find equivalents from Montaigne and Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, Charles Lamb, and even from George MacDonald.

Mr. Stevenson's "Underwoods." 1

It is pleasant, and not surprising, to welcome Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson among the poets. An imagination so fervent as he displays in his romances is seldom unaccompanied by lyrical power. In more than one of his prose works his possession of metrical gifts was evinced, and his "A Child's Garden of Verses" asserted on his behalf a strong claim to be regarded as a singer. With the publication of "Underwoods"—as, after Ben Jonson, he has called his collection of lyrics—his right to the name of poet is conclusively established. No need is there to apologise for the appropriation of the graceful and poetical title which, as a sequel to his "Forest," Ben Jonson assigned to a few scattered verses not published until after

¹ Chatto and Windus.

his death. Whatever may be the place allotted Mr. Stevenson in the Olympian hierarchy, his lyric gift is in advance of that of Jonson, who, except in a few exquisite and well-remembered poems, displays more vigour than grace. Mr. Stevenson has much more in common with the lyrists of a following generation, with George Wither, whose full merits are not even yet recognised, and notably with Robert Herrick. The new volume is divided into two almost equal portions, whereof one book is written in English and the second in "Scots." Through the good-natured but vigorous satire of the Scottish poems traces of the influence of Burns may be found-The English poems, on the other hand, imitate no previous writer and belong to no school. They are, to use Goethe's distinction, voices, not echoes. Some traces of the sadness which has been the key-note of English poetry for well-nigh a century may be found. So subtly blended with quiet humour are these, that the effect, if pensive, is not depressing. It is the voice neither of arraignment, as with Mr. Swinburne, nor of wail, as with Byron or Clough, but of thoughtful acquiescence. Meanwhile, for grace of diction, for the series of enchanting pictures they present, and for what Sir Henry Wotton calls a "certain Doric delicacy," poems such as "The Canoe Speaks," "The House Beautiful," "The Unfathomable Sea," and a dozen more, may compare with anything of the class in modern literature. This dainty little volume will be welcomed by all lovers of poetry. Some day or other, moreover, as the first poetic outcome of a singularly original mind, it will, I venture to predict, be remembered among bibliographical rarities.

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SYLVESTER MAGRATH'S LOVE STORY.

By DENIS DESMOND.

PART I.

LD Sylvester Magrath's cabin stood at the foot of a hill near the road, and about a quarter of a mile from the western shore of Glengal bay. It was chiefly remarkable for its extreme squalor. Outside the walls were a dirty yellow, and inside they were darkened with turf-smoke, very little of which sought its legitimate mode of exit—the wide chimney. The rafters were dark with age and smoke, and so was the thatch, which had sheltered, with occasional patching, several generations of Magraths. There were only three rooms in the cabin, a good-sized kitchen with a small bed-room opening off it at either end. In each bed-room there was a low wooden bed, probably half a century old, and a wooden chair, but no other furniture. In the kitchen there was a dilapidated dresser in one corner, and a wooden settle in the other, and a broken deal table.

The whole cabin had an air of the most sordid poverty and disorder. Nevertheless old Sylvester Magrath was by no means a poor man; on the contrary, he considered himself an exceptionally fortunate one. His pecuniary transactions had generally been successful, and he had actually succeeded in saving, and safely investing, five hundred pounds, by sheep-farming on a small scale. He had a great deal of general ability, and was remarkable for a sort of rude eloquence and for his strong opinions, not on political, but on domestic subjects. He was really the victim of a master passion, that of avarice, which had developed itself at a very early age, and which had degraded his whole nature, and daily tempted him to the basest and most cruel actions.

One evening late last June he and his third wife, Sally, were on their way home from market. They rode a gaunt brown horse, whose action, when he trotted, resembled that of an aged kangaroo. Old Sylvester sat astride behind a pair of heavilyladen panniers on the animal's bare back. He seemed between seventy and eighty years of age, but hale and hearty, with a very repulsive expression of cunning in his light blue eyes and on his coarse features. He wore an old loose white flannel jacket and trousers. both dirty and covered with rude patches. His feet were bare and dirty, and his battered straw hat was minus halt the brim. He was a small man, with short legs and arms, and though thin, he had a look of physical strength, and had evidently a sort of determined vitality. In fact, all West Irish peasants who survive childhood are gifted with magnificent constitutions, very old men and women being able to walk and run long distances, and to endure great hardship and fatigue without any ill effects.

Old Sylvester's wife sat behind him, clinging to his waist, almost on the animal's tail, over which her short red petticoat hung ungracefully. Her naked feet dangled in the air, and she wore an upper garment of cotton of antique pattern and forgotten fashion, like a sailor's blouse unfastened at the waist. She was a little savage (under five feet) of the most elementary type, with coarse dark hair hanging about her neck, a brick-red complexion, and features hideous beyond description.

Old Sylvester's first wife had one son, who was sent "his passage" to America by an uncle about ten years ago. He had gone to America at thirty, and had there saved sixty pounds in ten years. He had just returned, determined to marry and settle in his own country. Old Sylvester's second wife was a handsome woman. She died when young Sylvester—the hero of this short story—was an infant. Old Sylvester then married Sally, and repented his haste in so doing ever after. "Oi dunna what cum over me tu go du th' loike," he often said; "she'd only tin pouns, a bare tin pouns tu her fortun'. She was an' is a hidjous crature as iver ye'd loike tu see. She's idle an' good fur nothin, an' hev sich a tongue. Oi'm a misfortunat man wid women. Oi lost th' fust as was a grate worker, that's Murtag's muther. Oi lost th' sicond widin th' year, as was hansom as a pector, an' straighth as a rush. Th' only wan oi didn't lose was Sally, worse luck!"

Sally had disappointed him extremely. She was idle and selt-indulgent. She could sit on the floor for many hours a day, with her back resting against the wall, smoking a short black pipe. She was also as extravagant as her husband was economical. In fact,

they only sympathised on one subject, the trying character of young Sylvester, and on that they were often eloquent indeed.

They jogged along in silence for some time, but at length Sally said: "An' so th' match is *med* atween Murty an' Pinelope Coneally. Oh, musha, musha, but she's th' consated idle little gurl. Oi niver can help dyin laughin' whin oi think ov Syl an' Pinny, as has been spaking fur so long, fur goin on foive year now."

"Syl was onbearable 'bout that gurl sax months ago, wantin' th' little fortun his muther brought me thirty year ago, tu take it tu Mrs. Coneally an' set up wid her an' Pinny. Sid he was in luve with Pinny. Thanks be tu heavin oi niver felt th' loike fur a woman an' oi've been three toimes ma'arried. Young people nowadays is very upsettin'."

"Mrs. Coneally is a consated woman hersilf," Sally observed.

"She's an *able* woman, always up wid her answer. Sax months ago whin Syl wanted tu marry th' daugther oi wint an sid oi'd niver give me consint or a pinny fortun' tu him. Oi cudn't spare him off th' little far'rm. An she up an she sid, 'Oi hev oder vues fur th' daughther nor th' son iv a miser,' an' be dommed tu her impidince, sure she'd another story tu tell whin Murtag cum hoam from Amerikay an axed fur the daughther, wid his sixty poun' in his pocket."

"Syl wid nuthin but his soft vice an' good looks an Murty wid his saxty poun' are tu wery different people," said Sally.

"Yis, wery different. But thin she takes airs becase she lived wid th' Carolans. Isn't me son Syl half a Carolan. Sure, his mother was a daughther of ould Dinis Carolan, that wint and pinshuned her muther agin. Ould Dinis was Syl's granfa'ather, and Syl's a cousin iv th' young Carolans. Oi was talkin' ov him t'other day tu Fa'ather Daly, an oi sid, 'In his looks an' in his ways he's a whole gintlemin,' an' Fa'ather Daly sid, 'He've a dale ov heredity culter, surely,' whativer that may be, something worritin' an' wexin', be wery sure."

"An' yit," said Sally bitterly, "he thinks more ov his ould dawg Rock nor he du ov th' fa'ather that's slaved fur him late an' airly—late an' airly. Oh, wirrasthrue, wirrasthrue!'

"Oi dunna how 'tis oi hevn't killed that dawg," observed her husband.

"'Tis crul work a contindin' agin Syl," wailed Sally. "He fairly tortores me wid his ould flannels an thin coloured shirts, as can't be washed tu plaise him; he wants 'em that tarnation clane. Bad manners tu th' wor'rld.

"Th' way he washes hissef winther an' summer, hail, rain, or shine, ud fairly give me th' shivers. "Tud indade. Th' say in summer t'wiced a day!"

"Head an' a'all," groaned Sally. "Ah, yis, head an' a'all. Ah yis, he was a'always clane an' troublesome, an' meddlin', an' makin', bout th' dirt ov this, an' th' dirt ov that. Egg an' bird, he was that egg an' bird."

"Ah, yis, a thrial tu his pore fa'ather, a thrial tu his pore fa'ather."

PART II.

MEANWHILE young Sylvester was enjoying the evening air. He had stood for some time by the old blackthorn hedge which stretched for fifty yards or so to the left of the cabin. He was, as usual, accompanied by his dog Rock, a large black cur, with a long head, coarse hair, and a normal expression of absurdly sagacious and contemplative repose.

Sylvester looked hot but not flushed, as his brown and tanned complexion had no trace of colour. He was tall, probably six feet three, and had broad shoulders but a graceful and most delicately proportioned figure, and none of the slouching gait so common amongst over-worked West Irish peasants. His head was small and well-shaped, but his hair was rather grey, and he wore a slight moustache—an unusual adornment for a peasant, for, as a rule, they shave the upper lip, even when they wear a beard. Sylvester's features were quite ordinary; his mouth was large, his lips full, his nose a little tip-tilted, and his teeth strong and even. He had, however, an unusual and even beautiful face, with pale grey-blue eyes, patient and calm, but full of the keenest intelligence, and expressive of an alert and determined will.

It seemed as if *nature*, whose freak he was, had given him an inherent culture; as if the sights and sounds of nature—of nature in every phase of her sternest as well as sweetest moods—had impressed most subtly her fullest image on his mind. He had, in fact, lived in a mental solitude, quite apart from his practical life, into the utter loneliness of which no kindred voice had ever penetrated, or could, circumstanced as he was, ever penetrate. He had the indescribable look which only impresses itself on the face of those who have suffered—and suffered bravely. The experience of pain had predominated Sylvester's whole life. He was now nine-and-twenty. Every characteristic which he possessed in contrast to those amongst whom his lot was cast had been a source of pain, of such pain as leads, perhaps, to recklessness, or the meanness of mere peevish

discontent. Poor Sylvester, whose passionate idealism was the hereditary gift of a remarkable family, had suffered most from an exceedingly strong and ungratified capacity for happiness. His father's figure, his step-mother's frightful personality, had bounded the horizon of his childish life, and later on he had felt the uselessness of contending against the exasperating narrowness of his father's mind, the sort of contracted mental vision which no experience could widen or expand, and which the old man's determined character made it impossible to contend against.

Presently Sylvester strolled down the road. It was a lovely evening. All day the barometer had registered ninety in the shade, as it had done for the previous three weeks, nor had there been any rain for that time. However, after sunset a northerly breeze had sprung up, and now the western sky was a livid lemon flecked with rose, and all along the western sky-line the woods looked cool and dark. To the south, behind old Sylvester's cabin, was the sea, and to the north a mountainous, stony and desolate region, stretching away to the wilds of Connemara.

The pure air was sweet with the scent of clover, meadow-sweet and honey-suckle, for the old blackthorn hedge flaunted in its usual summer cloak of the latter flower, whose buff blossoms and salmonpink buds clung about its aged arms and blended with its leaves.

A brown stream ran beside the hedge, hurrying to the sea. From the woods came the cry of a cuckoo and the distant cooing of woodpigeons; from the marshes the pipe of a solitary curlew; and in the meadows corncrake hoarsely answered corncrake.

In a few minutes Sylvester stopped at the foot of a lane, and jumped over a stone wall into the belt of woodland which bordered the lane on the left. At a little distance to the right stood a cabin exactly like his own paternal mansion. It faced the south however, and stood on an incline, so that from the open door there was a view of distant hills, soft misty purple in the evening light; of a blue-grey summer sea, and of golden meadows and little patches of green oats and potatoes; of the green hills jutting into the sea, with creeks of blue-grey water where the tide was coming in.

Penelope Coneally lived in the cabin with her mother, a respectable widow, who farmed successfully some acres of land. The girl was standing at the door when she heard Sylvester's shrill whistle. It was a lover's signal, and Penelope went into the cabin and looked at herself eagerly in a little glass with a red wooden frame that hung upon the kitchen wall. Then she ran out hastily and sprang over a stile into the wood, and walked forward with a demure air to meet Sylvester.

They talked a little and finally sat down on a fallen tree. With a pretty bashfulness Penelope allowed Sylvester to press his arm about her waist and to play with her smooth and pointed fingers, where the thickness at the roots so plainly indicated her pleasure-loving nature. For Miss Penelope, though decidedly lovable and innocently sympathetic, had a gay and sensuous nature that craved for present joy, unconscious of a future, and incredulous of the possibility of pain.

It was nearly dark in the wood, as there was a dense foliage overhead, but little undergrowth. Sylvester appeared moody and sad and inclined to silence. Penelope was, as usual, smiling and gay.

"Oh, Syl," she said, "ould Peg Maloney wint and died this mornin at half afther tin. The wake 'll be sich fun an' jollity."

"Oi hates wakes," he said, "whativer oi may du about weddin's;" and he looked eloquently into her laughing eyes.

She was very small and had a little oval face and dark brunette complexion, beautiful teeth, and large brown eyes with long lashes. She had dark hair, a slender neck and a pretty head. Her close-fitting, purple cotton gown showed the rounded curves of her waist and bosom, and was pinned up over a red petticoat. It was evident that she was a coquette, and had all the airs of a rustic beauty. Sylvester had long loved her, but of late he had found in her a vague unsatisfactory joy. She was like a sparkling little rill—but a rill about which there could not be the least speculation, and whose shallowness was visible to the most ordinary observer. Just now Sylvester felt an oppressive sense of loneliness, and a curious presentiment of approaching evil.

"Oi wondher what's kapin' muther in town," Penelope said. "'Tis close upon tin o'clock."

"P'rhaps she's makin' a match fur ye, Pinny," he answered, with some bitterness. "Ta'alkin' ov matches," he went on, "moy brother Murty wint in wid th' ould people tu meet a widda tu make a match atween Murty an' her daughther. They didn't tell me who she was."

"P'rhaps the widda Ma'artin as lives up Carolan away," Penelope suggested.

"P'rhaps," he answered indifferently.

"Murtah's an awful quiet, ornary fella, not a bit loike ye, Syl. He sames tu be slapin' an his feet. Oi an th' gurls calls him Takeit-aisy. Oi seen him t'other day but he didn't see me."

"Take-it-aisy, that is a good na'am for him, surely."

"Oh, Syl," Penelope went on, "'tis a gran' evening! Oi luves th' summer toime, but not as ye luves it, as takes sich joy out ov

every little leaf an' flower, an' ivery change in th' say or skoy. H-aa-rk tu th' curlew pipin'. A'all noight thim curlew goes on an' thim corncrakes. Oh, Syl, Tom th' piper is comin tu Conna Hill tumorra evenin', an' th' bhoys tould me there be a bonfire an' a da'ance. Oh, Syl, sweat-he-aa-rt an' d-aa-rlin, oi luves wakes an' weddin's an' d-aa-nces an' aa'll soorts ov fun. But ye du not, oi know."

"Whin ye're ma'arried, Pinny," he said softly, "this nonsense'll lave ye, acushla." His pure lips clung to hers, and, frivolous as she was, she turned pale and trembled. "Oi misdoubt me, Pinny," he added sternly, "but ye're vild an' fulish; vild an' fulish."

"Oi'm ofthen afeared ov ye, Syl, ye hev that proud an' overbearin' sperit."

PART III.

WHILE this conversation was going on in the wood, Mrs. Coneally was on her way home, accompanied by Murtagh Magrath, whose short and ill-shaped legs dangled over the side of her donkey-car, and whose conversational powers were so limited that she could scarcely obtain an answer to the simplest question. He was contented, but not glad, that he had had a satisfactory marriage arranged for him that afternoon by his friends, and he certainly felt no impatience to see Penelope again. He had not seen her since his return from America a few days before, and she had been only ten years old when he went to America. There was nothing quick or impulsive about him, and he had never been able to define the impulse which urged him to return home, the dull, persistent longing for the free and easy life in his father's dirty cabin. He was, however, a throughly sensible man, and exactly the sort of son-in-law whom Mrs. Coneally had dreamed of, but hardly hoped for. He was to marry Penelope the following Monday—an engagement lasting longer than a day or two being unheard of—and now, according to custom, he was accompanying his future mother-in-law home for the purpose of spending the following day with his fiancée.

On arriving at the end of their journey they found Penelope absent, and the cabin untidy, the floor unswept, and the fire nearly out. Mrs. Coneally frowned. She had always felt sternly towards Penelope's national failings—a profound indifference to squalor in her surroundings and an exceeding detestation of work. The girl could lean over a wall at the well all day and feel supremely happy from the mere fact of being idle, quite apart from the delightful

possibility of having some one to chatter to, for instance, her great friend Nora Green, a young woman very nearly as pretty and quite as volatile as herself. Then Mrs. Coneally was much displeased by Penelope's passion for merry-makings of all sorts, the merest allusion to a wake or a wedding being sufficient to incapacitate her for any serious duty for the day.

Presently Murtagh Magrath seated himself in the chimney corner and began to smoke, and Mrs. Coneally hastily built up the fire with fresh sods and stirred a little pot of oaten-meal stirabout which hung from a crook in the wide chimney; then she left the cabin to look for Penelope. It was now quite dark in the wood, but she soon heard her daughter's voice chatting to Sylvester and singing wild snatches of song in a shrill soprano.

Sylvester's unaccountable fit of depression had increased. His eyes ached as they rested on the deep green grass lying in cool shadows, and he felt chilly in the warm and perfumed air.

Penelope saw Mrs. Coneally first and sprang up saying, with a guilty air, "Oh, mother, oi'm jist after meeting Syl, in th' wood. Th' fire wint low an oi cum out fur a few sthicks."

"Go hoam afore me this very minut," said her mother, furiously. "How dar ye go fur tu let th' turv out an' tu lave th' kitchin so ontidy?" She thought it well to be severe, so that Penelope might at once understand there could be no trifling with Murtagh Magrath. Sylvester she did not care to notice; as Sally had observed, Sylvester with nothing but his good looks and soft voice was a very different person from his half-brother, the possessor of sixty pounds. With a pout and air of injured innocence and beauty, Penelope walked home before her mother. The latter stopped her for a moment at the stile, and explained to her with much sternness the state of affairs. "Ye're tu ma'arry Murtagh Magrath an Munda," she said slowly. "He've saxty poun's tu his fortune as he saved in Amerikay be th' sweat ov his brow. He'll sink it in th' far'rm an' we'll sthock a few more acres. It's gode land fur sheeps. He's a stidy an' industrous man, as'll make th' best ov husban's."

"He's ould fur me," said Penelope. "He's forty year ould, an' Syl said a wethered forty tu. But that's nather here nor there. Oi promised tu wait fur Sylvester, an' it's a quare thing tu be *spakin* tu wan brother fur goin' on foive year, an' thin tu go ma'arry t' other fur th' lucre ov saxty poun's."

"Girls will be girls, an' idjuts will be idjuts, an' kapin' company wid a fella loike Syl is rale idjutsy," her mother answered; adding, "Git in afore me at wonst, ye imperinnt hussey. How dar ye go

fur tu mintion Syl's na'am tu ye'r muther? D'ye fur wan momint think that oi'll go brake mi wor'rd to Murtagh Magrath, honisht man, or tu ould Ma'artin Flanigin, as med th' match an stud up fur our rights loike a thrue frind?"

"Thin bad scran tu th' sa'am Ma'artin Flanigin. He was a'always a medler an' a maker, a-waggin' ov his tongue at ivery wan's expinse," said the wretched Penelope.

"G'long in afore me," screamed her mother. "Ye ongrateful thing, g'long, g'long, g'long.'

Penelope sulkily bowed to the inevitable and went in, and seated herself on a three-legged stool opposite Murtagh Magrath, looking him over with an air of scornful protest. But even the soft and flickering fire-light failed to soften his stolid, blonde and weather-beaten ugliness. He had scrubby, short fair hair, and a short scrubby, fair beard, and a long, clean-shaved upper lip. His pale blue eyes were small and badly set, and without any faintest gleam of speculation. He was, indeed, a striking contrast to Sylvester. He was short and squat, and wore singularly ill-cut clothes of rough Irish frieze, and heavy boots with enormous new nails in the soles.

He pointed at Penelope with his pipe, and said in a thick dull voice: "A pretty young gurl, be me sowl, yis. How ar' ye, Pinny? A foine evenin, tha'anks be tu Gawd."

"'Tis a foine evenin," she said demurely. "How's ye're sel'?"

"Foinely, thank ye, foinely. Ye've a tidy place here, mavourneen."

"Yis, middlin tidy." Then with a rippling smile that displayed all her lovely teeth, she asked coquettishly. "An' what brought ye hoam wid me muther?"

"To see ye, what ilse? Sure we're goin to be ma'arried an Munda, an' oi was in dooty boun' tu see hersel' hoam."

"Oi've no intintion ov ma'arryin' ye at a'all, at a'all. Sure ye're moiles tu ould an' tu sittled fur me! Ye remoinds me ov th' big light-coloured owl as lives in th' near wood an' fluthers about at noight wid his grate roun' fulish oies."

Magrath stared——" Oi b'lieves," he said, slowly, "that young an' purty gurls o-ofthen goes an that a-way tu their *lawful husban's* as they're *boun*' tu obey. Th' oulder wans is thankfuler loike an' more aisy cum over be a stidy man; that is, whin they're h-aa-rdy."

"'Tis ye' 'y'sel's h-aa-rdy this toime, oi regrits tu say," exclaimed Penelope.

"Ye're more thrue nor purlite," he growled.

Penelope was on the verge of tears. The contrast between her

radiant youth and the stolid Murtagh struck her as infinitely pathetic, and her marriage as a monstrous sacrifice on the altar of mammon. It was impossible to impress Murtagh with the difficulties of his wooing, and the value of his prize. He didn't want to woo and he failed to see the prize. He was naturally obtuse, and had never before looked at a woman with a view to appraising her personal charms. The profundity of his indifference chilled Penelope, who had been so long accustomed to the almost cultured homage of Sylvester, to his musical voice and phrases. She felt that she must, that she must see Sylvester.

"Will ye cum tu ould Peg Maloney's wake afther th' supper?" she asked eagerly.

He pondered——"Yis, oi'll go a'afther th' supper. Oi b'lieves oi'm hungery."

PART IV.

SYLVESTER lit his pipe when Mrs. Coneally and Penelope left him, and pondered with considerable rage on the cool way he had always been treated by Mrs. Coneally. In half-an-hour or so he set off for a long walk across the fields, and at eleven o'clock went to Peg Maloney's wake to meet Penelope.

He found the cabin crowded with people in holiday attire, drinking potheen and smoking short, black pipes. He saw Sally seated on the floor amongst several old women. It was evident that Sally had been indulging her passion for potheen. She rocked herself to and fro and talked incessantly.

"Yis, ah yis," she moaned; "me husban' is a h-aaa-rd h-aaa-rd man, an' kapes horses, an' dunkeys, an' peoples an dom short commons. Ofthen oi'd give me loife fur th' cup ov tay, or th' blast ov tobacca, and cudn't git it. There isn't a woman in th' town-lan' ov Conna has th' sa'am story, but thin, there isn't a woman as can say her husban' hes foive hunerd poun's in bank, in goold an' silver an' coppers!"

A moment later she began to sing in a drawling whine:

'Tis air-ly, air-ly, in th' sphring, As moy luve! Micky wint tu sarve th' king, Th' r-aa-cin says an' th' win's bleu h-iii-gh, Which seper-aaa-ted Micky an oi!

Sylvester seated himself on a form by some young men, and looked at a row of girls seated opposite playing hunt the slipper.

On a long table in the middle of the room lay the corpse of Peg Maloney, the only picturesque object in that sordid place. She lay under a canopy of sheets hung on lines. Six lighting wax candles were placed at her feet in old brass candlesticks, and her pale and withered fingers clasped a large brass crucifix. She had quantities of white hair streaming wildly about her, and a deep yellow skin lined and furrowed by extreme old age. On her breast lay a snuff box for the benefit of the company, and on the table beside her a bowl of holy water.

In a few minutes Penelope entered the cabin with Murtagh Magrath. She stopped at the table and devoutly crossed herself with holy water, and kneeling down, said a prayer for the repose of Peg Maloney's soul, looking through her fingers the while at Sylvester. The stolid Murtagh slowly followed her example.

There was a new expression in Penelope's large brown eyes that hastily drew Sylvester to her side.

"What is it's trublin ye, Pinny?" he whispered.

She had been rapidly losing her self-control, and now electrified the company by bursting into hysterical tears.

"Oh, Syl," she sobbed, "take me intu th' air."

Sylvester began to suspect the cause of her unwonted grief, and as they left the cabin Murtagh stolidly contemplated the corpse of Peg Maloney.

Sally started up from a doze, and began to whine, in a shrill voice:

There was a rose in Oireland, Oi thought she wud be moine, But now that she is lost tu me, Oi must fur iver poine.

"It makes me doi laughin," she said. "A-afther spakin fur foive years. Oh, wirrasthrue, wirrasthrue!"

"Well, Pinny," said Sylvester, sternly, "an' what's ye'r thruble?"

"Gawd knows, I feels loike wan was fairly bewitched. Ould Ma'artin Flanigin wint this afthernoon an' med a match with ye'r fa'ather an' muther, an' yer brother Murty, fur me and Murty, an' we're to be ma'arried an Munda."

"Oh, so 'twas that kep ye'r muther so late in town, an' she was th' widda-woman as has th' daugthther fur Murty!"

"Yis, she was th' widda-woman, an not th' widda Ma'artin."

"An what'll ye du, Pinelope!"

"Sure, what can oi du?"

"Ye can choose atween Murty an' me."

"Sure they've gone and choosed Murty fur me, worse luck!"

"Ye can refuse t' hev him."

"Oi've no ch'ice 't all in th' matther, as ye well knows, Syl. Me muther's a dangerous woman whin crassed. She'd bate me black an' blue an' complain tu Father Daly."

"An oi—oi've wasted me luve an ye, ye wake idjut, as is loike a da'ansin doll. Bad luck t' ye!" he exclaimed furiously. "Ofthen oi misdoubted ye, but niver cud hev dramed ye'd go giv' in so aisy an' take Murty fur th' lucre ov saxty pouns."

With a violent imprecation he left her, and she hastily dried her eyes and returned to the wake. Her vanity was much wounded by his coldness and severity. She had expected protestations and supplications, and she had been treated with scorn. He had actually supposed that she would have strength to deliberately rebel against her mother, and to create a scandal in the neighbourhood; and for what? To wait an indefinite period for a man who would probably never be in a position to marry her.

Still in a white heat of rage, and suffering acutely all the pangs of wounded pride, Sylvester rushed on, realising the true meaning of the word *despair*. He knew that he had lost Penelope for ever, and he found such knowledge intolerable. He felt as unable to alter this supreme fact as to endure it. He went into the woods and flung himself on the ground, astonished, dismayed, and stupefied by the unwonted violence of his own emotion, his terrible sense of isolation. He stood alone. He had been certain of Penelope's love, and as he brooded on it, the shallowness of her nature stung him afresh and afresh to greater and greater bitterness.

In the woods it was very dark and close, the faint northerly breeze merely stirring the tree-tops. In the tumult of his mind the hours before dawn passed quickly, and only when the dawn came, grey, still, and shadowy, did he realise the full blankness of his own despair. Soon birds began to move and twitter, and the sun rose splendidly in a crimson east, and another day of almost tropical heat began. The air was full of melody and fragrance; of the song of birds, the hum of insects, and the faint breath of flowers. In the woods, however, it was very soon oppressively hot, and Sylvester went down to the shore and bathed, the faithful Rock wading in after him for a few yards.

About mid-day he returned home, and found his father and stepmother seated at dinner. Though his mind was confused by new hatred and defiance of Sally, he read aright the delighted triumph that irradiated their coarse and brutal countenances. His heart began to beat violently and his veins ran fire. He felt con-

sumed by impotent rage. He dropped on the old wooden settle, pale, shaken—an embodied tragedy.

Sally eyed him with a studied insolence, his father with an amused contempt. No man or woman of society could more effectually stab with a glance than these rude peasants.

Sylvester's fixed glance at the frightful top-knot into which Sally had twisted her hair for Sunday, and into which she had stuck a rusty knitting needle, had something contemptuous in it, for his father roared—" Tear-an-ages, ye look st-aa-rk sth-aa-rin mad!" He resented on principle any disparagement of Sally.

"Ye're plaised, ar ye?" Sylvester said in a low voice. "As a choild ye bet an' stha'arved me; as a growin lad ye kicked an' cuffed me; as a man ye've spiled loife fur me entoirely. An' so ye wint an' med a match atween that vild an' fulish gurl Pinelope an' me brother Murty. Iv he war'n'ent me brother oi'd hev his loife; es, 'y is oi'll quit th' counthrey. Ye'll pay me way tu Amerikay."

Sally sprang to her feet and began to scream, "Ye're mad or ye wudn't go talk this a-way to ye'r fa'ather."

Sylvester went on, "Oi manes what oi say. Gi' me me passage tu Amerikay an oi'll niver thruble ye more. Ye may lave ye'r money tu Murtagh an' welcome fur me; oi niver wishes tu see a pinny ov it. Oi'm not a sthick or a sthone tu live an here an' see Pinny ma'arried tu an omadthaun loike Murty."

Here it occurred to Sally and her husband that the troublesome Sylvester meant what he said. They exchanged alarmed glances, and Sally began to whimper;

"An has ye no he-aa-rt at a'all fur ye pore deda, tu lave him in his ould age? There's no pity fur him; all fur th' horse, an' th' dunkey, an' that cursed Rock, as is cuter and knowinger be fa'ar nur any Christun in th' wor'rld."

"Amerikay, indade," said old Sylvester, "an' who'll du th' work an th' far'rm?"

"Ye can git Sally's nephy, Pether Flanigin," his son said coldly; that is Pether Flanigin Billy."

"Oh, ould Billy's son ye mane, an omadthaun not worth his salt."

"Oi'm lavin th' counthrey anyway," Sylvester answered.

Old Sylvester pondered with knit brows, then clapped his hands and roared: "Wh-ooo-p, oi hev it! Sthay at hoam, Syl, me boy, an git ma'arried."

"Yis, avourneen, git ma'arried," echoed Sally, "and tu Sal Green!"

- "Gawd furbid," said Sylvester piously.
- "Thin tu Nancy Clancy," suggested his father, softly. "She's a grate worker."
- "She's h-aaa-rdy, very h-aaa-rdy," Sally deprecated. "Mebbe Syl 'ud loike a tinderer mossel nur Nancy."
- "There's Nora Conner an' Maggie Holleran," continued old Sylvester, coaxingly. "Sure a woman's but a woman afther all's sid an' done. Does it matther who 'tis, pervided its somewan. That is, iv we're that sot an ma'arridge."
- "Oi'll niver marry. Oi'd die fust," Sylvester answered fiercely. "Oi'm off tu Amerikay."
 - "Ye're not, not a stip," screamed Sally.

"Niver, niver," shouted his father. "Promise me this minut tu giv up sich a mad iday or oi'll curse ye an me knees frum th' dure."

"Oi'm surely goin," Sylvester said, and his father proceeded to fulfil his threat. Sylvester called the faithful Rock, and rapidly took his departure.

PART V.

CONNA HILL is really a sort of grass-clothed cliff jutting into the sea, near the entrance to Glengall bay, on which the gay inhabitants of a neighbouring village danced on Sunday evenings in midsummer to the strains of a dilapidated bagpipe, whose possessor played jigs and reels with irresistible spirit.

On Sunday evening, between eight and nine o'clock, there was a beautiful view from the hill.

The low chain of mountains at the opposite side of the bay seemed enchanted hills, lying in mists of purple, deep blue, or palest amethyst, with here and there bands of white light, which revealed the arid stoniness of their slopes. Below was the wide bay, smooth as a mirror. The sky was palest azure, with floating clouds of burning rose, deepening in the west to a general crimson glow, against which the woods as usual stood out in bold relief.

To right and left of Conna Hill, two little hills rise abruptly from the water, grass-clothed and joined to the mainland by a narrow strip of sand, and between these lower hills the tide sets with a strong current, and at the flow washes the southern, eastern and western base of Conna Hill, that is, surrounding it with water on every side but onc. Here the grass is nibbled short by old Sylvester's sheep. In May great quantities of Alpine gentian bloom on its southern slope, and on its eastern side primroses and violets shelter under the brambles and stunted blackthorns. There are several kinds of wild orchis, and some mountain dryas, and great stretches of wild thyme and yellow trefoil, and later on clumps of meadow-sweet, large white daisies and delicate blue hair-bells. In late June the village children find great beds of wild strawberries.

Conna Hill had many associations for Sylvester. He had herded his father's sheep on its slopes as a child, and every flower and lichencovered stone had been dear to his boyish fancies. How beautiful nature had appeared to him at all seasons.

He had been happier lying on the hillside on the dank wet grass, in a storm of wind and rain, on the dreariest winter's day, than by the turffire in his father's cabin. There he had to listen to his father's savage growls, and his stepmother's angry whine. Off Conna Hill there was a wild grey waste of wintry sea and sky; of arid mountains emerging from sullen clouds; of wind-driven, rain-swept woods, bare and black, with the old Scotch firs lifting their dark green tops against the sky.

About eight o'clock some twenty young people were assembled on the top of the hill, young men dressed in loose white flannel jackets and corduroy trousers; young women in flaming short red petticoats and coloured cotton gowns. The latter had all dark hair and eyes, and dark brunette complexions; many of them were pretty, few plain, and they all had singularly lithe and upright figures. The men were shuffling and uncouth, and even the young men had weather-beaten skins, like Murtagh Magrath.

At first their propriety was unquestionable, and for some time after the music commenced no one could be induced to dance. At length one bold youth, urged by his fellows, jumped up, and rushing over to the circle of young women, caught one by the arm and dragged her out on the grass, proud but modestly resisting. In a minute or two they were joined by several couples, and soon the dancing of a jig became fast and furious.

Poor Murty Magrath had bashfully led out the lovely Penelope, who felt her vanity sorely wounded by the sorry figure he cut. His short legs seemed limp and boneless, and his steps were timid and out of time, and a 'whoop' to such insipid dancing he felt would have been a mockery. As he caught Penelope's arm to swing her round, he hung his head, and sustained a perfect fire of chaff.

"Hurry up, man, hurry up," the girls screamed. "Hev more sper'it. Don't take it so aisy. Pinny ud make a shovel dance.

Put some loife into ye'r sthips. Ye're da'ancin' a shew tu th' wor'rld Tear-an ages, man, hurry up."

Thus apostrophised the wretched Murty (who had not danced for ten years) did his best, while Penelope assumed her most killing airs of rustic beauty and scornful, injured innocence. Her very eyelashes were a protest against Murty, as they lay on her blooming and russet cheek. Presently Murty, retiring from the dance, overheard her say: "Musha, th' back ov me han au th' sowl ov me fut t' ye, ye owlish omadthawn, as is flinged at a pore gurl's head."

"Gawd knows," he observed gruffly to his neighbour, "courtin' a young and purty gurl's ha'ard work, an *that's* th' thruth. Oi heard *this* an' *that* whin th' match was been med about her gode timper, but she's as sulky as blazes."

Just as the first dance was over, Sally made her appearance in the crowd. "Did any ov yis see Syl tu-day," she asked, "as is sich a sore thrial tu his pore deda?" She received the same answer from all: "Divil a soight ov him we seen, at a'all, at a'all."

Presently she spied Penelope accepting the slouching homage of a group of rustics. She saw that Penny wore brass earrings, a brass brooch, a white collar, and a red cashmere dress, with three rows of gilt-bordered velvet on the skirt. She ran over to her. "What hev ye done wid Syl?" she asked.

Penelope gazed at the rusty knitting pin stuck into her top-knot, and murmured: "Ax about."

Sally looked up and saw Sylvester gazing down upon her as he had gazed in the morning, with a scorching light in his grey-blue eyes that seemed to wither her. With a gasp she sank in a heap on the grass.

"Pinny," said Sylvester, coolly, "cum an let us hev our last da'ance t'gither."

Penelope looked at him with rapture. He seemed a god with eyes of light and flame and love.

She danced as a feather might, so light she was, so gay, so graceful.

Murmurs of admiration were heard from the crowd. "Musha, Pinny, an' may ye'r fut in th' da'ance niver be heavier."

"Bravo, Pinny, bravo! it 'ud make th' ould young tu see ye leg it."

"Pinny, me gurl, don't sthop, don't sthop. Ye'd make ye'r fortun' in a thayatre."

"Bravo, Syl, well done, well done!"

Every movement of Sylvester's was grace itself, and his head was

grandly set upon his shoulders. He wore a pink calico shirt, and short white flannel jacket knotted at the waist, and flannel trousers. His brown hands were well-shaped and full of sinewy strength. There was a burning light in his eyes like madness and a terrible sternness that made Penelope tremble, and even sunburn could not conceal the pallor of his complexion.

He danced recklessly. He swung Penelope round and round on his arm. He daringly performed every manœuvre possible in a jig, and screamed, "Wh-ooo-p," in the most approved manner at the correct intervals.

Meanwhile Rock sat at a little distance with his eyes fixed on his master with an agony of dumb appeal, and when Penelope stopped exhausted, Sylvester sank on the grass beside him, and allowed him to lick his face.

Later on, just before the people began to disperse, old Sylvester, ragged and filthy, appeared upon the scene, and approached his son.

"Come hoam, Syl, come hoam, and let by-gones be by-gones," he said; then meeting his son's burning eyes he slunk away abashed.

When everyone had gone, Sylvester lay for some time in the same position. In the horrible tumult of his mind one terrible determination had firm hold. Moralists agree as to the enormity of the act he contemplated—moralists who have probably never imagined, much less experienced, the extremity of mental anguish which alone could tempt a young man of Sylvester's age and splendid vitality to such an act. He was, probably, for the time, to all intents and purposes, mad; but through all the wild tumult of his despair he realised with more and more terrible clearness the sort of life the future had in store for him should he waver in his present determination.

With an abnormally keen intelligence he had been deprived of education—with a passion for the *Beautiful* he had lived in the midst of squalor—with a deep heart that craved for love he had received hate and contumely—and now his passion for the shallow Penelope had ended in all the tortures of ungratified desire and jealousy cruel as the grave. The tide was coming in fast, and it was very dark. He rose and clambered down the western slope of the hill, and waded over the strip of sand which divided the little hill to the right from the main land, and was soon standing on the edge of the cliff which rose perpendicularly from deep water. Quite calmly he took off his hat and boots, and, taking a red cotton handkerchief from his pocket, tied his wrists together, tightening the knot with his teeth.

In a moment he had taken a header into deep water.

Under the water in that place there was a rock against which his head came into violent collision, so that for him the agonies of death were short.

They were not so, however, for the loving friend that had shared his bed for ten years, and been the faithful companion of his waking hours.

When Sylvester plunged into the sea, Rock lifted his head with a bitter cry, hesitated for a moment, then plunged after him. A little later his body and his master's were swept into the southern base of Conna Hill, and, as the tide receded, were left on the sands.

Old Sylvester discovered them at six o'clock the following morning, but chose to keep his discovery a secret for private reasons of his own. He concealed them in a cleft of the rock above high-water mark until evening.

Murty and Penelope were married at two P.M., and from that hour until four o'clock the following morning the wedding festivities continued.

At twelve o'clock on Monday night Sylvester was buried in a ruined churchyard on a lonely hill, which is only used as a burial place by a few old families amongst the peasantry.

On Tuesday morning Penelope was sitting, pale and languid, by the hearth when Sally entered the cabin. She was shivering, though the heat still continued, and a golden flood of sunshine came in through the open door.

"Th' top ov th' mornin' tu ye, Pinny," Sally exclaimed; "so ye've heerd th' news."

"What news?" Penelope asked sulkily.

"Sure, about Syl's axidint. Oh, wirrasthrue, wirrasthrue! Oi niver wint fur tu denny he was a beautiful young man, cute as a fox 'bout some things, an' active as a hare, wid th' thrue Carolan pride an' sperit. He med hisself awful disagrable 'bout th' horse, an' dunkey, an' dawg. Sure a horse is but a horse, an' a dunkey a dunkey. An' whativer is th' gode ov settin 'em up as iv they was Christhuns as cud feel cowld an' hunger! Sich wearin', worritin' nonsurse as 'tis. More be token, sure ould Rock wint intu th' say a'afther him an' was drowned tu, an' me husban' foun' his body undher th' cliff a few ya'ards frum th' sons'."

"What cliff? What say?" gasped Penelope.

"Sure, a'afther th' da'ance an Sunda noight, Syl up an' wint an' drowned hisself off little roight Conna Hill, an' he was buried at twelve

as' noight in Regan churchya'ard, an' jist as th' buryin' was st-aa-rtin wan iv thim meddlin polis cum in.

"'Oi heerd tell there's been an axidint,' ses he, 'an ye're thryin tu hesh it up, fear ov an inquisht.'"

"So oi up an' oi sid, 'Ye're as usul *jist tu late*. Ye'll hould no inquisht here. Th' buryin is a'afther stha'arted. Th' corpse hisself is gone, so be ov wid ye fur a peeler out ov me soight.' Oi up wid th' shovel an off me brave bhoy stha'arted."

She looked at Penelope and saw that she had fainted. She carried her to her bed, threw a jug of cold water over her, and fled guiltily.

Penelope, who had been the very embodiment of gaiety and sweet temper, maintained for the rest of her honeymoon the same depressed and peevish air of injured innocence. Her utter uselessness became exasperating even to the stolid Murty, who said to her one day, "Hansom is as hansom does, Pinny, an' dom th' thing, ye does but sit an' brood an' sulk. Once fur a'all, Pinny, oi axes ye, an what?"

She looked at him in silence, as she will probably look at him as long as he lives—with sullen eyes and obstinate pouting lips, and the exasperating selfishness of a weak, a shallow, and a one-idea-d nature.

THE RELIGION OF MITHRA.

THE religion of Mithra is said to have been imported into the West after Pompey's conquest of Pontus in the year 67 B.C. But what was this wonderful religion, whose rapid spread over the provinces of Rome is attested by so many inscriptions and bas-reliefs, extending even to our own island, and which for about four centuries was no unsuccessful rival to Christianity, not succumbing at last without having coloured the triumphant religion in more than one important particular both of doctrine and ritual?

Historians, as a rule, pass it over as a mere form of Sun-worship. and so, no doubt, with many it remained or became; but who can say whether it was so originally in the utterly unknown antiquity to which it may possibly lay claim? In the Zendavesta Mithra is spoken of as Light, and as quite distinct from the Sun; and Herodotus and Ouintus Curtius both alike distinguish the Persian worship or invocation of the Sun from the worship of Mithra. Yet, just as in the Vedas the Indian Mithra is often assimilated with the Sun, so is the Persian Mithra in parts of the Zendavesta; and the distinction between Light and Sun is obviously one that would tend to disappear. Ultimately, and at least in popular esteem, Mithra and the Sun became completely identified, Strabo being the first classical writer who identified them, and all the Fathers of the Church following his lead. But in spite of this, and of the numerous Latin inscriptions, Deo Soli Invicto Mithra, there are reasons for doubting whether, except exoterically, the worship of Mithra was ever that bald and literal Sun-worship which it is generally assumed to have been. The hypothesis here hazarded is, that it was at bottom the worship of Ormazd, that Persian conception of the Deity which answers exactly to the Jewish conception of Jehovah.

In the first place the Parsees claim, and their claim is justified by the best European writers on their religion, that that religion has always been strictly monotheistic, and that their worship of Fire or of the Sun, of which so much has been made, was simply the reverence paid to the highest visible emblems of that Purity and Eternal Light to which their worship was in reality paid. Prayer might be offered before the Sun or before Fire, but it was offered to God or Ormazd, like the prayers offered to this day before lighted candles in Catholic churches; and the Romans when they adopted the worship of Mithra may have adopted it in this sense. For since they already paid reverence to Phœbus or Apollo as the Sun-god, it is difficult to understand their attraction to Mithra, if Mithra was only regarded as a duplicate of Phœbus.

Secondly, we have to take into account the immense importance attached to names in the ancient world, the supposed magical effects that might be wrought with names, and the reluctance to subject the holiest name of all to the influences of magic or the profanation of daily use. Hence a multitude of names or paraphrases applied to one and the same conception, as in the Ormazd Yast, a daily prayer of the Parsees, where twenty names for Ormazd are enumerated, and are supposed to constitute the most efficacious part of the Holy Word. One of these names meaning Perfect Holiness was also the name of one of the six Amesha-Spentas, or emanations from Himself, who were supposed to rule different parts of the world under Ormazd's direction, like the archangels of the Jews. In reality these emanations merely expressed different attributes of one supreme deity, as is shown, for instance, when Ormazd is made to say to Zoroaster, "Our name, who are the Amesha-Spentas." And in this way the Parsee religion, like any other Oriental religion, whilst polytheistic in appearance and language, was at bottom monotheistic, on the principle so well understood in Oriental religions of plurality in unity and unity in plurality.

But besides the Amesha-Spentas all the other Persian gods shade off into one another, and ultimately merge into Ormazd. The attributes of Mithra, Shraosha, or Rashnu, are so similar as to be hardly distinguishable; all are on the side of truth and holiness against the wicked forces of Ahriman, the tempter; and both Mithra and Shraosha are addressed as the Incarnate Word. Mithra may be described as created by Ormazd, and as set by Him to maintain and direct the world of his creation; but the attributes of Mithra are those of Ormazd, and the worship of both is virtually the same. Like Ormazd, Mithra is the Light, all-seeing, all-hearing, undeceivable, the source of victory to the true and just, the source of strength to nations who follow after equity, but the perpetual opponent of the demons, the vanquisher of all that lie. The Christian faith affords a very close parallel to the relation between Ormazd and Mithra. And in the Bahman Yast resemblance passes into actual identity, for

Mithra is there made to say: "Extirpate the idol temples . . . proceed to those countries of Iran which I, Ormazd, created."

This identity between Mithra and Ormazd would explain the otherwise remarkable fact that in the Roman Empire we hear nothing of the worship of Ormazd, but only of that of Mithra. It was, moreover, fully recognised by the educated even at a time when Mithra was more generally identified with the Sun. For Eubulus, who wrote the most voluminous work of antiquity on the subject of Mithra, thus expressed himself, according to the following quotation from Porphyry: "The Persians, mystically signifying the descent of souls upon earth, and their re-ascension, initiate the mystic in a place called a cave, for, as Eubulus says, Zoroaster was the first to consecrate in the neighbouring mountains of Persia, a natural cave to the honour of Mithra, the Maker and Father of all things, the cave representing to him the world which Mithra made."

Nor is it really inconsistent with this theory, that, from another point of view, Mithra, as we learn from Plutarch, should have been called by the Persians the Mediator, by reason of his occupying an intermediate position between Ormazd and Ahriman. This did not mean that he partook equally of the nature of both, for Mithra was definitely and entirely on the side of Light and Truth, still less that he acted as the necessary intermediary between the human and the divine, according to the Platonic or Christian systems; but that he was traditionally credited with having taught mankind how to offer vows and thanksgivings to the good Spirit, and averting sacrifices to the bad one. This belief would not at all conflict, according to the analogy of other creeds, with his passing ultimately and imperceptibly into the highest position of all. It is well known that not only Mithra, but such names as Abraxas, Sabaoth, Adonai, Jao, Serapis, Zeus, Bacchus, Phœbus, and Pluto, all came to be used as interchangeable terms, as synonymous terms in fact for the one Supreme Being, the Great First Cause, the Lord, the Eternal Sun, to whom pagans no less than Christians paid the homage of adoration. The numerical equivalent of the word Mithras as of Abraxas, was 365; and since we know from St. Jerome that Basilides the Gnostic called God by the name of Abraxas, it is a fair inference that Mithras or Mithra meant the same.

If, moreover, Mithra was often identified with the Sun, we must remember that this also was a common synonym for the Deity, by virtue of that Neo-Platonic interpretation of things which used sensible objects as symbols of intellectual ideas. Thus that most remarkable oration of the Emperor Julian, addressed primarily and ostensibly to the visible sun, was in reality addressed to the great cause of all things, which the sun represented or typified. "The Being beyond our intelligence," he says, "the idea of all beings, the intellectual whole, or the Good, according to Plato, being the single cause of all the beauty and perfection of other things produced . . . the great Sun which resembles him in all things," etc. If Mithra as the sun was generally understood in this sense, it would account for Julian's zeal in restoring the Mithraic rites at Constantinople.

For these reasons we may suspect that Mithraism was far from being the vulgar Sun-worship described by the Fathers. What its actual rites or mysteries were we may never know, but it is evident that they enforced a high and severe standard of morality through a system of symbolism which now seems ridiculous. The process of initiation was long, and the candidates went through twelve, or, some say, eighty trials of severe physical endurance, by fire, water, fasting, and so forth, in order to present themselves, in the words of Suidas, holy and free from passion. They passed through several degrees, and were called, according to their sex or advancement, lions, hyenas, ravens, eagles, and hawks; there was a ceremony of baptism, of absolution, an oblation of bread and water, a teaching of the resurrection; there were symbolical representations of the passages of emancipated souls through the fixed stars; all this, but little more, is known; for the ingenious theories built by M. Lajard on this slight superstructure are unhappily pure guess-work, the Assyrian cylinders from which he illustrated his theories having since been proved by their cuneiform inscriptions, which he could not decipher, to have borne no allusion at all to the mysteries of Mithra.

The mysteries were conducted generally in a cavern or underground, perhaps because Mithra for some reason was always fabled to have been born in a cave. The Greek temple where the mysteries were performed at Alexandria was turned into a Christian church after it had been devastated by George, bishop of that city. It was there that, according to Socrates, the Church historian, many skulls were found, belonging to persons of all ages, who were supposed to have been sacrificed for purposes of divination. On this mainly rests the charge of human sacrifices as part of the mysteries of Mithra; but it is seldom safe to accept Christian charges of human sacrifice against the pagans, seeing that it was a charge habitually made by the Christian sects against one another. Moreover, Sozomen, who describes the same occurrence, only mentions the finding of what he calls idols, and of instruments used in pagan ceremonies; there is not a word about the skulls. The remark of Lampridius

that the Emperor Commodus profaned the Mithraic rites by a real murder (vero homocidio) seems to indicate, that whilst an act of sacrifice was in some way simulated at the mysteries, it was reserved to Commodus to find in a symbolical ceremony an occasion for an actual crime. Obviously, if such homicide had been usual, the act of Commodus would have called for no remark.

But the interesting point in the Mithraic rites is their close resemblance to the early Christian rites, a resemblance which rests solely on the authority of Justin Martyr and Tertullian, and which calls for some explanation more satisfactory than is vouchsafed by those Fathers. For what can be more unlikely on the face of it than that the rites of Mithra should have been merely a bad imitation of the rites of a religion which came into the world many centuries later? Or why should we accept an explanation for which not a shadow of proof or reason is offered in justification?

Justin Martyr, in reference to the Eucharist, says expressly that the same rites "the evil spirits have taught to be done, out of mimicry, in the mysteries and the initiatory rites of Mithra. For in these a cup of water and bread are set out with the addition of certain words in the sacrifice or act of worship of the neophyte: a thing which ve either know by personal experience or may learn by inquiry." This seems to refer to the Darun ceremony still in vogue among the Parsees, which consists in eating some ceremonial wafer bread, followed by water. If so, it throws light on a curious passage in Isaiah, where the words used are said by Justin Martyr to have been the actual words used in the Mithraic service: "He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hand from the holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from the hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil—he shall dwell on high, his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him, his waters shall be sure." The Mithraic Eucharist, in that case, so far from being of post-Christian date, must be at least as old as Isaiah; and Justin Martyr himself supplies the proof of the state of moral perfection that was the condition precedent of its acceptance.

Now for the no less famous evidence of Tertullian. "The devil," he says, "whose business it is to pervert the truth, tries to rival the very details of the Divine Sacraments in the mysteries of idols. He himself baptizes some of his believers and disciples; he promises the expiation of sins from the font, and, if I still recollect Mithra, he there marks on the forehead his own soldiers, he celebrates also the oblation of bread, and brings in the symbol of the Resurrection."

Tertullian also tells us that it was the custom for the Mithraic neophyte to refuse a crown that was offered to him, and to say that his only crown was Mithra; and this is important, for if the object had been simply to imitate Christianity, surely such a practice as the refusal of the crown, to which there is nothing analogous in Christianity, would not have been retained. If then we reject the theory of casual coincidence, there is only one rational explanation of resemblances which were certainly striking; and that is, that, compromise having been at all times the soul of conversion, the early Christian missionaries sought to make converts, not perhaps by adopting pagan rites, but by bringing their own rites into such similitude with rites already in existence that the process of conversion might be rendered as easy as possible.

It is however easier, and for the present safer, to trace correspondences than to explain connections; and, as we might expect from the original close relations between the Persian and Indian religions, the mysteries of Mithra have their analogues in the mysteries of ancient India, as both have with those of the Freemasons. May not the rock and cavern temples of India be related to the cavern-worship of Mithra, and to the legend of Mithra's birth in a cave? The initiation of an Indian, as of the Mithraic neophyte, took place in a gloomy cavern, and, after a number of ceremonies, he was admitted into a hall of dazzling light, supposed to represent the Indian paradise. This indicated the regeneration or resurrection of the candidate, who was then invested with a white robe and the tiara. A peculiar cross was marked on his forehead and the Tau Cross on his breast, the former mark reminding one of the frontal mark alluded to by Tertullian in the mysteries of Mithra. The Mithraic baptism and absolution recall the Buddhist baptism of monks, which, as it was preceded by a confession of sins, was presumably followed by their remission.

The Mithraic *taurobolium*, or baptism by the sacrifice of a bull, has often been claimed as an imitation of the Christian rite of Baptism, though any rite less like it would be most difficult to conceive. Prudentius, the Latin Christian poet of the fourth century, has described in his poem on the martyrdom of Saint Romano, how the priest who was to be consecrated was let down into a vault covered over with boards, above which a bull was stabbed, so that its blood falling through the boards might drench the person standing below, who was thereby considered to be purified and regenerate. There is, indeed, more mention of this custom in the fourth century of our era than in previous times; but that affords no proof that it

had not been equally in vogue many centuries before our era. At all events it seems perfectly absurd to imagine its origin to be due to a mere desire to compete with Christianity in attractiveness.

As a rule, where there is borrowing at all, it is a borrowing of the newer religion from the older. For instance, the old festival of the Sun or Mithra used to fall on a day which coincides with our 25th of December, and Mithra-day was converted into Christmas Day about the beginning of the fourth century, just as in the Eastern Church the pagan festival of the refinding of Osiris caused Christmas to fall on the 6th of January. A Christian writer referred to the change in a way which shows how the associations of one religion passed easily into those of another: "They call this day the birthday of the Invincible Sun, but who is so invincible as the Lord, who overcame and conquered death; or they also call it the birthday of the Sun, but He Himself is the Sun of Righteousness, &c."

In its general tenets it seems reasonable to assume that Mithraism was the same as Zoroastrianism, out of which it sprang. It would start, like the latter, with the fundamental difference between Ormazd and Ahriman, the Good and Bad Spirits respectively, whose mutual struggle accounts for all the evil there is in the world. The wide prevalence of this belief may have aided the propagation of Christianity, for Ormazd and Ahriman of the Parsees are identical in conception with the Jehovah and Satan of the Jews. There is not the shadow of a shade of difference. The Persian system indeed is often spoken of as an illogical dualism, involving a belief in two co-ordinate and equal antagonistic powers. But whereas Ormazd is omnipotent, omniscient, and eternal, Ahriman is represented in the Bundahis as limited in power and knowledge, and as destined finally to be destroyed. He is neither co-equal nor co-eternal with Ormazd. The compatibility of his existence at all with Ormazd constitutes no greater difficulty in the Persian than it does in the Jewish creed. The difficulty in either creed is of precisely the same kind and of precisely the same value.

Mithraism probably also shared the Zoroastrian belief with regard to the end of the world and the approach of a Messiah or Liberator. It was believed that as Zoroaster, on the occasion of his temptation, when Ahriman offered him the rule of the nations if only he would forsake the religion of Ormazd, defeated the tempter and his legions by the Holy Word, so he would again defeat him at the end of time by a son who would be miraculously born of a virgin. That son's name was to be Soshyans, the Beneficent one, so called because he would benefit the whole world, or else called Astvat-ereta, because

he would cause the dead to rise. Persian thought appears to have wavered between the expectation of one Saviour or of three; but the essential idea was the same, that the dead would be raised, righteous and wicked alike; that an assembly would take place wherein the good and bad deeds of all would be so apparent that the wicked would be as conspicuous as black sheep among white; that the righteous would be set apart from the wicked, the former going to heaven and the latter to hell; that all men would pass through a purifying fire, wherein the wicked would walk as in molten metal but the righteous as in warm milk; that thus all men would become immortal, and with one voice praise Ormazd and the archangels; that Ormazd and his archangels would seize Ahriman and his demons and put an end to evil; and that the serpent himself, with hell also, would be ultimately burnt, and thereby also be purified.

Most of this is, of course, from the Bundahis, a post-Christian compilation, founded on sources unknown and lost; so that no one can say with absolute certainty whether the above beliefs were of native Persian growth or the result of foreign influence. antiquity, however, is assured by their resemblance, at least in outline, with the opinions attributed to the Magi by Theopompus in the fourth century B.C. According to him, Ormazd and Ahriman were destined each to prevail over the other for 3,000 years, and for another 3,000 years to struggle with varying fortune, but at last the Evil Spirit would fail, and mankind be happy for the future. According to Plutarch (or the author of the "Isis and Osiris"), who thus refers to Theopompus, the time of the destruction of Ahriman was thought to be then impending; the whole world was to be made plain, and mankind to form but one joint community, united by a single language and a new career of unending happiness. It is probable that these ideas formed part of the original Zoroastrian creed, as formulated in the lost Zend books; but probability, of course, is not the same as proof.

The same difficulty applies to what remains of the Zendavesta, for we are dependent on internal evidence alone for any belief we may have that the original texts, from which the existing compilation was derived, were in existence before the Christian era. We have only a strong probability, not a certainty; and, therefore, for all resemblances between Persian and Hebrew ideas it cannot be demonstrated (though it is certainly more probable) that the borrowing was by the Jew from the Persian, not by the Persian from the Jew.

These resemblances open up an interesting field for speculation, for they appear too great to be accounted for by the hypothesis of

their independent evolution by either people, though both may have derived them from a common source. But the problem can scarcely be solved so long as the date of Zoroaster remains one of the most obscure puzzles in chronology. Some have held Zoroaster for a myth altogether, or for a generic term applicable to the priesthood; but his personality stands out too strongly in ancient tradition for our reasonably disposing of him as a myth simply on account of the accretion of mythical elements round his name. A similar line of criticism would make equally short work of Moses or Abraham or Mahomet. But now that king Vishtaspa or Gustasp, with whom in the Zendavesta the name of Zoroaster is associated in time, is no longer identified with Darius Hystaspes, but with another Hystaspes of quite unknown date, we are thrown back, by considerations of language, to a date for Zoroaster far earlier than the sixth century before Christ, when, it used to be thought, the Persian prophet might have learnt much from Daniel during the Jewish captivity; and the close similarity between the names of divine beings in the Zendavesta and in the Vedas, between the legends of heroic feats related in both Scriptures, and between the religious rites in both, points to a time not long after the separation of the Indian and Persian stocks as the not unlikely period of the life of Zoroaster. Aristotle put his date so far back as 6,000 years before the death of Plato, and it is possible that such a date does not err in excess of antiquity. probability on the whole is that, when the Persians under Cyrus overthrew the Assyrian monarchy, whilst the Jews were in Captivity in Babylon, they brought with them the Zoroastrian creed, and that in this way the Jews came into possession during and after the Captivity of certain ideas which it does not appear they held before it. But, on the other hand, the expatriation of the Tribes of the kingdom of Israel by Shalmaneser, 133 years before the Babylonish captivity of the kingdom of Judah, would allow for any amount of Jewish thought previously influencing the Assyrians and perhaps also the Persians.

A century ago, Dr. Hyde, professor of Sanskrit at Oxford, claimed for Zoroaster a remarkable prophecy of the Messiah. Zoroaster, he said, showed his disciples that in the last days a Virgin should conceive, and that when her child was born a star would appear, shining bright at noonday, in the midst of which would be seen the figure of the Virgin, and he bade them, when they beheld that star, to follow its guidance, and to adore the child and offer it gifts, since it was indeed that Word which created the heavens. Of course, if this could be authenticated it would be very important; but can it? Hyde really

only quoted word for word from Pocock's Latin translation of the Book of Dynasties by Abulpharagh or Gregory Bar Judæus, and the latter lived as late as the fourteenth century of our era, so that, without knowing his authority, it is impossible to attach much worth to his story. It certainly derives no support from the remaining books of the Zendavesta, there being only a trace of something like it in the Bahman Yast, where, in allusion to the predicted birth of a religious prince in India, Ormazd says to Zoroaster, "That a sign may come to the earth the night when the prince is born, a star falls from the sky; when that prince is born the star shows a signal." But the point is one that well deserves the study of scholars.

It must suffice to have thus indicated the main points of interest connected with the religion of Mithra, a religion which, having preceded Christianity in the world, spread like it over the known world and resembled it in many striking details. Only a few gleams of light remain to illumine a religion now little less obscure than the caverns in which its mysterious rites were once performed. What was its actual relation to Zoroastrianism; what its connection, if any, with Hinduism or Buddhism? That it was monotheistic in doctrine and taught the belief of a future life; that it inculcated a code of morality, in which truth, justice, and temperance formed the principal virtues, is all that at present seems clear from the scanty evidence that remains of it.

J. A. FARRER.

TINTAGEL.

AVING well explored the Lizard and Land's End districts described by me in Macmillan's Magazine, in 1884,1 I resolved to visit Tintagel and the coast about Newquay. the train from London to Launceston, where there is a fine ruined castle. I got the box-seat on the four-horse coach for Camelford (near the scene of Arthur's great final defeat by Modred), and arrived there after one of the coldest drives I ever remember across the bleak moor, though the month was August. I was very glad to get something hot to drink and a warm by the fire in the parlour of the "King's Arms," which appeared to be a comfortable oldfashioned English inn; in these days of abominable gigantic barracks, providing a minimum of comfort at a maximum of cost, there are few enough left to make the fact noteworthy. Hence I hired a well-horsed conveyance to Trevena, alighting at the "Wharncliffe Arms," another of those charming little English inns, with a pleasant host, an excellent table, and moderate charges. Oh, what an agreeable contrast to the big fleecing establishments on the Continent! But, not having written long enough beforehand, I could not get a bed at the inn, yet found excellent quarters in the cottage of a miner and his wife, Roberts by name, very worthy folk in every way, and pleasant company to boot, I going over for my meals to the "Wharncliffe Arms," which was hard by, and later getting a sittingroom there. The little village of Trevena consists of the usual Cornish rough-hewn brown stone houses. From it there is no view of the castle or sea, but it is very near both. I arrived late in the evening, and early morning found me on my way to the castle. You go from the village through a gorge in the cliffs, and emerge upon a platform built over a small cove. Here are a crane, and some boats. On your left rises a grand pile of sombre cliffs, crowned with the legendary castle, home and cradle of romance, ragged, storm-beaten, hardly distinguishable now from the rock itself; easily indeed might these ancient walls be taken for

¹ The paper being republished in my essays on "Poetry and Poets," and entitled "Rambles by Cornish Seas."

mere weathered crag, fantastically abraded by time and chance, the human handiwork fading away into that native stone, whence at some forgotten period it was first hewn. The wild stern-featured remains occupy the heights on the mainland, and also a promontory which is almost an island: a bridge formerly connected the two portions, that on the mainland probably forming the outworks of the fortress.

The stones are cemented together with extraordinary firmness, and make with the mortar one indissoluble mass, a conglomerate which crumbles away fragment by fragment, as day follows day. And this then is Arthur's castle, birthplace of our ancient British hero—half history, half myth—our Agamemnon, of whom a long list of bards and romancers, from Joseph of Exeter to Spenser, and from Spenser to Tennyson, Bulwer, and Hawker, have sung, whose exploits our ancient chroniclers have recounted.

Here, with his fair wife Igraine, lived the Duke of Tintagel, at enmity with Uther Pendragon, King of England. But a reconciliation having taken place, he and Igraine were invited to Uther's court, and the king fell in love with the lady. She, however, "was a passing good woman, and would not assent unto the king," informing her husband, and counselling him to fly with her; they fled, and Igraine was shut up in the castle of Tintagel, while the Duke defended himself in that of Terrabil, where he "fought many positions, and there was great war made on both parties, and much people slain." Then, for pure anger, and for great love of fair Igraine, the king Uther fell sick; so by help of the enchanter Merlin, he made himself appear like her husband the Duke, and thus, through fraud, gained access to the Queen's chamber at Tintagel, the result being the birth of Arthur in the castle. But the Duke, another Uriah, was slain before the walls of Terrabil, Igraine afterwards marrying Uther. By Merlin's own counsel, the child Arthur, bound in a cloth of gold, was then delivered to Merlin, disguised as a poor man, at a privy postern of the castle, by two ladies and two knights, who bore him forth to Sir Ector, that Sir Ector's wife might give him suck, and a holy man christened him. How Arthur pulled the magic sword out of the stone by the high altar, and so was recognised as Uther's successor to the throne of Britain, need not now be told.

But what do we hear next in the old chronicles about the castle of Tintagel? We hear that Lancelot, after having delivered a fair damsel, and slain a recreant knight who dishonoured such, rode through a deep forest, and "had strait lodging." "So on the third

day he rode over a long bridge, and there start upon him suddenly a passing foul churl, and he smote his horse on the nose, that he turned about and asked him why he rode over that bridge without his license." This churl "lashing upon him with a great club shod with iron," Lancelot slew him. Then he came into a fair green court of the castle of Tintagel; having tied his horse to a ring in the wall, and "looking about he saw much people in doors and windows. who said, 'Fair knight, thou art unhappy.'" Well might they say so, for there issued two giants, who assailed him with clubs; but with his good sword he clave them forth to the middle. Lancelot went into the hall, "and there came before him threescore ladies and damsels, and all kneeled unto him and thanked God and him for their deliverance. 'For, sir,' said they, 'the most part of us have been here this seven year their prisoners, and we have worked all manner of silk works for our meat, and we are all great gentlewomen born, and blessed be the time, knight, that ever thou wert born; for thou hast done the most worship that ever knight did in the world, that will we bear record, and we all pray you to tell us your name, that we may tell our friends who delivered us out of prison.' 'Fair damsels,' he said, 'my name is Sir Lancelot du Lake." Thus did Lancelot restore Tintagel to its rightful lord.

But surely the next records we have are interesting as any, for they concern the loves of Tristram and Iseult. Tintagel having been restored to the Duke of Cornwall, it became the abode of King Mark and his court. Now King Anguish of Ireland sent to demand the "truage" that Cornwall had paid him many winters, seven years in arrear. But King Mark would not pay it. Therefore either king determined to appoint a champion who might, by his own victory or defeat, decide this question. For a long time the Irish champion, Sir Marhaus, of the Round Table, brother-in-law to the King of Ireland, remained triumphantly in his ships by Tintagel, none being willing to fight with him. But Mark sent for his nephew, Tristram, son of Meliodas, King of Liones, and called "child of the sorrowful birth," that he might undertake the adventure. And he, though at that time a young and unproved knight, being fair, strong, generously born and ardent for glory, undertook it; after a long and desperate contest, moreover, proving victor.

At last, after they had "hurtled together like rams to bear each other down," and Tristram had been severely wounded with a mighty stroke, Tristram smote Sir Marhaus upon the helm such a buffet that it went through his helm, and through the coif of steel, and through the brainpan, and the sword stuck so fast in the brainpan that

Tristram could not pull it out, but the edge of the sword remained there. This sent the elder knight grovelling to his knees, and he gat him to his ships, which sailed back to Ireland, where he died of his wounds; Tristram being brought into the castle also nearly dead of his, for (was this thought an honourable practice in those days?) the spear that smote him was envenomed. Then it was told him that only in the land where the venom came from could he be cured. So he went, taking his harp with him, under a feigned name, to the court of King Anguish, and was nursed there by the king's daughter. La Belle Isoud, till he recovered. As might have been foreseen, the knight and lady fall in love with one another; for the love-potion they drank afterwards unwittingly out of that "little flacket of gold" in a cabin of the ship that brought La Belle Isoud together with Tristram, to be the bride of King Mark, only ripened the flower that Nature herself had so sweetly sown. By that drink "they loved either other so well that never their love departed for weal neither for woe," though the queen-mother had intended the potion for King Mark and his bride. It is a strange story! One day, when Tristram was in his bath, which the queen-mother and La Belle Isoud had prepared for him, the queen and her daughter, roaming about the chamber, beheld his sword upon the bed, and drawing it from the scabbard they thought it a passing fair one; but, lo and behold, there was a great piece broken out of the edge! Thereupon the queen remembered the piece of steel found in the brainpan of her brother. and going to her coffer she brought that piece, which she had preserved (resolving to be revenged on his slayer) to see whether it would fit into the stranger's blade: it did fit; then "she griped that sword fiercely," and rushed to the bath, intending to kill Tristram with it, but his squire prevented her. However, she told the king, and the king, having learned the whole truth from Tristram. sorrowfully bade him depart, for he had become attached to Tristram. La Belle Isoud wept at his departure, confessing her love. Then follows the strange part of all this so natural and charming story—as strange surely to us as some of the unexpected turns in Mitford's Japanese tales. For Uncle Mark, having quarrelled with Tristram on his return to Tintagel (because of the love they both bore the same lady, the wife of a neighbouring king, she preferring the nephew), having also heard much from him in praise of La Belle Isoud, elected to send Tristram to Ireland to fetch her for his bride. That was likely enough, perhaps, considering this Mark's character; but does it not seem odd that Tristram should so willingly have undertaken the errand? He did, however, undertake it, and brought her over, although her father told him plainly he would much prefer Tristram himself for her husband (so that the slaying of Sir Marhaus was hardly a valid reason for their not marrying). La Belle Isoud at parting had indeed promised only to marry with Tristram's consent, and to marry whom he might recommend, a promise that was to bind for seven years.

Supposing it was not unusual in those days to admit a Cavaliere servente, as well as a husband, why was it thought so wrong that Tristram and Iseult should remain faithful to one another? Nay, but Lancelot—except in the one instance of Guinevere—himself the mirror of knighthood and soul of honour, blamed Tristram, not for his faithfulness, but, on the contrary, for his unfaithfulness to that first love, when he married in Brittany Isoud la Blanche Mains, while Guinevere returned condolence and sympathy to Iseult in full measure when that queen complained to her about her lover's unfaith. Arthur himself, moreover, "the blameless king," welcomed these lovers to his court. There is in Mallory a very amusing passage relating how Arthur and Lancelot visit them in their pavilion, Arthur greeting Isoud with effusion, he and Lancelot laughing so consumedly at a remark of Dinadan's (the same knight who made that unpleasant lay about Mark, and even sang it before him) that they could hardly sit on their seats! It is a human trait this, and does not suggest a "faultless" shadow! What lovers, at any rate, were these whose love, lawful or unlawful, illustrious through the ages, yet throws a warm glow and glamour upon those cold grim ruin stones yonder frowning over the sea!

On one occasion a treacherous knight, finding Tristram and the queen together in the embrasure of a window, told Mark, and Mark came suddenly upon them with a sword to slay Tristram, but he ran under the king's sword and took it out of his hand, smiting him some strokes with the flat of it on the neck. Then Tristram rode into the forest, King Mark sending knights and men-at-arms to attack him; but he killed or wounded them all, and the barons advised Mark to receive him into favour again, which he did, so winking at his own dishonour. Indeed, this man was a traitor, coward, and murderer, unworthy of so noble and sweet a lady as La Belle Isoud. Remember only how he deserted Sir Dinadan in the forest, how he ran like a hare before Dagonet, Arthur's jester, mistaking him for Lancelot, and how the forest rang with the laughter of the good knights "as they were wood," while they chased Mark hither and thither like the recreant that he was; treacherously also he slew the good knights Amant and Bersules, grovelling before Lancelot who pursued

him, tumbling to the ground "like a sack," and crying for mercy when Arthur had sent Lancelot to bring him before his suzerain for judgment on this and other charges. However, Tristram was again surprised with La Belle Isoud unarmed, and taken bound to "a chapel on the rocks" (the same doubtless whereof the ruins here remain), and there condemned to death. He appealed to the knights on the ground of all he had done for Cornwall and for them; but the same man, Andrad, who had twice betrayed him-a cousin who coveted his lands—drew his sword to slav him thus defenceless. Tristram, whose strength was great, however, suddenly wrenched free his hands from those who held him, and seizing Andrad's sword, felled him to the ground, slaving also ten knights. "So then Sir Tristram gat the chapel and held it mightily." But the people round gathered to Sir Andrad's party, and Tristram, "remembering that he was naked," shut fast the chapel door; then he broke the bar of a window, leaping out, and falling upon the crags in the sea. So he escaped from his enemies, but his friends afterwards found him, "and with towels they pulled him up." This is Mallory's account. The latter part of it I find difficult to understand, as I think anyone will who has explored the place, and marked the huge bulge of the black precipice 300 feet high. For the chapel is on the "Island," and (so far as I know) that is inaccessible, precipitous all round, except indeed with the help of "towels"! which were presumably wanting to the brave knight when he left the chapel hastily, and with little more clothing than that vouchsafed to man by nature.

I can conceive his quickly getting down, but it is not easy to realise that, after this feat, he would be in a condition to make much use of the "towels" obligingly provided for his re-ascent! However, thank God, I am no "critic," and it is not part of my trade to carp and quibble; therefore we will not inquire too curiously into this incident. Let us be thankful that Tristram escaped somehow from that "unco guid" knight, Sir Andrad. I, too, was often provided with "towels" when I came down to the castle-cove, but for other purposes! A great cavern runs under the isthmus that divides the mainland from the promontory from end to end; even at low water you have to wade through deep pools in the midst of it to reach the other side; in the washing waters of the southern cliff and in a flowing tide I swam one day; but on the other side, in the castle-cove, I narrowly escaped drowning, having swum out, I confess in defiance of warning, in a very rough sea, and being for a long while prevented by the under-tow from making my way back, nearly losing my breath in the protracted effort; but as a rule the cove is a very good place for bathing, there being, I think, no appreciable currents just here, while in the eastern rocks there is a beautiful little sea-grot paved with sand and strewn with exquisitely-tinted sea-weed, expressly provided by the nereids for bathers.

To resume, however, the story of Tristram, seeing that he, rather than Arthur, is the hero of Tintagel. Tristram, soon after that incident at the chapel, was wounded with a poisoned arrow, and La Belle Isoud, being carefully shut up from him, advised him to go to Brittany, where the king's daughter, Isoud La Blanche Mains, might be able to cure him. The end of this was that he married that lady; but what became of her eventually is not very easy to discover, for Tristram after awhile went back to his early love; who, when she heard of his return to England, "for very pure joy swooned," and when she might speak, said to Sir Dinas, who told her, "Gentle Knight Seneschal, help, that I might speak with him, or else my heart will burst!" Then Tristram and Kehydius, his brother-inlaw, who had come with him to Cornwall, dwelt secretly at the court in a private chamber, unknown to the king. But Kehydius fell in love with Isoud, writing her letters and ballads, to which at length she sent one answer. Now, Tristram found a letter of this knight's to her, and that reply. So being together all three in a turret of the castle, just above where Mark was playing chess, Tristram reproached his lady bitterly as if she were false to him, and advanced upon the knight Kehydius with a drawn sword, while he, to escape him, leapt out at a bay window, "even over the head where sat King Mark playing at the chess." And when the king saw one come hurling over his head, he said, "Fellow, what art thou, and what is the cause thou leapest out of that window?" Kehydius excused himself by saying he was asleep, and had fallen out. Fearing discovery after this, however, Tristram, having sent Gouvernail, his squire, for the horse and spear, rode boldly out of Tintagel. But his mind was unhinged through the treachery, as he supposed it, of his lady. In the forest he was found by a damsel, who brought him food, which he could not eat, "making the greatest dole that ever creature made;" and she told her lady, who lived in a castle hard by, of his condition. "In good time," said the lady, "is he so nigh me; he shall have meat and drink of the best, and a harp of his whereon he taught me, for of goodly harping he beareth the prize in the world." But he "went into the wilderness, and broke down the trees and boughs;" and "after awhile, when he found the harp that the lady sent him, then would he harp and play thereupon and weep together." And if she knew not where he was, then she would play

on the harp, and he would come to hearken. He soon disappeared altogether, however, and lived among the herdsmen, who fed and sometimes beat him. (It would seem that there must have been forests all over Cornwall, and immediately about Tintagel at that time.) Now, Sir Andrad caused a lady, who was his paramour, to announce that Sir Tristram was dead, that she had been with him when he died, and buried him by a well; he had died, appointing Andrad lord of his country of Liones. "King Fox," as Lancelot called Mark, wept crocodile tears; but La Belle Isoud resolved not to survive her lover. She got a sword, and in her garden at Tintagel (I wonder where it was!) she "thrust the sword through a plumtree up to the hilt, so that it stuck fast, and it stood breast high." Then kneeling down, she said: "Sweet Lord Jesu, have mercy upon me, for I may not live after the death of Sir Tristram de Liones, for he was my first love, and he shall be the last!" But Mark had seen and heard this; so he came and bore her away into a strong tower, there imprisoning her securely. After this, Tristram delivered a knight and lady from a giant, the knight relating to King Mark how a naked madman whom he knew not had delivered them. So Mark went hunting in the forest, and found the fair naked man lying by a spring with a sword by him. And blowing his horn, his following came round him, to whom he gave orders that the warriorpoet should be gently removed into Tintagel; which was done by the knights, they having covered him with mantles. They washed, bathed, and fed him, but he was so changed that no one knew him. La Belle Isoud, however, hearing of this adventure, came with her damsel Bragwaine into the garden, where the sick man was reposing in the sun. She did not know him, only she said to her maiden, "Me seemeth I should have seen him heretofore in many places." But Tristram knew her well enough, and turning his face away he wept. Now, there was a little brachet (a "questing hound") which had been sent from the king's daughter of France unto Sir Tristram, for great love she bore him. (Indeed, so lovable was this fair and heroic knight that the royal lady had died for love by him unreturned!) But Tristram gave this little dog to La Belle Isoud when they arrived in Cornwall from Ireland together. And the little dog would never thenceforward leave Isoud but when Tristram was with her. "And anon, as this little brachet felt a savour of Sir Tristram, she leaped upon him and licked his cheeks and his ears, and then she whined and quested, and she smelled at his feet and hands, and on all parts of his body that she might come to." "Ah! my lady," said dame Bragwaine unto La Belle Isoud. "Alas! alas!"

said she, "I see it is mine own lord, Sir Tristram!" And thereupon Isoud fell down in a swoon, and so lay a great while; and when she might speak, she said: "My lord, Sir Tristram, blessed be God ye have your life! And now I am sure ye shall be discovered by this little brachet, for she will never leave you." So it happened accordingly, when Mark came, though Isoud was gone, the little dog sat upon Tristram and bayed at them all, and thus was he known. Then Mark would have put him to death, but the barons would not have it. Therefore he was banished for ten years. As he left the little cove, conducted to his ship by many of the barons, sitting therein, he protested against his doom, again calling to their minds the great services he had rendered to Cornwall and to them. But again the king recalled Tristram in his extremity, to fight a great battle with Elias, a mighty champion of the "Sessoins," who demanded the truage of Cornwall. A second time, then, he fought in this cause, while both hosts assembled unarmed to watch the duel, "on both parts of the field without the castle of Tintagel." When they rushed together it seemed a flaming fire about them. Thus "they traced and traversed, and hewed on helmets and hauberks, and cut away many cautels of their shields," Tristram waxing faint from his wounds and loss of blood, so that all men thought he was He "covered him with his shield, as he might, all weakly." "Then there was laughing of the Sessoins' party, and great dole on King Mark's. For, as the French book saith, he was never so matched but if it were Sir Lancelot." "But Tristram remembered him of his lady, La Belle Isoud, that looked upon him, and how he was likely never to come in her presence! Then he pulled up his shield that erst hung full low," till in the end Elias, who would not yield, fell dead. Afterwards the bad King Mark stabbed his brother, the good and gallant Prince Baudwin, at his own table in the castle, while pretending to entertain him hospitably, from jealousy, because his brother had won honour by setting fire to Saracen ships that invaded Cornwall, and defeating the invaders. Mark slew him in his wife's presence, seeking also to kill his young son, who, however, through a warning from Isoud, escaped with his mother from the castle. I must not here follow further the fortunes of these illustrious persons. Mark imprisons the lovers, but they find refuge with Lancelot at Joyous Guard, and the "blameless King" welcomes them to his castle.

But what was the end? Some say Tristram, after many adventures, returned to his young and much injured wife in Brittany, but, wounded and dying, he sent for that first Iseult of Ireland, whom he

had loved in his prime, and she came in time to see and tend him before he died; when he died she was found dead at his bedside in that other castle of Brittany yonder by the self-same wild sea. They say, moreover, that the lovers were borne back to Cornwall in a ship, and buried here in Tintagel Chapel, by that green ocean which had so often heard their vows and their sighs, aye, and seen their kisses.

The air of the December night Steals coldy around the chamber bright, Where those lifeless lovers be; Swinging with it in the light Flaps the ghostlike tapestry, And on the arras wrought you see A stately Huntsman clad in green, And round him a fresh forest scene; On that clear forest knoll he stays, With his pack round him, and delays: He stares and stares with troubled face At this huge gleam-lit fireplace, At that bright iron-figured door, And those blown rushes on the floor: To himself he seems to say, "What place is this, and who are they? Who is that kneeling Ladyfair, And on his pillows that pale knight, Who seems of marble on a tomb? How comes it here this chamber bright? Through whose mullioned windows clear The castle court all wet with rain, The drawbridge and the moat appear, And then the beach, and marked with spray The sunken reefs, and far away, The unquiet bright Atlantic plain."

So sings Matthew Arnold in his exquisite fragment. And this picture will do equally for loopholed Tintagel in its palmy days—"Tintagel, half on sea and half on land, a crown of towers." But imagine also the pleasaunce of the queen Iseult, with mossed fruit-trees and flowers, the queen and her maidens arrayed in white samite with golden girdle, sometimes in cloth of gold, jewel-encrusted; rare pearls upon her beautiful arms, sitting either on the green grass amid the chequered sunlight, over-warbled with bird-song, among daisies, yellow kingcups, violets, and roses, Tristram's hound by her side; or at the turret window with her spinning-wheel: if her knight were away, pausing often to sigh and look sadly over the grey sea, listening to that wash and thunder of it in the deep cave beneath the castle, or the sea birds' crying, as we hear all now. Her

silver lamp at evening shone over the wave, and the rude fisherman hailed it.

Or over the drawbridge of the castle, equipped for war, thundered the brilliant cavalcade, one knight, their leader,

> Taller than the rest, And armoured o'er in forest green whereon There tripped a hundred silver deer.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden galaxy;
The bridle bells rang merrily,
All in the blue unclouded weather,
Thick jewelled shone the saddle leather;
The helmet and the helmet feather
Burned like one burning flame together;
His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed,
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode!

For, as Ruskin says, "Of all the beautiful things which the eye of men could fall upon, the most beautiful must have been a young knight riding out in morning sunshine and in faithful hope!" Many noble knights followed with lance and banner, emblazoned shield, inlaid, enamelled armour, their vassals attending. Across the drawbridge streamed the cavalcade, glowing and glistening—or in hunting costume they assembled, blowing reveillée, with baying hounds and stamping steeds neighing and chafing in the courtyard while the party mounted.

And sometimes,

Down in a casement sat,
A low sea-sunset glorying round her hair,
And glossy-throated grace, Iseult the Queen;
And when she heard the feet of Tristram grind
The spiring stone that scaled about her tower,
Flushed, started, met him at the doors, and there
Belted his body with her white embrace.

Then would he of the brown locks and brown eyes, and fair stalwart frame of fine proportion, sit near her, clad in sendel of forest green or in crimson, and play upon the golden harp, accompanying his own or another poet's song about heroic deeds and love, she intently listening and gazing her fill—all her soul in violet eyes—anon embroidering, somewhat languidly, with delicate white fingers.

Often again, in the winter nights carousal and revelry sounded from the illumined hall, of groined and vaulted stone, hung with trophies of the chase, clink of goblets and gay peals of laughter; fair damoiseaux of noble birth, with long curls, arrayed in blue or crimson, handing the golden wine-cup to lady or lord, the illumination gleaming brazen and broken upon shifting foam and flickering wave-ridge, far out to sea—capped towers on the dark precipice black against a pale air-mere, faintly moonlit, shored with cloud. Now

The knight is dust, His sword is rust, His soul is with the saints, I trust!

After the conquest, Tintagel was often the residence of royalty. It was here that David, Prince of Wales, was splendidly feasted during his war with Henry III. in 1245. But in Leland's time the place had already fallen into decay. "It hath bene," he says, "a marvelus strong and notable forteres, and almost situ loci inexpugnabile, especially for the donjon or keep that is on the high terrible cragge. But the residue of the buildings of the castle be sore weatherbeaten and in ruine."

And, whatever the faults of Tristram, we may surely join in the eulogium of the beautiful old epic: "He was at that time called the best chaser of the world, and the noblest blower of an horn of all manner of measures." "Of Sir Tristram came all the good terms of venery and hunting, and all the sizes and measures of blowing of an horn; and of him we had first all the terms of hawking, and which were beasts of chase, and which were vermin, and all the blasts that belong to all manner of games. First, to the uncoupling, to the rechate, to the flight, to the death, and to strake, and many other blasts and terms, that all manner of gentlemen have cause to the world's end to praise Sir Tristram, and pray for his soul." 1

"Arches and flights of steps cut in the native rock remain, and walls based on the crags as they protrude themselves from the ground, some at one elevation, and some at another, and enclosing wide areas, which once were royal rooms, but are now carpeted with the softest turf, where the goat or the mountain sheep grazes or seeks shelter from the noon sun and the ocean wind, and where the children from the

¹ With respect to the moral question of the relations between the two lovers, in Mr. Robert Bell's essay on the *Courts of Love*, there is a case quoted from André, which throws some light on the state of public opinion in the days of chivalry. A lady attached to a knight by the closest intercourse marries another; is she justified in repulsing her former lover? This being referred for adjudication to Ermengarde of Narbonne, she decides that the intervention of the marital claim does not exclude the rights of the first attachment, unless the lady had previously renounced her lover, and formally declared her renouncement.—*Bell's Chaucer*, v. 4.

neighbouring mill come up and pursue their solitary sports, build mimic castles with the fallen stones of the dwelling of ancient kings, and enclose paddocks and gardens with rows of them. Other battlemented walls, which constituted the outworks and fortifications, run winding here and there up the steps and along the strips of green turf, apparently natural terraces, on the heights of the promontory."

Perhaps one of the most striking views of the castle is from the old church, or as you approach it from the church along the heights facing the sea. I visited the Rev. R. Kinsman, the vicar, who takes deep interest in the church and ruins, having made judicious restorations, and a path up to the summit of the island. He received me kindly, and showed me over the church, which is very interesting, containing, as it does, remains of Saxon as well as Norman architecture. The stained glass windows are the vicar's own work, design, staining, and all. The tombstones are of slate, each buttressed by stone or brick to preserve them from the fury of the elements in this exposed position. In connection with such wild weather an experience occurred to me when attending divine service in this church, which impressed me so much that I am inclined to record it here; and perhaps I cannot do so better than in the verse which I have already published in my "Songs of the Heights and Deeps," under the title of "Tintadgel":—

That old grey church upon the sheer black crag, Where generations under the worn flag, Or in God's acre sleep! There one dark morn I worshipped—heights of heaven all forlorn With drift confused, with wind, and the blown rain, I mused of those who in the lonely fane Halted world-weary through the centuries, Kelt, Saxon, Norman, English; on their eyes The dust of death; oblivion holds the psalms Where now in turn we celebrate the calms, The Sabbath calms, with hymns and chanted prayer.

But what indignant wail of wild despair
Storms at the doors and windows, shakes the walls?
Before the void unsouled sound that appals,
Our human hymns in that dim sheltered place
Seem to fall low, to cower, and hide the face;
Awhile faint praise wins victory; uproats
On overshadowing vans without the doors
Whirlwind insurgent, as in awful scorn
To be controlled no longer, nor forborne,
Of poor brief fluttering human hopes, and breath,
Played with a moment by the winds of death,
Ere dissolution and dismemberment
In the undivine dim void where all lie spent,

A shivering foamflake, or a timid light Spat upon by the rain, extinguished quite. We laugh in fair pavilions of light love, Or worship in the solemn sacred grove, We rest in warm affection built to last, And all will leave us naked to the blast! What means the wind? You ruins' proud decay! We know not who in far off years did lay The strong foundations: nay, from Joyous-guard, Camelot or Tintagel, brave and glad, Did they indeed ride, Lancelot, Galahad? Who knows? They are but visions of the brain! Or if they were, behold our mightiest wane, With all their sounding praise like dream shadows, Storm-rack that drifts, or billowy foam ! none knows Whether they were or were not; sombre keep, And chapel crown twin crags, one ruin-heap, While the sea thunders under and between, And cliffs no hand hewed mimic what hath been In weathered buttress, pinnacle, and tower. Where now the prancing steed, the lady's bower? No clang of arms, no battle-bugle blown, Only in sounding cave the wild sea-clarion! But then my heart responded to the blast, I deem that in those clouds of the dim past Tall godlike forms loom verily; with us Dwell souls who are not less magnanimous. They pass, yet only to be self-fulfilled; They pass, yet only as the Lord hath willed-To enter on their full-earned heritage, More righteous, more momentous wars to wage; And if those heroes were not, then the mind, That holds high visions of our human kind, Is mightier than mighty winds and waves, And lovelier than emerald floors of caves!

Tintagel, from thy precipice of rock
Thou frownest back the vast Atlantic shock!
Yet purple twilight in cathedral caves,
Moulded to the similitude of waves
Tempestuous by awful hands of storm,
Along whose height the formidable form
Of some tall phantom stands on guard; huge boulders
From iron crags reft, toy of ocean shoulders,
And thine own venerable keep that yields
To slow persuasion ancient Nature wields,
Inevitably sure forebode thy fall.

Two splendid walks at least may be taken from Trevena. One is to Trebarwith Strand, an extremely lovely harmony of rock, sand, and sea. When I was there the low afternoon sun was luminous in a pearly, fleecy sky. Where I stood the rugged cliffs, delicately tinted and of imposing height, hid the sun, and were thus thrown into shadow, while the green gleaming billows flickered in full light, their snowy foam blown backward in the merry breeze, like tresses of radiant racing children, till they flung themselves laughing on the yellow sands; in the foreground of these were grey boulders with brown and olive-coloured seaweed. You can also take the curious and interesting slate quarries on your way to Trebarwith; my host Roberts, the miner, showed them to me, and they are worth seeing.

But the finest walk from Trevena is along the coast northwards to Boscastle, along those "thundering shores of Bude and Bos"; that is a grand and delightful walk, over the breezy moors and cliffs. You pass a magnificent brown crag called Gull Rock, foam-fringed, where the surge climbs ever to sink rebuffed, severed from the mainland, rude, precipitous, severe, whitened with sea-gulls, oyster catchers, puffins; darkened with cormorants, ravens, jackdaws, and choughs, the air resounding with their wild cries; clothed, it may be said to be, or fledged with feathers. All along these great cliffs that spacious sound of ocean fills and holds the air, whose blowing brine is charged with health.

We come soon to a cove with tiny beach, where the stream that flows by pretty St. Knighton's Keive empties itself into the sea, babblingly flowing by rich vegetation—moss, fern, and flowers, the walls of the glen through which it travels profusely hung with ivy. Thence we mount again, and arrive at the bold headland called Willapark, where Bude Bay is visible, and Morwenstow, the wild sea parish of Hawker, devout priest and true poet, full of individual character, a father to his bold sea-dogs, lifeboat-men, once wreckers, who led them in many a dangerous adventure for rescue of the drowning.

Near at hand is the Black Pit, a sea-haunted chasm, high-walled, edged with broken slate masses, and guarded by huge piles of "merchant-marring rocks" which tower above the water at some distance from the shore. Passing Forrabury Church, you descend upon green-embowered and hill nestled Boscastle, whose small harbour is a sight worth seeing. "Notwithstanding the short stone pier," says Mr. White, "hawsers as thick as your leg are needed to regulate the advance of a vessel." You can see them lying in readiness across the quay, looped over the short strong posts, a good supply, lest one should break. The ropes and lines used under ordinary circumstances are useless here. Look at the boats afloat in the harbour, each one is moored with a stout hawser, such as on the

Thames would serve for the towing of an East Indiaman. Near Boscastle are some deep caves, which the fishermen told me are still the resort of seals, and day after day I hoped to be able to penetrate into them with a boat, but I was unfortunate; day after day the boatmen said it was too rough and they could not venture, as the caves are very narrow, and a boat is very easily upset there. I remember indeed in Sark a great wave overtaking me swimming in a deep narrow cave when it was apparently quite smooth outside, knocking me about and putting out the light in my hat, which I had stuck in it for exploring purposes.

With respect to the legend about the bells of Bottreaux (or Boscastle, Forrabury)—as to why they are not to be heard in the tower, but in storm peal wildly from under the billow—the inhabitants having sent for bells from London similar to those of Tintagel, which were actually on their journey by sea, when the ship was wrecked—I cannot do better than quote, to conclude my paper, the fine ballad by Hawker, whose strange and original "Quest of the Sangreal" (in the same volume of Cornish Ballads) has to my ear caught in its stately and sonorous blank verse some of the roll and sound-volume of his familiar and well-beloved Atlantic.

THE SILENT TOWER OF BOTTREAU.

I.

Tintagel bells ring o'er the tide,
The boy leans on his vessel's side;
He hears that sound in dreams of home
Soothe the wild orphan of the foam.
"Come to thy God in time!"
Thus saith their pealing chime;
Youth, manhood, old age past,
"Come to thy God at last!"

II.

But why are Bottreau's echoes still? Her tower stands proudly on the hill; Yet the strange chough that home hath found, The lamb lies sleeping on the ground. "Come to thy God in time!" Should be her answering chime; "Come to thy God at last!" Should echo on the blast.

III.

The ship rode down with courses free, The daughter of a distant sea; Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored, The merry Bottreau bells on board, "Come to thy God in time!"
Rung out Tintadgel chime;
Youth, manhood, old age past,
"Come to thy God at last!"

IV.

The pilot heard his native bells
Hang on the breeze in fitful swells;
"Thank God!" with reverent brow he crie!,
"We make the shore with evening's tide!"
"Come to thy God in time!"
It was his marriage chime,
Youth, manhood, old age past,
His bell must ring at last!

V.

"Thank God, thou whining knave, on land!

But thank at sea the steersman's hand!"

The captain's voice above the gale,

"Thank the good ship and ready sail."

"Thank the good ship and ready sail."

"Come to thy God in time!"
Sad grew the boding chime:
"Come to thy God at last!"

Boomed heavy on the blast.

VI.

Uprose that sea! as if it heard
The mighty Master's signal-word:
What thrills the captain's whitening lip?
The death-groans of his sinking ship.
"Come to thy God in time!"
Swung deep the funeral chime;

Grace, mercy, kindness past, "Come to thy God at last!"

•

Long did the rescued pilot tell— When grey hairs o'er his forehead fell, While those around would hear and weep— That fearful judgment of the deep.

VII.

"Come to thy God in time!"
He read his native chime;
Youth, manhood, old age past,
His hell rung out at last!

RODEN NOEL.

TWO EXPERIMENTS.

I T is now four years since the plan was started of opening a Hall in Marylebone on Sunday afternoons for working people.

The entrance is free, and anyone is admitted, except boys under eighteen, who are found to be too noisy an element. Its object is to provide a quiet resting-place, with books and newspapers, and cheerful, wholesome recreation for those who would otherwise be confined to squalid homes, or hanging about the streets, or tempted into the public-house.

Most people know pretty well in these days by description, if not by experience, the character of a London house in a poor street: the tenement crowded from garret to basement; the noise and dirt and discomfort; the drunken quarrels; the screaming children, and the scolding, worried mothers, with no habit of self-control, whose voices echo along the stairs and beat upon the ear. "There ain't no peace here," is the bitter complaint most common among the poorer classes when they know you well enough to be confidential; and "It is like Heaven—it is so quiet," is their comment upon a gentleman's house. In fact, the extent to which the dwellers in habitual discomfort feel the evil, and appreciate restfulness and beauty and order, and the ill effects which their surroundings have upon them, are perhaps but feebly realised by any but those who have lived in such scenes, or who have closely observed and intimately known the class who do so live.

Miss Toynbee, a daughter of the distinguished aural surgeon, has been the first promoter of the Marylebone Hall. The name of Toynbee is now familiar to all who are interested in philanthropic work, since Toynbee Hall became the visible memorial of Arnold Toynbee's short life—a life which left also many an invisible record in the result of his thoughts on other minds. It seems only natural that Miss Toynbee should be the originator of such a scheme as the one here described.

The Hall in Marylebone is used during the week for a variety of purposes, such as political meetings, &c., but the permanent decora-

tions of the walls are there for the sake of its Sunday use, and belong to Miss Toynbee. They consist of one or two good paintings, among which an old Chelsea pensioner and a pretty child are great favourites; also of good photographs of celebrated pictures, chiefly religious. The story of Bethlehem is told there silently to all. Müller's lovely holy family preaches its kindly lesson of love and pure home life. Raphael faces tell what women should be, and point to the example men should follow.

The room, which is capable of holding between two and three hundred, is a long oblong in shape, with a platform at the upper end. All down the sides are benches three deep, with room here and there to pass between them to the back rows. Down the centre are tables. On these are put out papers—Illustrated News, Graphics, &c.—and also vases with abundant flowers, which are given away at the end of the afternoon. In spring the air will be sweet with primroses and bluebells, sent by kind friends in the country; roses follow, and all the summer luxuriance of beauty; and even in winter, thanks to those who will make their conservatories and hot-houses available for others' pleasure, the Hall has never been without flowers.

About half-past three the room begins to fill; by the middle of the afternoon every seat is taken up. The first part of the time is spent in conversation and in looking at the papers. After this there is music, and reciting from the platform, during which strict silence is enforced. There are pauses between the performances, and one longer interval, during which those who wish it can get tea for a penny a cup.

Performers, often professional and hard worked, and to whom, therefore, great gratitude is due, have always hitherto been found to help each Sunday gratuitously. Comic pieces are excluded, but neither music nor recitations are strictly confined to distinctly religious subjects. The Hall is not meant to supersede either church or mission room. It is therefore open in the afternoon, that being a time when it will not interfere with religious worship or instruction, and is intended to give such Sunday rest and recreation, pure and simple, as may help to revive mind and body for the week's work. The frequenters of the Hall are of very various classes—many are of the very lowest. As to these, one of the girls of a superior grade told me that a short time ago, when a room in a different street was in use, there was a public-house opposite, and she had then an opportunity of discovering that many of the men, who would otherwise have stayed drinking all day, went home to have their dinner that they might be sober to come to the Hall in the afternoon. This

is clear gain, and there is a good hope that they would be less disposed to return to drink afterwards, and more likely to listen and be led to still higher things.

Factory hands and shop men and girls are among the other visitors. Many of these are cultivated and respectable; they are glad to get interesting books, and hear good music, and to enjoy conversation with those of their own standing and with ladies and gentlemen. It is an opportunity which many of them seem keenly to appreciate, both of putting their own views before educated and friendly minds, and of getting information on subjects of which they are ignorant. This class, especially those of them who come regularly, are naturally a great help in preserving a good tone of manners and behaviour. Where all sorts of people are admitted there is, of course, occasional difficulty: some drunken man or woman will get in, and have to be turned away again, or some boy will persist in too boisterous behaviour, and he also must be sent out; but, on the whole, public opinion being in favour of order, it is thoroughly preserved.

On the afternoon of which these pages are a record, a drizzling dismal rain was falling; the London street without was all gloom and mud. Inside, the tables were speedily decked with flowers, and Graphics and Illustrated News were put out upon them. One of the first comers was a fine old man, a good specimen of an English workman—quiet, steady, intelligent with the intelligence that comes of work, thought, and self-control. Of book-learning he had very little. He spelt out with difficulty the descriptions under the pictures in the Graphics, and was very glad to be told about them, and so saved that labour. He was puzzling over a picture of Irving as Hamlet, and took the deepest interest in a sketch of the story, as he phrased it, of "Hamlet and his young woman." His views of life and social questions were old-fashioned, but decided. "I don't say there is no distress, but there would be work enough if the young fellows were more steady and saving. When a man spends his money at the public-house, and goes with his boots in holes, he is no friend to his shoemaker." Near him was a little knot of younger men whose ideas were different. These, also, were eagerly discussing slack work and its causes with the energy of men who had felt the evil. One laid the scarcity of work down to machinery. He was a desponding man. for he did not seem prepared to demand its extinction. Another was bitter as to the crowding of the country people into town; and he and a friend were vehement in declaring that Government must do "something," the second man going so far as to predict a revolution if they did not. He did not, however, commit himself as to the details of this necessary scheme. There was nothing of personal uncourteousness or hostility, verbal or otherwise, towards ladies and gentlemen. Whether or not the frequenters of the Hall felt that any one coming there must, whatever his opinions, be a genuine friend, or whether they expressed the ordinary sentiments of the mixed classes from which they came, it is not easy to say; but certainly from the most ragged to the best dressed, and from the Conservative to the Ultra-Radical, no one showed suspicion or dislike of the higher ranks.

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival on the platform of a lady with a violin case. There was a well-pleased murmur: "We are to have the fiddle." Evidently nothing was so popular. They liked it better than the songs, and listened to a long piece of serious music with the quietest attention, only broken by little bursts of applause in the pauses.

"Home, sweet Home," one or two sacred songs, and pieces of recitation followed. "To the Workhouse," and "From the Workhouse," were much appreciated; one or two of the boys, however, got restless during these last, and beginning to play somewhat rudely, disturbed the listeners. So, as strict quiet has to be enforced for the public good, one young fellow, after being admonished once or twice, was ordered out, and departed looking sheepish.

During the pause allowed for tea, while many were moving about, one oldish man, seated at the lower end of the room, sat quite still in a sort of pathetic quiet, as if to be perfectly motionless was the height of enjoyment. In answer to some remark as to the song which they had been hearing, "Yes, it was very good," he said, then added, "It is a great thing to have somewhere to sit down quiet and warm." It appeared that he had no house or room. He slept in a lodging, from which he was turned out at daybreak to work on working days when he could, though one foot was bandaged up and he did not look able to do much. On Sunday he wandered about, or would have gone into a public-house, if it was only for shelter, had he any money to spend. He smiled afterwards as he went away, and there was a slightly brightened look on his face as he said "Good evening," as if his rest had cheered him up.

Near him sat a singularly pretty refined-looking young woman with a sadly delicate appearance, who had turned eagerly to the pile of books put out for whoever wished to read, and scarcely roused herself to attend to the music. She said that this was almost her only time or opportunity for reading. She worked at artificial flower-making all the week; wages were low and work was scarce; also the

work is dull, because as each girl does only one particular part of the flowers, there is none of the interest of a work which grows under the hands. To twist stamens for ten hours into the centre of petals, which somebody else has cut out and stamped in a machine, is monotonous.

Her hard life weighed upon her, and she felt it very bitterly, and was full of longing also for the enjoyment of some of the beauties and graces of life.

"Why cannot we have museums and picture galleries open on Sundays?" she said. "We have no other time to see them."

A query as to whether this might lead to work being continued on Sundays roused her to great indignation.

"If they opened the shops," she said, "the people would rise."

The last ceremony before shutting up the room for the evening is the giving away of the flowers; rather a difficult task unless the supply is large, as all are anxious for them. They are at once memorials of past pleasure and glimpses of brightness and beauty in dull lives.

A second institution, in which Miss Toynbee also takes an active share, is a Club for young working men and women, which has now had three years of successful existence. It is carried on in an eightroomed house adjoining the Hall. It seeks to provide healthy, wellregulated, pleasant intercourse and amusement for a class who can usually only meet one another either in the street or in most objectionable places of entertainment. Unlike the Sunday Hall, where all are admitted indiscriminately, in this case, of course, great care is taken as to the character of the members who are allowed to join. A certain number of ladies and gentlemen arrange to take one or two nights in the week each, so that some shall be always present to act as entertainers and to aid in setting and raising the tone of manners. The club is under the presidency of Mr. Llewelyn Davies, the rector of Christ Church, Marylebone, Miss Llewelyn Davies being treasurer and most graciously anxious to give information to anyone interested in the scheme. It has been registered this year under the Friendly Societies Act, and there are at present about 200 members paying 6d. a month. There are besides yearly members who must be subscribers of not less than 10s. 6d. a year. committee of management, nine in number, is elected from among these at an annual meeting, when the three senior members retire but are eligible for re-election. Monthly members must be proposed and seconded by annual members who vouch for their fitness, and they are then elected by the committee. There is also a committee of monthly members elected half-yearly from among themselves and

called the members committee, who help in maintaining order and in the details of arrangements. They make suggestions to be considered by the managing committee, and summon unruly members to appear before them. Sub-committees are also formed from the members committee for the management of the library, smoking and bagatelle rooms, and gymnasium. There is a difficulty in finding men with a sense of responsibility as to a duty once undertaken, but this is a feeling likely to grow with voluntary work. By the arrangement described both classes of members unite in the management of the club. The practice of organisation and method in the annual members is utilised, while the monthly members have a share and therefore an interest in the government.

The house used for the Club contains kitchen, scullery, and sittingroom for the matron on the ground floor. Above is the general room, or parlour, as it might most aptly be called, according to the derivation and old meaning of the word, since it is a place for genial There are a little refreshment social intercourse and conversation. room and a class room on the same floor, and there is another class room above, with smoking and bagatelle rooms. The general sitting-room is papered with red of a pleasant artistic shade, and carpeted with red cocoa-nut matting: the curtains are of a soft grey-There is one thing to regret in a recent change of premises, and that is the charming paintings of flowers done on the panels of the doors and other available spaces in the old room, by the Misses Marryat, two ladies on the committee of the club, who also engage to be present two nights in the week. The walls, however, at present are well covered with some fine large engravings, and some good oleographs and other landscapes, the gift of Lord Brabazon. Two recesses are fitted up as bookcases and filled with books. Mr. Macmillan has given the valuable present of 250 volumes. Among these are scientific and literary primers, the English Men of Letters' series, and the works of Emerson, Kingsley, William Black, Henry James, and Miss Yonge. The library also contains such books as a translation of Plato's "Dialogues," and Lewis's "Physiology of Common Life," and they are used, though the principal demand is for novels. More books would be most acceptable. Scott and Dickens are both poorly represented, which is a great pity. Scott's novels, with their vivid descriptions, manly and righteous tone, and sound sense, are both healthy food and thoroughly appreciated.

The other furniture of the room consists of a piano against one wall, little tables and chairs dotted about, and a long bench-like table, with newspapers and books upon it, standing beneath the

windows. Fresh flowers are set out in vases here and there, plenty of light is given, and on the evening to which allusion is here made, the fire was burning cheerily, in pleasant contrast to the damp cheerless street, so that one could well understand why the faces of the men and girls brightened as they entered.

It is the object of the institution to raise and keep the manners and tone of the room, where men and women meet together, to what it would be in a lady's drawing-room. There is naturally occasional roughness and rudeness to be checked, for the standard of manners in the class from which the greater number of members is taken admits of roughness; and this is one of the great things which the club is especially intended to improve, and wherein it seems to have decided success. Having ladies and gentlemen with them, those who are at first unmannerly, notice, and, more or less consciously, imitate, the way in which ladies and gentlemen behave to one another. If it is allowable to judge by one evening's experience, it may safely be asserted that no lady would feel out of place or ill at ease in these meetings.

About thirty members were present in the general sitting-room. A little group were playing at a game at a small table by the fire. One or two men were eagerly reading the *Times* and other papers; a young fellow whose daily work was in a shop was enjoying his leisure by employing his skilful fingers in some delicate mosaic; a tired girl just returned from a factory was telling her troubles in the evident assurance of sympathy and helpful advice. A game of chess was soon started at another small table. All games are popular, but chess especially so. Only one man knew the moves when the club began, but a chess club was started by the members and only dropped for want of a quiet room in the old premises. Several foreign matches have been played and with success.

A good cup of tea or coffee for a penny: bread and butter, and cake at equally moderate prices could be obtained during the evening. The said prices, however, more than pay, it is satisfactory to say, for the cost of the refreshment. The money for the support of the club comes from the subscriptions of monthly and of yearly members, and the letting of the Hall, besides small sums from other sources, such as a profit of about £3 on the sale of refreshments. The Hall, besides being used for the Sunday entertainments, is let as a vaccination centre once a week, also for children's dinners and for weekly concerts of the People's Concert Society, as well as for occasional purposes political and otherwise.

Very great expenses were necessarily incurred on moving into the

new premises, although the work was done at cost price by the Decorative Co-operators' Association. A great effort was made to raise the sum required, and many friends kindly aided, but a balance of \pounds 16 still remains due to the Treasurer. A good supply of annual members is very necessary for the well-being of the club.

Ladies and gentlemen who will undertake to be present once a week are also most eagerly welcomed. Intimacy between different classes is the very life and soul of the institution. Though recreation is its first object, it is also intended to be of use to those who wish to improve themselves. Classes have been started for various subjects, including French and drawing. Hitherto, however, they have not been so much used as it was hoped they would be. The debates on general topics which are held occasionally are largely attended. That on Co-operation was especially interesting as the members gained a good deal of information on the subject from a lecture the previous week. Other debates have been held on the Opening of Museums on Sunday, the Advantages of Married and Single Life, "Is Life Worth Living?" Home Rule, and Temperance. As a result of the last a temperance society has been formed in connection with the club, and has enrolled a large number of members. A local parliament also has just begun which meets once a week. It is composed partly of gentlemen, partly of working men, and has between thirty and forty members.

Music is a favourite amusement, especially practised on Saturday evenings, when the rooms are open from 6 till 11, instead of from 8 till 10.30 as on ordinary nights. A good deal of musical talent has been found in the club itself; one girl, who has never had any instruction, plays very prettily from ear anything which she has heard. There is a young man also who plays nicely, and those songs are very popular which have a chorus wherein the audience can join.

On December 28 last there was a Christmas dance which proved highly successful in spite of some shyness at the beginning. The favourite dances were the Highland Scottische, the Swedish dance, and Sir Roger de Coverley. A foreigner who believed that we English still always take our pleasure sadly, would have obtained a new view of the English character by noticing the mirth and geniality which prevailed.

The club is now opened on Sundays for reading from 3.30 till 10: and this is a great advantage to many. The books are lent from the library, but perhaps the opportunity for reading them in peace and quiet, either on Sunday or weekday, is often a yet greater boon. One man, who especially values these privileges, has read and thought

over a most wide and varied range of literature. Indeed, in the region either of abstract thought or of poetry, he seems to have pondered over every book of note one can name, of intellects, for example, so opposite as Bæhme and Mill, while in poetry Browning is a delight to him. He has taught himself Greek in order the better to study the New Testament. Conversation with him is a real pleasure. It was difficult to avoid an odd feeling of having got into a fairy tale on being asked for an opinion as to Buddha's heaven whether it was really annihilation or whether it was conscious absorption in the Deity—as one is not in the habit of expecting such a subject to be interesting to a London workman. He was well acquainted with all the latest literature on the subject. anxious to know what was thought in India of Madame Lavatsky and Mr. Sinnett. He had a strong opinion about their manifestations himself, observing: "It seemed to me poor stuff; I do not see what the spirit world has to do with cups and dishes."

It was curious to note throughout the evening the inclination of both men and women to talk on grave and deep subjects. In this conversation contrasted with that in an ordinary drawing-room. The reason does not seem hard to find. When a man's business lies in using his brains, recreation must often consist in resting them, but to the man who lives by manual labour, if he thinks at all, thought is a luxury, and his interest in serious questions shows itself in his leisure moments.

This disposition is an aid to intimate knowledge of the people, for they show their real selves. Is not such knowledge one of the most pressing needs of the present day? We stand face to face with the greatest social difficulties; any solution offered in a spirit of class antagonism can scarcely have happy results. But the more various classes know and mix with each other, the more they find of likeness in their wants and in their feelings, and of identity in their real interests, the more they discover how they can work with and for each other. Such a club as this Marylebone one, then, while it gives pleasure to many, and puts the resources of those who have leisure and cultivation at the disposal of those who have less of them, also gives a real if indirect help to the solution of the heavy difficulties around us, by every kindly feeling it excites and by every fragment of knowledge of our fellow-men which it imparts.

COLERIDGE AMONG THE FOURNALISTS.

THE group of contributors whom Daniel Stuart gathered round him after he had bought *The Morning Post* was in many ways noteworthy, and his relation with them help us to know something of the literary side of newspaper enterprise in the years just before and after the commencement of the nineteenth century.

Stuart himself, as we have seen, was a remarkable man. charge of The Post when it had a circulation of only 350, and when it was despised even by the few readers whom it supplied with more scurrilous and scandalous gossip than was given in any other paper of the day, he made it, while in his hands, a more successful and influential journal than either The Morning Chronicle was at that time under James Perry or The Times under the first John Walter; and when he lest it-to sink again into the disreputable condition from which he had raised it—he secured like fortune for another paper, The Courier, which also was only powerful and profitable while he was its proprietor. In his old age he prided himself, with reason, on the skill with which, as a shrewd man of business, he had so handled two shattered properties as to make them, not only great political authorities and pioneers of a new order of journalism, but also sources of considerable wealth, and he was then inclined to undervalue the help he had received from those who wrote for him; but they found him a good paymaster, according to the scale of pay in vogue at that time, and a generous friend. He was also a man of much literary taste and political tact, and, writing well himself, he gave further evidence of his ability, for which he deserves credit, in taking advantage of so much of the literary skill and political intelligence that were then in the newspaper market.

He was not yet twenty-nine when, in the autumn of 1795, he became proprietor of *The Morning Post*; and his brother-in-law, James Mackintosh, was only his senior by a year. Mackintosh had just been called to the bar, and—rendered already famous by the "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," with which he had rebutted Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution"—was too staunch an opponent of Pitt's foreign

policy to be in full agreement with the views put forward in *The Morning Post*. But he and Stuart were fast friends as well as relations, and though his share in the original writing for the paper, being anonymous, cannot now be ascertained, there can be no doubt that it was large. The dignity and vigour of the articles published under the new editorship, must be attributed in great measure to his influence, even when he was not himself the writer. Much of his spare time, however, had to be given to *The Oracle*, for which he had "superintended the foreign news" since 1789; and of which his other brother in-law, Peter Stuart, now had charge. Perhaps Mackintosh was more helpful to *The Morning Post*, as an adviser of its editor, supplying him with political information and guiding his policy, than as an actual contributor. It was to him at any rate that Daniel Stuart owed his introduction to at least one of his principal contributors, and through this one to three or four others.

Mackintosh, a widower since the previous April,2 went down to Bristol at Christmas, 1797, on a visit to the Wedgwoods, with whom Coleridge was making a longer stay. The lawyer was much struck by the poet, although, before their residence under the same roof was over, Coleridge quarrelled with Mackintosh, who was a skilful debater, and seems to have taken an unkind pleasure in bringing out his hazy notions on religion and philosophy, and then overwhelming him by his "sharp cut-and-thrust fencing" in argument. While they were still friends, however, Mackintosh wrote up to Stuart asking him to put some work in the way of Coleridge. Stuart arranged to do this, and from the commencement of 1798 Coleridge was engaged to write "pieces of poetry and such trifles" for The Morning Post at a salary of a guinea a week, he being expected, it would seem, to supply, on an average, one poem each week for his guinea.3 The pay was not bad, seeing that most of his contributions were short epigrams and squibs, generally of not more than four or sometimes two lines apiece,4 and

- ¹ Daniel Stuart in Gentleman's Magazine, July, 1838, p. 24.
- ² Of his late wife, Stuart's sister, Mackintosh said in a letter to a friend: "I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation. She propped my weak and irresolute nature. She urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence."—R. J. Mackintosh, Life of Sir James Mackintosh, vol. i. p. 91.
 - 3 Gentleman's Magazine, May, 1838, p. 485.
- ⁴ Such of them as his daughter could trace, and as were not included by Coleridge himself in his collected poems, are printed in *Essays on His Own Times*, which also gives most of the prose contributions to *The Morning Post* and *The Courier*. With a very few exceptions, all these were, of course, anonymous.

that of these Coleridge only furnished ten or a dozen in the course of eight months. He started splendidly, however, with his famous "war eclogue," "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," which, having been written early in 1796, was copied out and first published in *The Morning Post* of the 8th of January, 1798, and caused some excitement and not a little indignation by its allusion to Pitt—"letters four do form his name"—as the person who had let loose the three malevolent forces on the world; of whom Slaughter said, for instance:

He came by stealth, and unlocked my den, And I have drunk the blood since then Of twice three hundred thousand men.

Another poem, worth its guinea many times over, was "The Recantation," written in February, 1797, and afterwards styled "France, an Ode," which, without the fifth stanza, appeared in The Post of the 16th of April, 1798, with a preface in which Stuart said: "The following excellent ode is in unison with the feelings of every friend to liberty and foe to oppression, of all who, admiring the French Revolution, detest and deplore the conduct of France towards Switzerland. It is very satisfactory to find so zealous and steady an advocate for freedom as Mr. Coleridge concur with us in condemning the conduct of France towards the Swiss cantons. The poem itself is written with great energy. The second, third, and fourth stanzas contain some of the most vigorous lines we have ever read." Those readers of The Morning Post who did not discover sedition and blasphemy in them shared Stuart's admiration of "The Recantation" and of "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter;" but Stuart complained that he did not get more of the same sort, and that part of what he did get was not to his liking. One piece, which he refused to publish, was an ungenerous attack on the man who had befriended Coleridge. "Mackintosh," said Stuart, "had had one of his front teeth broken, and the stump was black. The poem described a hungry pert Scotchman, with little learning but much brass, with a black tooth in front, indicative of the blackness of his heart."1

Coleridge was only twenty-five when he began to write for *The Morning Post*; but he had already followed up his first contribution, in 1793, to *The Morning Chronicle*, by sending other poems to Perry, and had done more important work for *The Critical Review* and *The Monthly Magazine*, besides making, in *The Watchman*, a luckless experiment at editing and publishing a weekly paper or magazine on his own account; and he was now glad of all the money

¹ Gentleman's Magazine, May, 1838, p. 486.

he could earn, though not inclined or able to earn it in business-like ways. During part of 1798, according to Stuart, "Coleridge attended not at all to his engagement with me, but went about the country on other pursuits." His friend, Southey, supplied the deficiency, however; and when Coleridge went to Germany with Wordsworth and Wordsworth's sister, in September, Southey continued to write verse for *The Morning Post*, drawing the same salary of a guinea a week for his own use. In the autumn of 1799, Coleridge returned to England, and soon after that he entered upon a more important engagement with Stuart.

There has been much controversy about this engagement, its nature and duration, and from admirers of Coleridge there has been much condemnation of Stuart for his treatment of the poet; but the facts, so far as we know them, if fairly looked at, reflect no blame on either party. Coleridge was a profound thinker, a brilliant talker, and an excellent writer of prose as well as of poetry, but he was not suited for a journalist, bound to supply, at fixed times and at regular intervals, so much "copy" as was required from him; and we need not be surprised at his soon breaking down in the uncongenial work that he had undertaken, partly because he wanted to earn money, and partly because, before trial, he thought the work would be agreeable to him. Nor is it strange that Stuart should have been disappointed at the failure of an arrangement from which, when it was begun, he had evidently expected much advantage both to himself and to the friend whom he honestly desired to serve, and did serve very generously so far as he could, and whom, it is plain, that he all along very highly esteemed for his many excellent qualities, although he soon found, and was repeatedly reminded, that his friend was a difficult man to deal with.

Immediately after Coleridge's return from Germany, he resumed the writing of occasional poems for *The Morning Post*, one short poem of his being published on August 29, and his next contribution being the first draft of "The Devil's Thoughts," which was afterwards considerably altered. Other verse followed, and in December it was decided that Coleridge, as Stuart said, should "give up his whole time and services to *The Morning Post*," and receive in return Stuart's "largest salary." What that salary was we are not told, but as Coleridge, who was quite satisfied with it, stated that at that date £350 a year was all he cared to earn, and as the Wedgwoods then allowed him a pension of £150 a year, which he sent to his wife, we may assume that it was not less than about £4 a week,

¹ Gentleman's Magazine, May, 1838, p. 487.

though partly paid in board and lodging. "I took a first floor for him," Stuart tells us, "in King Street, Covent Garden, at my tailor's, Howell's, whose wife was a cheerful, good housewife, of middle age, who I knew would nurse Coleridge as kindly as if he were her son; and he owned he was comfortably taken care of." 1

The scheme began well. Coleridge wrote a column of shrewd and trenchant criticism on the new constitution for the French Republic under Bonaparte as First Consul, which had just been promulgated, and this article appeared in The Morning Post of December 26, and there was another on the 31st. "I dedicate my nights and days to Stuart," Coleridge wrote to Wordsworth at this time.² least fourteen long articles, and perhaps four or five more, dealing almost exclusively with French politics, and with England's concern therein, were supplied by him in the course of January, and about half as many in February. Thus far, Stuart could not grumble about his bargain, and newspaper readers were astonished and delighted at the forcible and wise writing that was now provided for them. Two articles in particular, one discussing Lord Grenville's reply to Bonaparte's overtures for peace at the end of January, and the other analysing Pitt's character, which was published on March 19, became the talk of the town. Of the article on Pitt and "The Devil's Thoughts," Stuart said, "I never knew two pieces of writing, so wholly disconnected with daily occurrences, produce so lively a Several hundred sheets extra were sold by them, and the paper was in demand for days and weeks afterwards." The article on Pitt, however, was almost the only one that Coleridge supplied during a month, and he wrote but one during the following month. His energy was already nearly exhausted, and even Stuart's unusual efforts to keep him up to the mark were of no avail.

"My practice," said Stuart, "was to call on him in the middle of the day, talk over the news, and project a leading paragraph for the next morning. In conversation he would make a brilliant display. This reminds me of a story he often told with glee. At a dinner-party, Sir Richard Phillips, the bookseller, being present, Coleridge held forth with his usual splendour, when Sir Richard, who had been listening with delight, came round behind his chair, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said, 'I wish I had you in a garret without a coat to your back.' In something like this state I had Coleridge; but, though he would talk over everything so well, I soon found he

Gentleman's Magazine, May, 1838, p. 487.

² Dr. Wordsworth, Life of Wordsworth, vol. i. p. 160.

³ Gentleman's Magazine, May, 1838, p. 488.

could not write daily on the occurrences of the day." Finding that he could not keep his erratic contributor at work by shutting him up in his King Street lodging, Stuart tried another plan. "I took him to the gallery of the House of Commons, in hopes he would assist me in parliamentary reporting, and that a near view of men and things would bring up new topics in his mind. But he never could write a thing that was immediately required of him. The thought of compulsion disarmed him." 1

On one occasion Coleridge did a memorable piece of parliamentary reporting. Pitt was to make an important speech on February 17, asking for a war vote. According to Coleridge, or rather to Gillman writing about it long afterwards, he had to be so many hours in the House waiting for the oration that, after listening to its florid beginning, and hearing enough of what followed to know that it was "a repetition of words, and words only," he fell asleep, and only woke up in time to go back to the office—where a report of some sort being needed, he "volunteered a speech for Mr. Pitt, and wrote one off-hand, which answered the purpose exceedingly well." ² Stuart averred, however, that he also was in the House at the time, that Coleridge did not go to sleep, and that his report was fairly accurate, except when he purposely altered the phrases, as in making Pitt call Bonaparte "the child and nursling "—instead of "the child and champion—of Jacobinism." ³

Coleridge's ill-health, causing nervous depression as well as nervous excitement, each of them as great an obstacle as physical pain to steady newspaper work, explains his inability to meet Stuart's requirements. "Having arranged with him the matter of a leading paragraph one day," said Stuart, "I went about six o'clock for it. I found him stretched on the sofa groaning with pain. He had not written a word, nor could he write. The subject was one of a temporary, an important, and a pressing nature. I returned to *The Morning Post* office, wrote it out myself, and then I went to Coleridge, at Howell's, read it over, and begged he would correct it and decorate it a little with some of his light, graceful touches. When I had done reading, he exclaimed, 'Me correct that! It is as well written as I or any other man could write it.' And so I was obliged to content myself with my own words." 4

Though he had already ascertained that Coleridge was not to be relied upon for a regular supply of "copy" at regular intervals,

¹ Gentleman's Magazine, May, 1838, pp. 487, 488.

² Gillman, Life of Coleridge.

³ Gentieman's Magazine, May, 1838, p. 488. ⁴ Ibid. p. 487.

Stuart knew the value of such help as Coleridge could render when he chose or was well enough. "Could Coleridge have been so far a man of business," he said several years afterwards in a letter to Henry Nelson Coleridge, "as to write three or four hours a day, there was nothing I would not have paid for his assistance. I would have taken him into partnership, and I would have enabled him to make a large fortune. To write the leading paragraphs of a newspaper I would prefer him to Mackintosh, Burke, or any man I ever heard of. His observations not only were confirmed by good sense, but displayed extensive knowledge, deep thought, and well-grounded foresight: they were so brilliantly ornamented, so classically delightful. They were the writings of a scholar, a gentleman, and a statesman, without personal sarcasm or illiberality of any kind." 1 There can be no doubt that, early in 1800, Stuart did offer Coleridge a permanent and lucrative engagement, though probably Coleridge exaggerated when he told a friend that Stuart had proposed terms to him by which he could "make almost sure of £,2,000 a year." 2

Whatever the proposal was, however, it was scouted. "I told him," the enthusiastic poet and philosopher wrote, "that I could not give up the country and the lazy reading of old folios for two thousand times £2,000; in short, that, beyond £350 a year, I considered money as a real evil." 3 And instead of remaining in London, to be looked after by Stuart and Mrs. Howell, and to go on earning the modest income that he thought would content him, Coleridge, in the summer of 1800, went to live at Greta Hall, near Keswick, whence he sent occasional articles to The Morning Post, but apparently not more than about twenty during the next two years. For these and for a few fresh poems he was duly paid by Stuart; and some of his contributions, at any rate, were extremely helpful to the paper. His most important articles during these years were six published in the autumn of 1802, denouncing Bonaparte, and so severely criticising the Peace of Amiens, as it was called, which had been concluded in the previous April, that Fox, who thought they were written by Mackintosh, referred to them in the House of Commons as a principal cause of the renewal of the war.4 They certainly gave great offence to the French First Consul, and much satisfaction to the English war party; so that Coleridge, who had somewhat changed his political opinions by this time, might now be charged, justly or unjustly, as he had charged Pitt four years

¹ Coleridge, Biographia Literaria, vol. ii. p. 395 (Biographical Supplement).

² Essays on His Own Times, vol. i. p. xci. (Introduction).

³ Ibid. ⁴ Biographia Literaria, vol. i. p. 222, note.

before, with having had a hand in unloosing the cruel forces of Fire, Famine, and Slaughter.

Speaking of his share in promoting the political power and commercial success of The Morning Post, which he somewhat exaggerated, Coleridge said: "I am persuaded that The Morning Post proved a far more useful ally to the Government in its most important objects, in consequence of its being considered as moderately anti-ministerial, than if it had been the avowed eulogist of Mr. Pitt. The rapid and unusual increase in the sale is a sufficient pledge that genuine impartiality, with a respectable portion of literary talent, will secure the success of a newspaper without the aid of party or ministerial patronage. But by impartiality I mean an honest and enlightened adherence to a code of intelligible principles." 1 In so far as he had a code of intelligible principles, Coleridge loyally adhered to it, in and out of The Morning Post, and of literary talent he had more than a respectable portion, though he used it but fitfully. "Worlds of fine thinking lie buried in that vast abyss, never to be disentombed," wrote De Quincey, concerning the better class of newspapers published in his day. "Like the sea it has swallowed treasures without end, that no diving bell will bring up again; but nowhere, throughout its shoreless magazines of wealth, does there lie such a bed of pearls, confounded with the rubbish and purgamenta of ages, as in the political papers of Coleridge."

Writing in all some sixty or seventy articles in The Morning Post in the course of three years, and chiefly in the early months of 1800 and the autumn of 1802, besides poems and scraps of verse in 1708 and 1709, Coleridge also introduced some of his friends as writers. Southey was his principal assistant and locum tenens in the laureateship of the paper; but Wordsworth and Charles Lloyd helped to fill the "Poets' Corner," which generally contained something on three or four days out of the six in every week. As early as February 13, 1798, we find a sonnet by W. W., which was probably Wordsworth's, though it was not included among his reprinted poems; while on February 24 we have a signed anacreontic by Lloyd, and on the 26th an "inscription for a monument at Merida" by Southey. were other verse writers on the staff of The Morning Post, howeverone known by the pseudonym of Tabitha Brumble being the most profuse of all; and there was a plentiful supply of short skits, like this "Impromptu on reading a notice to the creditors of Homer, a

¹ Eiografhia Literaria, vol. i. p. 220.

linendraper, and lately a bankrupt," which appeared on April 19,

1798:

That Homer should a bankrupt be Is not so very *Od-d'ye-see*, Since (but perhaps I'm wrong instructed) Most *Ill-he-had* his books conducted.

Those lines may or may not have been written by Lamb, who evidently did a good deal of unsigned work for *The Post*, though Stuart said: "As for good Charles Lamb, I never could make anything of his writings. Coleridge often and repeatedly pressed me to settle him on a salary, and often and repeatedly did I try; but it would not do. Of politics he knew nothing; they were out of his line of reading and thought; and his drollery was vapid when given in short paragraphs fit for a newspaper." ¹

Lamb was a contributor of paragraphs, generally under the head of "Fashionable Intelligence," or as pendents to the political and other notes, which, whether vapid or not, helped to amuse the readers of The Post; and he gave a better account than Stuart did of his achievements in this way. "In those days," he reported, "every morning paper, as an essential retainer to its establishment, kept an author, who was bound to furnish daily a quantum of witty Sixpence a joke—and it was thought pretty high too paragraphs. was Dan Stuart's settled remuneration in these cases. the day, scandal—but, above all, dress—furnished the material. length of no paragraph was to exceed seven lines. Shorter they might be, but they must be poignant. A fashion of flesh-, or rather pink-, coloured hose for the ladies, luckily coming up at the juncture when we were on our probation for the place of chief jester to S.'s paper, established our reputation in that line. We were pronounced 'a capital hand.' O the conceits which we varied upon red in all its prismatic differences! from the trite and obvious flower of Cytherea to the flaming costume of the lady that has her sitting upon 'many waters.' Then there was the collateral topic of ankles. What an occasion to a truly chaste writer, like ourself, of touching that nice brink, and yet never tumbling over it, of a seemingly ever approximating something 'not quite proper!' while like a skilful posturemaster balancing between decorums and their opposites, he keeps the line from which a hair's breadth deviation is destruction; hovering in the confines of light and darkness, or where 'both seem either;' a hazy, uncertain delicacy—Autolycus-like in the play, still putting off his expectant auditory with 'Whoop, do me no harm,

¹ Gentleman's Magazine, June, 1838, p. 577.

good man!' But, above all, that conceit arrided us most at the time, and still tickles our midriff to remember, where, allusively to the flight of Astræa—ultima cælestûm terras reliquit—we pronounced, in reference to the stockings still, that, 'Modesty taking her final leave of mortals, her last blush was visible in her ascent to the heavens by the tract of the glowing instep.' This might be called the crowning conceit, and was esteemed tolerable writing in those days. But the fashion of jokes, with all other things, passes away; as did the transcient mode which had so favoured us. The ankles of our fair friends in a few weeks began to resume their whiteness, and left us scarce a leg to stand upon. Other female whims followed, but none methought so pregnant, so invitatory of shrewd conceits and more than single meanings." 1

Poor Lamb, having to leave home at eight o'clock every morning for his day's work at the India House, found it necessary to rise at five or half-past five, in order, he says, to get an hour or an hour-and-a half before breakfast in which to turn out his half-dozen witty paragraphs at sixpence apiece, so as to earn an extra eighteen shillings a week-"this manufactory of jokes being," as he said, "our supplementary livelihood, that supplied us in every want beyond mere bread and cheese." And the difficulty of getting hold of funny subjects, and of handling them funnily when found, soon became irksome to him, as monotonous and laborious as would be the eating of six cross-buns every morning at daybreak for a twelvemonth. "Half-a-dozen jests in a day (voting Sundays, too), why it seems nothing! We make twice the number every day in our lives as a matter of course, and make no Sabbatical exemptions. But then they come into our head. But when the head has to go out to them -when the mountain must go to Mahomet ---- Reader, try it for once, only for one short twelvemonth! It was not every week that a question of pink stockings came up; but mostly, instead of it, some rugged, untractable subject; some topic impossible to be contorted into the risible; some feature upon which no smile could play; some flint from which no process of ingenuity could procure a scintillation. There they lay; there your appointed tale of brickmaking was set before you, which you must finish, with or without straw, as it happened. The craving Dragon, the public-like him in Bel's temple-must be fed; it expected its daily rations; and Daniel and ourselves, to do us justice, did the best we could on this side bursting him." 2

"Fashionable intelligence," personal and spicy, had always been

¹ Essays of Elia, "Newspapers Thirty-five Years Ago,"

² Ibid.

a speciality of The Morning Post; and Stuart, changing its politics, did not choose to abandon this means of pleasing his readers; but the tone of this portion of the paper was greatly improved in his day, while Lamb was helping him with it. They were harmless, not scurrilous jokes, good-humoured and not vicious tittle-tattle, that now appeared. Lamb says that he worked on at the Morning Post office, "with its gilt globe-topped front, facing that emporium of our artists' grand annual exposure," which was in those days held in Somerset House, Strand, till the paper passed out of Stuart's hands in 1803, when he transferred his services to The Albion, the office of which, "late Rackstrow's Museum," was in Fleet Street. "What a transition," he exclaims, "from a handsome apartment, from rosewood desks and silver inkstands, to an office-no office, but a den rather but just redeemed from the occupation of dead monsters, of which it seemed redolent-from the centre of loyalty and fashion, to a focus of vulgarity and sedition!"1

The Morning Post became famous in Stuart's hands on account or other matter than Lamb supplied to it, and it had smart political articles, besides those which Coleridge, and perhaps Mackintosh, furnished. Though Stuart wrote much himself he must have had able contributors, whose names have not come down to us, to assist him in discussing the stirring questions of the day—among which, if the French war was especially prominent, there were others as momentous, as the troubles in Ireland which led to the Act of Union in 1800, and much else. In the actual work of the office his principal assistant was George Lane. "At first," Stuart said of Lane, "he was slow and feeble, but his language was always that of a scholar and gentleman: rather tame, but free from anything low, scurrilous, or violent. After several years of instruction by me—I may say education—he had become a valuable parliamentary reporter, a judicious theatrical critic, a ready translator, and the best writer of jeux d'esprit I ever had. He had little knowledge of politics, and little turn for political writing; but he was a valuable assistant. He resided near the office, was ready and willing at all hours to go anywhere and report anything, and he could do everything. Sometimes I even entrusted the last duties of the paper, the putting it to press, to him. Of the Corn Riots in 1800 he and others gave long accounts in leaded large type, while The Times and Herald had only a few lines in obscure corners in black. The procession proclaiming peace, the ascent of balloons, a great fire, a boxing match, a law trial-in all such occurrences The

¹ Essay's of Elia, "Newspapers Thirty-five Years Ago."

Morning Post outstripped its competitors." 1 By looking after the interests of the paper in ways of that sort, Lane rendered great service to Stuart, and Stuart was not ungrateful.

We have interesting evidence of Stuart's general mode of dealing with his staff, as well as of his relations with this assistant-editor, from the assistant-editor himself. "During my connection with him," said Lane, "he uniformly treated me with exceeding kindness and great liberality, of which the following particulars may convey an idea. He proposed to me to enter into a written engagement with him, which I declined. My refusal appeared to surprise him, and he said if I felt any cause of dissatisfaction in the establishment it should be removed. I answered there was none: I was pleased with everyone in it and everything about it. He then said, if I did not consider my salary sufficient he was ready to increase it; to which I answered that I was perfectly satisfied, and felt myself amply compensated as I stood, but that I wished to hold myself a free man. This conversation took place at an early period of our connection, and upon that footing I remained until its close, during which interval he added more than once to my income, but not at my instance or request. The advance always came spontaneously and unsolicited. I may add that I never heard any member of the establishment complain of want of liberality on the part of Mr. Stuart. He wished to have his business done diligently, but was uniformly liberal in compensation."2 This testimony was all the more significant as it was given after Lane had seriously offended Stuart by leaving him early in 1803, to become editor of a new daily paper-The British Press-started partly in opposition to The Morning Post. Lane only left his old employer, however, because Stuart had arranged to sell The Post, which he did before the end of the year for about £, 25,000—forty times the amount he had given for it less than nine years before. After that Stuart devoted all his attentions to The Courier, until James Street, who was his partner and business manager from the first, undertook the editorship.

The Courier aimed all along at being a ministerial organ, and it brought on itself some ridicule by supporting in turn the Tory government under Addington, Pitt's second administration between 1804 and 1806, the short-lived administration of "all the talents" under Lord Grenville, and the Tory revival under the Duke of Portland in 1807, which led to Perceval's premiership in 1809.

¹ Gentleman's Magazine, July, 1838, p. 25.

² Ibid. September, 1838, p. 276.

Coleridge and his friends, however, had also abandoned most of the opinions at which Byron mocked when he said:

All are not moralists, like Southey, when
He prated to the world of "pantisocracy;"
Or Wordsworth, unexcised, unhired, who then
Seasoned his pedlar poems with democracy;
Or Coleridge, long before his flighty pen
Let to The Morning Post its aristocracy; 1

and Coleridge, therefore, had no compunctions about offering to write again for his old friend. Coleridge had been in Malta and elsewhere—being, it was alleged, hunted after and nearly caught by Bonaparte, who had not forgiven him for his articles in The Morning Post—before the autumn of 1806, when he found himself in London without a home. He applied to Stuart, "as his best friend," and, though Stuart did not see his way to give him employment, he provided him with a lodging, such as it was, on the upper floor of the Courier printing office, in the Strand, with a Mrs. Bainbridge, who lived on the basement, to wait upon him. "There," says De Quincey, "did I often see the philosopher, with the most lugubrious of faces, invoking with all his might this uncouth name of 'Bainbridge,' each syllable of which he intoned with long-drawn emphasis, in order to overpower the hostile hubbub coming down from the creaking press and the roar from the Strand, which entered at all the front windows. 'Mistress Bainbridge; I say, Mistress Bainbridge,' was the perpetual cry." If this asylum was not much to be grateful for, Coleridge was glad to accept other help from Stuart-loans of money, assistance in printing The Friend, and so forth. In December 1809 and January 1810 The Courier contained eight vigorous letters on Spanish affairs, which Stuart says that Coleridge wrote for him "rather as some return to me for the sums I had expended on his account than on my solicitation." 2 But this was all the work he did for Stuart between the ages of thirty and thirty-nine-a fact worth remembering, in contradiction of a statement afterwards made by misinformed friends of Coleridge, to the effect that he had wasted his "prime and manhood" in making the success of The Morning Post and The Courier.

Stuart would have put more work in Coleridge's way, he says, but "Mr. Street, who was editor and half proprietor of *The Courier*, never thought so highly of Coleridge's writings as I did, and when-

Don Juan, canto iii. stanza 93.

² Gentleman's Magazine, May, 1838, p. 491.

ever I proposed an engagement for Coleridge, Street received my suggestion coldly." At length, in April 1811, Stuart received a pitiful letter from the broken-down philosopher. "If only I can procure any regular situation which might employ me and my pen from nine to two, five or even six days in a week," wrote Coleridge, it would be a remuneration for him. He offered to come from Hammersmith to *The Courier* office every day, if Stuart would let him, "to read over all the morning papers, &c., and to point out whatever seemed valuable to Mr. Street, so that I might occasionally write the leading paragraph when he might wish to go into the City, or to the public offices; and besides this, I could carry on a series of articles, a column and a half or two columns each, independent ot small paragraphs, poems, &c., as would fill whatever room there was in *The Courier* whenever there was room." "Give me a month's trial," he begged.1

The month's trial, and more, was given to him; but evidently only at Stuart's instigation, and with but sullen assent from Street. "An engagement was formed with Coleridge," Stuart recorded, "who attended punctually and wrote every forenoon during some weeks in the spring, and complained to me repeatedly that his writings were not inserted. I told him to have patience; that at present the paper was so filled with debates and advertisements there was no room; but that when Parliament rose there would be abundant space to enable him to compensate as well for his present as for his future salary. When Parliament rose Coleridge disappeared. I expected this. In short, Coleridge never would write anything that was required of him instantly, as for a daily newspaper. The sense of compulsion disarmed him—laid him prostrate." 2 Those last sentences were ungracious and inaccurate-Coleridge, writing his first article for The Courier under this engagement on April 19, 1811, wrote thirteen in May, nine in June, eight in July, four in August, and eleven in September, forty-six in the course of five months; 3 besides all the rejected articles and all the hack-work. But his position was very irksome to him. In a letter to Stuart, dated June 4, after he had been six weeks in harness, he besought Stuart, if Street did not want him any longer, to put him "in the way of some other paper, the principles of which are sufficiently in accordance with For while cabbage-stalks rot in dunghills," he added, mv own. " I will never write what, or for what, I do not think right. All that

¹ Gentleman's Magazine, June, 1838, p. 584.

² *Ibid.* p. 580.

^{*} Essays on His Own Times, vols. ii. and iii.

prudence can justify is not to write what or at certain times one may yet think."

These summer months of 1811 were nearly the most melancholy period in the whole of Coleridge's not too happy life. plained that, in order to reach the Strand from Hammersmith by nine in the morning, he had to catch the coach at twenty minutes past seven, and that the coach hire cost him eighteen shillings a week, unless he saved half by walking home in the evening, and that this amount he could ill spare out of his small earnings. He had frequently to forestall his weekly salary by borrowing a few pounds at a time from the door-keeper or cashier of The Courier, and he resented the indignities to which he was exposed, but most of which, it would seem, he brought on himself. Though at starting he declared that he would gladly do any hack work that was required of him, and though we may well believe that he honestly intended to make himself useful in any way prescribed by his employers, he was mentally and physically unfit for the task. He could not write in a hurry, or to order. What he did write was probably better worth reading than anything that Street could put in its place; and perhaps had Stuart, who understood and respected him, been editor of The Courier at that time, it would all have been used with great advantage to the paper. But there was no sympathy between him and Street, who was narrow-minded and crotchety, only a good man of business in so far as he contrived to make The Courier a good paying property and a fairly respectable Ministerial organ. It was not possible for these two to get on well together, and Coleridge threw up his engagement on The Courier in September, 1811. In the autumn of 1814 he addressed to it six forcible letters, signed with his own name, about English misgovernment in Ireland; but his memorable experimenting at journalism had practically ended three years before.

Though he quarrelled with Street, Coleridge acquitted Stuart of blame for the hardships complained of during his employment on *The Courier*. Stuart afterwards reckoned up that he had paid Coleridge about £700 for work that cannot have occupied, in fragments spread over twelve years, and chiefly in two periods of three and five months respectively, more than a year of his time in all—this being in addition to numerous loans, which were equivalent to gifts, and other services. His friendship to Coleridge lasted through life, and

¹ Gentleman's Magazine, June, 1838, p. 586. In July, 1811, Henry Crabb Robinson says (*Diary*, vol. i. 177) Coleridge asked him to use influence with Walter to get him employed as leader-writer on *The Times*, but Walter declined the offer.

Coleridge wrote to him as late as 1816: "You are the only human being of whom I can say, with severe truth, that I never conversed with you for an hour without remarkable instruction; and with the same simplicity I dare affirm my belief that my greater knowledge of man has been useful to you, though, from the nature of things, not so useful as your knowledge of men has been to me." When writing his "Biographia Literaria," before that date, however, Coleridge, exaggerating the extent of his work on The Morning Post and The Courier, as he might easily have done without intentional untruth or inordinate vanity, made some remarks which were unjust to Stuart. Though these were published in 1817, Stuart good-naturedly abstained from expostulating with him, or at any rate from publicly contradicting him during his lifetime. But after Coleridge's death in 1834, his injudicious biographer, James Gillman, repeated and added considerably to the erroneous statements, and this provoked an indignant remonstrance and defence of himself by Stuart in The Gentleman's Magazine for 1838. Unfortunately, the admirers of Coleridge have chosen to accept his and his friend's blunders without Stuart's corrections.

Of Coleridge's friends, among whom Southey no longer had a place, who had contributed along with him to *The Morning Post*, Wordsworth appears to have been the only one who also contributed to *The Courier*. In anticipation of its appearance as a separate pamphlet, Wordsworth sent to Stuart's and Street's paper a series of extracts from his eloquent condemnation of the Convention of Cintra in 1808: "but this he did," said Stuart, "to assist Coleridge," who probably received payment for the articles. Of the other contributors to *The Courier* in these years and afterwards, we know little, and there is nothing especially worthy of record. Though almost—if not quite—the most prosperous newspaper then published, *The Courier* had less literary value than some of its rivals.

H. R. FOX BOURNE.

Gentleman's Magazine, June, 1838, p. 588.

² *Ibid.* p. 580.

EWELME & THE CHAUCER TOMBS.

A T the western end of the Chiltern Hills, just as they die away east of Dorchester and Wallingford, lies the pretty rural village of Ewelme, long famous for its Royal Palace and its noble church and the fine monuments which it contains. The village nestles at the foot of a small hill which is crowned by the church, and out of the side of which ooze some three or four springs which give birth to a little brook which ripples in the sun, clear and bright alike in summer and winter, having its sources in subterranean chalky caverns, and produces some of the best and finest watercresses which reach the London market. In the words of Archbishop Trench, Ewelme is

A land of streams that fear no drought, Nor ever cease to flow; Of wells not fed by turbid rains, But springing from below.

The name of the parish is doubtless derived from these springs, the chief of which is to be seen bubbling out on the side of a grassy slope in a garden some hundred yards to the west of the church. Leland in his Itinerary derives the name from the Great or King's Pool before the Manor Place and "Elmes" growing about it; but Leland, though a good antiquary, was no grammarian. The name in the old Norman and Plantagenet times was "Aquelma," for a certain old writer writes of Alice, Duchess of Suffolk, Aquelmæ vitam egit; and there can be but little doubt that he considered Aqua as the Latin equivalent to the first syllable of the name in common use. In Doomsday Book the place is called Lawhelme, i.e. La Ewelme, and elsewhere it is styled "Nywelme." The word, variously spelt Æ, EU, EV, EW, EY, and EA, almost always denotes a place lying low, near the water, and still survives in the word "eyot," so familiar to tourists of the Thames. It may be added that both Ewell near Dover and Ewell next Epsom, in their situation and general features, are extremely like Ewelme. Lewis in his "Topographical Dictionary" confirms this derivation, telling us that Ewell was originally "Etwell" or "Eatwell," meaning "At the well"; and of Ewelme itself he remarks that it is named after the clear and copious spring that rises or wells in the village.

Chaucer himself, who must, or at all events may, often have visited his son at Ewelme Manor, exactly describes this clear brook in his "Romaunt of the Rose":

In world is noon more clere of hewe Its water ever fresh and newe, That whelmeth up in wavis brighte Its mountance of two fingers heighte.

But little is known of the early history of Ewelme as a parish, except that it was a part of the "Honour" of Wallingford, which was a royal city in the Saxon times. The Honour passed at the Conquest from one of the Saxon Thanes to Robert D'Oyly, one of the Conqueror's followers, whose daughter carried it in marriage to one Milo Crispin, who bestowed it on the Abbey of Bec. It seems to have reverted, however, to the Crown, and as the widow of Crispin was given in marriage to Brien FitzCourt, a strong supporter of the Empress Matilda, the estate probably passed to him likewise. At this time, and indeed till the thirteenth or fourteenth century, it is doubtful whether Ewelme was a separate parish, having been originally an outlying hamlet of Swyncombe, the antiquity of which is attested by its Norman church.

Ewelme was again formally made or remade part and parcel of the Honour of Wallingford by Henry VIII., who visited the Manor or Palace here soon after his marriage with Catherine Howard, and held a Court here in August 1540. Henry VII., too, was here as the guest of John, Duke of Suffolk. Queen Elizabeth is also said to have occasionally visited Ewelme; and a walk above the common is still known among the villagers as Queen Elizabeth's Walk.

The Manor and patronage of Ewelme was held in the fourteenth century by the Bacon and Burghersh families, from whom it came to Maude Burghersh, the mother of Alice Chaucer, who in her turn becoming its owner carried it in marriage to William de la Pole, fourth Earl and first Duke of Suffolk. Their son John, the second Duke, married Elizabeth Plantagenet, sister of Edward IV. and of Richard III.; and it was his son John, Earl of Lincoln, who was declared by Richard heir to the throne. This John was killed at the Battle of Stoke in 1487, when his estates escheated to the Crown, but they were afterwards restored to the family. His brother, Edmund, Earl of Suffolk, being regarded as a formidable rival to

¹ He was not permitted by the Tudor tyrant to use the higher title of Duke of Suffolk, though it clearly belonged to him by right,

the Crown, was beheaded in the Tower after a seven years' imprisonment in 1513. Such was the tragic end of the historic house of Pole, or De la Pole.

The fate of the De la Poles is known to every reader of English history; but the connection of the Chaucer and De la Pole family with Ewelme is that with which we now have to deal. The Hon, and Rev. Mr. Napier in his "History of Ewelme and Swyncombe" says that Matilda Burghersh married Thomas, son of the renowned Geoffrey "Some say," writes Speght in his "Life" of that poet, "that Edward III. gave to Geoffrey Chaucer, in reward of his services as ambassador in France, the wardship of Maud or Matilda Burghersh, and that he married her to his son Thomas, who seems to have held several high appointments, being made Constable of Wallingford Castle and Steward of that 'Honour,' and also of the Chiltern Hundreds, for life. He was also Sheriff of Oxfordshire and Berkshire, and Chief Butler to the King. He also obtained a lease of the Royal Manor or Honour of Woodstock, and was many years M.P. for Oxfordshire, and Speaker of the House of Commons. He was also sent to France to negotiate a marriage between Henry V. and Katherine of Valois, and subsequently served as ambassador to the French Court. He owned the two manors of Swyncombe and Ewelme, and lies buried here with his wife, who died in 1436. His wife, it may be here mentioned, obtained Donnington Castle, near Newbury, in Berkshire, by her previous marriage with Sir J. Phelip.

The manuscript commissioners state, without any apparent doubt, that Alice was the daughter of Thomas Chaucer, the son of Geoffrey, the poet; but there are grave doubts whether Geoffrey Chaucer ever had a son Thomas, the only proof of his sonship being the fact that he used Geoffrey's seal; and it is now the general opinion of historians and genealogists that this Thomas Chaucer was in reality a son of John of Gaunt, by a sister of Catharine Swineford, the same who afterwards married Geoffrey Chaucer; and if this supposition is true, then Thomas Chaucer was the illegitimate son of Geoffrey Chaucer's wife, and therefore not the poet's son, but his stepson after a fashion. However this may be, their tombs are here, as we shall see on entering the church.

But first let us describe the fabric itself. It is quite unlike in style any other church in Oxfordshire or the neighbourhood, but it bears a close resemblance to several of the handsome parish churches of Norfolk and Suffolk, and especially to that of Wingfield, near Bungay. It is a fine specimen of the early Perpendicular style, which came to its perfection under the Tudors. It stands on the crest

of a hill, opposite to the Royal Manor or Palace already mentioned, and occupies the site of an earlier and smaller structure, of which a few fragments remain in the base of the tower and in the north aisle, where a slab on the floor marks the grave of Michael De la Pole, second Earl of Suffolk, who fell at Agincourt in 1415, along with the Earl of Salisbury, father of the first husband of the Countess Alice. The church is very briefly and curtly described by Mr. I. H. Parker in his work on "The Churches of Oxfordshire." It consists of a nave and side aisles, all of equal length, and is remarkable for the total absence of a chancel arch. The chancel, however, was formed by a screen which ran across the nave from north to south, and the pierced entrances to the old rood loft are still visible on either side. The southern aisle belongs to the hospital, which adjoins the church. Its eastern portion, known as the Chapel of St. John, is a very fine specimen of a chantry chapel, almost in the same condition as when it was first erected. Its walls are covered with Scripture texts and with the sacred monogram "IHS" repeated. The texts were for many years covered over with whitewash, but have been accurately renewed. The roof of this chapel is said to be of Spanish mahogany, in which spiders will not build. This chantry is separated from the central chancel by two very beautiful and elaborate altar tombs, those of Thomas Chaucer (1434) and of Alice, Duchess of Suffolk (1475). This lady, when Countess Salisbury, was authorised by the king and the heralds to bear on her arm the badge of the Order of the Garter which had been worn by her first husband; and she wears it here.1

On the floor of the nave and side aisles is a long series of brasses let into slabs of stone, far superior both in number and beauty to those seen in most country churches. Their excellent condition, and that of the tombs already mentioned, is largely due to the fact that they were spared by the Cromwellian soldiery during the great rebellion, through the intercession or intervention of a Colonel Martyn, one of Cromwell's officers, who was a native and landowner of Ewelme. The font is Perpendicular, of a type often seen in the churches of Norfolk and Suffolk; its lofty pyramidical cover is elaborately carved in oak, and both are almost coeval with the church.

¹ It is said that at the accession of her present majesty some officials of the Court, or more probably of the Herald's College were sent down to Ewelme from Windsor or London to make a note of the arrangement, which, however, is the same with that seen on the tomb of the Countess of Tankerville, and with that of Lady Harcourt at Stanton Harcourt, Oxfordshire.

The tomb of Thomas and Matilda Chaucer is of a stone resembling Purbeck marble. Its upper surface is inlaid with brasses representing the figures of a knight and his lady. The knight's armour is entirely of plate; appended to his breastplate are ten taces or flounces. Below his greaves or *genouilliers* are pendant pointed pieces; his armpits are defended by shield-like palettes, and his gauntlets are not separated into fringes. At his feet is a unicorn couchant (Chaucer). The lady is habited in a gown with long sleeves over her tunic; upon this is a robe, secured in front by tasseled cords; on her head appear the veil and whimple; at her feet is a lion couchant, *queue fourchée*, the crest of Burghersh. These heraldic shields were restored in 1843 under the direction of Dr. Kidd. At that time eleven were lost, but fortunately one of the heralds had visited Ewelme in 1574, and from his drawings in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford these were restored.

The heraldic bearings of the Chaucer tomb show the arms of Roet, Burghersh, Suffolk, Stafford, Montacute, Beauchamp, Courtenay, Neville, Mohun, Poynings, Montagu, Strange, Lucy, Lovaine, Monthermer, and those of John of Gaunt and Richard, Duke of York.

On the Suffolk tomb, the visitor will see most of the same arms repeated, with De la Pole impaling or quartering Stafford, Burghersh, France and England. It is remarkable that the *arms* of Chaucer are not to be seen here, though the *crest* rises conspicuously on the wall above. Is this a corroboration of the illegitimacy of Thomas Chaucer mentioned above?

The tomb of the Duchess Alice, which stands to the east of the above, is still more elaborate and gorgeous in its decorations. Angels sculptured in the most delicate stone support her pillow, while below is seen her skeleton, in a shroud, under a ceiling painted in various colours. Over it is a canopy of panelled stone, ranged on the cornice of which are nine figures, apparently angels and saints alternately. There are four pinnacles, one rising between each third figure, bearing on the top little images carved in oak, two on each side being winged, and the others in ecclesiastical garb. The cornice is panelled and crested with the Tudor ornament. Between the upper and lower piers, which are panelled in stone, similar to the canopy they support, is the tomb, on which lies a full-size figure of the Duchess. She wears the kirtle, and over it a loose gown, and above all the mantle of estate, fastened at the throat by cords with tassels; round her neck and over the chin is the whimple. A ducal coronet confines a veil which falls over her shoulders; on the third finger of the right

hand is a ring; on the left arm, a little above the wrist, is the riband of the Order of the Garter. At the right side, partly hidden by her dress, is a rosary; at her feet rests a lion. Two angels, each with four wings, support the cushion under her head. Those at the upper corners bear shields with the blazon of Roet and Burghersh.

In the good old unrestored days Ewelme Church had the usual "three-decker" pulpit and desk arrangement, and by the side of the pulpit was a Puritan hour-glass. The interior was restored by Dr. Burton in 1832, upon the model of St. Mary's, Oxford, a little too soon to be a happy example of Gothic work. The windows of the church have the original stone mullions, and much of the glass remains, collected in the east window of St. John's Chapel. It is clear that the entire design of the exterior with its alternate squares of stone and flint, was intended to be a repetition of Wingfield Church in Suffolk, where are to be seen the tombs and alabaster statues of such of the De la Poles as do not rest here, bearing a strong "family likeness" to those of their kinsfolk at Ewelme. The parish church of Wingfield, near Harlestone, Suffolk, has lately been repaired and restored under the superintendence of Mr. R. M. Phipson, of Norwich. It is a fine specimen of the transitional period between the Decorated and the Perpendicular styles, and consists of nave and chancel, with aisles running (as at Ewelme) the entire length of the building. In the chancel are several very beautiful monuments, one in alabaster and one in wood, to members of the noble family of De la Pole, to whom Wingfield Castle belonged.

The Duchess Alice lies buried here at Ewelme, but, for some reason or other best known to the family or to the public men of the time, her husband William reposes in Wingfield Church, which has many points of resemblance to Ewelme, especially in the poorness of the tower as compared with the rest of the fabric.

The manor and honour of Ewelme having passed from the De la Poles into the hands of the Crown, King James I. in 1605 annexed the rectory to the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Oxford, at the same time endowing the Professor of Medicine with the Mastership of the hospital. The latter gift still holds good; but in 1871 the rectory was severed from the Divinity Professorship, and made into a separate piece of preferment.

No less than nine rectors of Ewelme, since the time of James I., have been raised to the Bench of Bishops: Dr. Prideaux, of Worcester; Dr. Sanderson, of Lincoln; Potter, of Canterbury; Randolph, of London; Howley, of Canterbury; Van Mildert, of Durham; Lloyd, of Oxford; Hampden, of Hereford; and Jacob-

son, of Chester. It may be well to add that Richard Prichard, 1606-29, was the last resident rector till 1872.

The hospital, or God's House, as it is called in its early records, adjoins the church on its western side, having a covered approach which leads direct into the tower. It bears a strong resemblance to the Leicester Hospital at Warwick, and that of Archbishop Whitgift at Croydon. It was built by the Duchess Alice and her husband for thirteen poor men, supposed to be chosen by preference from four parishes in which the property of the hospital lies. They have each two rooms and ten shillings a week, and in theory are bound to attend the daily service in the church: but any strict observance of the statutes has fallen into disuse of late years. The houses form a little picturesque quadrangle adjoining the west end of the church, and with the old grammar school below, and its entrance and windows of red brick, compose a group which may well attract the brush of the water-colour painter. In the quadrangle is a set of rooms which form a residence for the Master.

In the appendix to the eighth volume of the "Reports of the Historical MSS. Commission" are five pages devoted to an account of the records of this hospital, which, it tells us, was founded by William Duke of Suffolk and Alice his wife, for a master, two chaplains, and thirteen poor men. The documents of this hospital are full of interest, recording as they do the moneys spent on the repairs of Wingfield Church, and also as illustrating old customs, prices, fines, domestic and parochial squabbles, assaults, horses, cattle, building materials, heriots, estrays, sheep, hedges, ditches, ploughs, travelling expenses, heirs and heiresses, feasts, felling of wood, sale of timber, and so forth.

Attached to the hospital is a school; the buildings are of red brick, and form a very beautiful specimen of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century. They are spoilt inside by modern alterations. The external fabric, however, is as beautiful as ever, and the original roof remains. As colour is so attractive to artists, it is a matter of wonder that more artists do not flock hither, and that the buildings of Ewelme do not figure year by year on the walls of the Grosvenor Gallery, and of the Exhibition at Burlington House.

The second Duke of Suffolk lived almost entirely at the Manor House of Ewelme, which faces the western side of the Church, and by which the little river already mentioned still runs as it did four centuries ago. It is still called the Old Palace. The fragment of it which remains is now a private residence. In the old maps it is marked as "The banqueting hall," though it looks far more like one

of the outhouses. It is much modernised, and cut up into four separate apartments, but the huge beams of timber attest the magnificence of the building in days long gone by.

Sheldon says in his "Church Notes" that the roofs of the chief rooms in the Manor House at Ewelme were garnished with "skenes of wool, parcels of cotton, woolsacks, drums, and several other devices relating to the trade of the staple merchants, 'very rich and uncommon.'" These ornaments must refer to the De la Poles, who were merchants of Hull, and great benefactors to that town before they rose to become court favourites and statesmen, then dukes, and finally attainted outcasts. There is to be read in Napier's history of Ewelme an inventory of some of the contents of this old Manor House before it was partially demolished. It includes a variety of tapestries, beds of cloth of gold, standards (chests), canopies, ivories, pictures, and rich carvings, and occupies no less than five quarto pages. The tapestry represented saints and angels, the signs of the doom, and such secular subjects as the seven sciences in symbols, men and women feasting, dancing, and playing cards.

Leland, who was here in 1542, mentions it in the following terms: "The Manor Place of Ewelme is in the valley of the village, the base court of it is fair, and is builded with brick and timber. The inner part of the house is set within a fair moat, and is builded richly of brick and stone. The hall of it is fair, and hath great bars of iron overthwart it, instead of cross beams. The parlour is exceeding fair and lightsome, and so be all the lodgings there. The common saying is that Duke John, son of William, the 1st Duke, made about the beginning of Henry 7th time most of the goodly buildings within the moat. There is a right fair park to the Manor." Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," writes, "Some discommend moated houses as unwholesome. So Camden saith of Ewelme that it was therefore unfrequented oh stagni vicuni halitus, and all such places as be near lakes or rivers."

But it would be impossible to quit Ewelme without making a brief mention of the name of Chalgrove Field, and of the great and gallant patriot, John Hampden. A drive of four or five miles across open downs and fields scarcely enclosed, will take the pilgrim from Ewelme to Chalgrove Field, where he will see, at a point where four roads meet, a small obelisk erected as a monument to John Hampden in 1843. On one side are the arms of Hampden (a saltire gules between four eagles displayed az.), on another the names of the chief subscribers to this memorial; on the front is the following inscription, "Here in this field of Chalgrove, John Hampden, after an able and

strenuous, but unsuccessful resistance in Parliament, and before the Judges of the land, to the measures of an arbitrary court, first took arms, assembling the levies of the Associated Counties of Buckingham and Oxford in 1642. Within a few paces of this spot, whilst fighting in defence of the free monarchy and liberties of England, he was mortally wounded, June 18th, 1643. On the 200th year from that day this stone was raised to do honour to his memory." Among the subscribers are the Duke of Bedford, Lords Sudeley, Leigh, J. Russell, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. R. Otway-Cave, Mr. C. Tennyson D'Eyncourt, the Hon. F. Twisleton, Lord Chief Justice Denman, and the Rev. R. D. Hampden, D.D., at that time Rector of Ewelme and Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, and afterwards Bishop of Hereford, a member of the patriot's family, though not actually a descendant of his loins. On the farther side is a notice to the effect that the monument was repaired in 1863 by Mr. Hobart-Cameron, the owner of the estate of Hampden, and by another descendant of the patriot in the female line, Sir Harry E. Austen of Shalford in Surrey.

EDWARD WALFORD.

LADY HAMILTON AND LORD NELSON.

R. JEAFFRESON proves in his own person that "luck" and labour are closely allied. Whether he patiently grubs among the mighty mass of Middlesex County Records, and finds his reward in time-worn defaced documents that tell all the story of Ben Jonson's duel and his trial for manslaughter, together with other important unexpected revelations; or hunts up old letters and papers relating to that puzzling mixture of good-heartedness, vanity, frank self-indulgence, ready sympathy, strange power of personal fascination and moral obliquity, the notorious Lady Hamilton, the result is the same. He opens, as it were, a series of peepholes into the past, through which we see old familiar faces and figures in full light and relief-no more dimmed by their own breath and that of those too close to them—and, if occasionally we may feel that he is apt to dilate a little too much (even for his own sake, it may be) on minor points, we can readily forgive him. Discoverers have a good right to be garrulous, if they are not too self-celebrating, whether they announce a new comet, or the return of an old one; or tell of the existence, in some remote island of the melancholy main or in the centre of an unexplored continent, of a race whose presence had been but dimly guessed at; or only by unwearied researches light upon and interpret documents that enable us to piece together and make coherent the stories of lives that had heretofore seemed nebulous or contradictory. or disclose motives that, like magnets, draw the separate scraps and filings from amid the dust and dirt into order and regularity around them. Certainly, in spite of the immense mass of writings that had gathered round Lord Nelson in his relations to the remarkable woman who exercised such an influence for good or evil upon his life and memory, it has been left for Mr. Jeaffreson to set before us a coherent whole, in which indomitable perseverance, keen analysis, and severe impartiality play their part. He extenuates naught nor sets down aught in malice. If he would fain sustain for Nelson in all essentials the fame of a high-minded, stainless English gentleman, he will not VOL. CCLXIII. NO. 1883. M M

do this by reviling the woman he loved, but will also show that there were many noble traits in her, inextricably associated with others not so noble; and while showing due concern for old-fashioned domestic English morality, will speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so far as he can see it.

In his anxiety to do this, it seems to us that here and there his impartiality overdoes itself, and like ambition, falls on the other side. But in these days of easy writing, hurried reading and one-sided judgment, this is surely a fault that leans to virtue's side. At all events, the character of such a woman as Lady Hamilton is only to be understood, if we may not say appreciated, by a careful regard to the peculiar circumstances in which, in her earlier life more especially, she was placed; and whatever opinion may be formed of her morally, it is hardly possible for anyone on learning these not to be struck with wonder at what she did, the position she achieved, the influence she exercised, and the services she was capable of rendering at a crisis in her country's history. The girl who in her fourteenth year—after but a poor apology for education at a country school was cast forth upon the world as a nursemaid in an indifferently equipped middle-class family; had a spell of the same slavery in London; next served in a dealer's shop; from that passed into companionship to a lady; then lapsed into mistress-ship, passing from one hand to another, and finally rose to be Lady Hamilton and the bosom-friend of the King and Queen of Naples, as well as of Nelson, was no ordinary person. But the surprise is only intensified when we are in possession of the fullest details as now set forth by Mr. Jeaffreson; and in some degree to supply the place of these volumes to those who may not have the opportunity of perusing them, or may be disinclined for the labour, we shall try to epitomise them here as effectively as we can.

Amy Lion or Lyon was born of poor parents on May 12, 1765, at Great Neston in Cheshire. Her father died shortly after her birth, and her mother then removed to her native district in Flintshire, living in the now famous parish of Hawarden. Amy here either received something a degree better than the ordinary education of her class or to a small extent profited better by it than most do, for she could write fairly though she did not spell well, an accomplishment which she never completely mastered, in spite of careful

¹ Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson. An Historical Biography based on letters and other documents in the possession of Alfred Morrison, Esq., of Fonthill, Wiltshire. By John Cordy Jeaffreson, author of *The Real Lord Byron*. In 2 vols. Hurst & Blackett.

teaching. When yet a mere child under fourteen, she entered as a nurse-girl in the household of a Mr. Thomas of Hawarden. Probably she did not remain more than six months there, when, in the autumn of 1778, she came up to London, under her mother's wing. She lived for a while as nursemaid in the family of Dr. Budd, one of the physicians of Bartholomew's Hospital. Mr. Jeaffreson tells us, that as yet the charms which told so directly afterwards had not come into development, and probably, had it been otherwise, there would have been less likelihood that Mr. Pettigrew is right when he says that she then engaged herself to a dealer in St. James's Market. Probably she had as part of her duty to aid in serving in the shop; and we are told that after a short time there she won the approval of one of the customers, "a lady of position," who was delighted with her looks, air, and manner, and offered her a better position as a kind of lady-companion. "The former," says Mr. Jeaffreson, "may have engaged Emily (for she was fond of changing her name, from Amy to Emily, and from Emily to Emma, as later from Lyons to Hart) in hope that so charming a waitress would draw new customers to his shop. The latter may have hired the girl from St. James's Market in order to render her drawing-room more attractive to fashionable idlers." It is said that her removal from this position was caused through a liaison brought about by her presenting to a naval captain a petition for some old Flintshire friend who had been seized by the press-gang and torn from wife, family, and friends Through this access of benevolence or of excessive zeal and selfassurance she secured the man's freedom but lost her own virtue: the captain having fallen desperately in love with her, and then deserted her on going to sea, when she was about to give birth to a child. Whatever truth there may be in the story, a child was born, and Emma lost her place. She was then befriended by the Hon. Charles Greville, son of the Second Earl of Warwick, who provided for the child, which was sent to her mother at Hawarden. then fell into the hands of a certain Sir Henry Fetherstonhaugh, of Up Park, Sussex, who, Dr. Doran says, was nearly "ruined by the extravagant profusion into which he plunged for her sake," but it is only too clear that Sir Henry was a dissolute roue, one of those men who do not plunge into ruinous extravagance for anybody's sake, but only for their own pleasure. Charles Greville was a friend of his, and no doubt was kind to Emily by money-gifts and otherwise. She lost Sir Henry's favour before very long, and was sent home to Hawarden with just enough money to carry her there, and the prospect of being once again a mother. She was, however, in

London again before the year had passed, and it is probable that she now either began or renewed her tableaux vivants performance at Dr. Graham's Temple of Health; at all events, her connection with Graham at some time during these years may be taken as established. Before very long she passed into the protection of Mr. Greville, who, if his intimacy with her, during her life with Sir Henry Fetherstonhaugh, or before it, did not pass beyond the bounds of mere friendly intimacy, was, it must be inferred, privy to lapses on her part, which made him slow either to press Sir Henry to provide for the child, or to advise her to do so.

Mr. Greville, it is clear, entered on his relationship with her in all openness, and with precise, business-like agreement. He established her in a small house in Edgware Row, with her mother for housekeeper and factotum, the children being otherwise disposed of at Hawarden. But, in justice to him, it must be said that he had some idea of acting a fair, if not a generous, part towards her. He was anxious to improve her mind, and to develop such gifts as she possessed. He aimed at improving her manners and her education, and provided instruction for her in such matters as he could not attend to himself. The picture Mr. Jeaffreson gives of the life in Edgware Row is far from being unattractive.

In spite of the untoward circumstances in which she had been placed in those early years Mr. Jeaffreson can still favourably appraise her character.

It is much to say, to the credit of a girl of her humble extraction, that she was singularly truthful—so truthful, indeed, that she might be fairly described as incapable of falsehood. Quick to sympathise with the distresses of others, the emotional girl was quick to empty her pocket of its last penny, for the alleviation of wretchedness falling casually under her view. . . . Had she been wanting in natural delicacy and whiteness of soul, had there been a taint of uncleanness and spontaneous impurity in her moral nature, the quality would not have failed to reveal itself in the frank, communicative, unconsidered, hasty, ill-spelt and ill-written letters, which she was in the habit of scribbling to the men with whom she lived in the closest confidence, containing much that no woman of high education could have written, and but few passages which do not reveal the slenderness of her scholastic attainments. . . . For the most part, her earlier letters may be described as the outpourings of a vain, simple, unrefined, egotistic young woman, whose inordinate vanity alone saved her from being in every mental and moral respect, an altogether commonplace young woman. . . . Only once in all the many incautious letters of her pen, which have come under my perusal, does she use any word that a man of good taste would shrink from reading aloud to a company of gentlewomen.

She improved in her knowledge of English under Mr. Greville's care, and had masters in singing and music. She was introduced to Romney, the famous painter, who came to admire and love her, and

she sat to him for many pictures. He spoke of her reverentially as his "divine lady." In rebutting the charges often made that Lady Hamilton "carried her wonderful beauty to the market of art," Mr. Jeaffreson says: "Romney would as soon have thought of striking her in the face as of offering her money for such beneficence," and he quotes the following from the Rev. John Romney's life of his father:

In all Romney's intercourse with her she was treated with the utmost respect, and her demeanour fully entitled her to it. In the characters in which she has been represented, she sate only for the face, and a slight sketch of the attitude, and the drapery was painted either from other models or from the lay man. The only figure that displays any licentiousness was the Bacchante; and it was as modest as the nature of the character would admit, but in this she only sat for the face.

"Even in Italy," adds Mr. Jeaffreson, "at a crisis of her career when she was especially set upon doing everything in her power to please Sir William Hamilton, and had good reason to fear that her resolute refusal would offend him, she had the courage—shall I be derided if I call it the *virtue*?—to write to him that she would not consent to be painted with so open a dress as he wished to see her wear in the picture then on the easel."

Romney's friendship for Emma, and his paternal intimacy with her, formed no insignificant part in the education that qualified her to become the wife of Sir Wm. Hamilton; and whilst this association was beneficently affecting her, her education in other respects made satisfactory progress. Her voice in singing developed rare fineness and power. She showed decided talents for acting, especially for the operatic stage, and her mimicries and attitudes were very clever, while she learned something of French and Italian.

During these years, Mr. Greville was visited by his uncle, Sir Wm. Hamilton, his Majesty's ambassador to the Court of Naples, who delighted to spend part of his "leave" with his "dear Charles"—his loved nephew and presumptive heir. Sir William was a man of parts, though something of a dilettante. He was always engaged in collecting pictures, curios, and articles of vertu, and had very choice and valuable specimens. The impression made by Emma on the older man resembled only too closely that produced on the nephew, if we may judge by later incidents. The old man bided his time. Charles, in spite of a minor public appointment, was in monetary difficulties, for his allowance was small. Things went from bad to worse till it was hard for him to turn round. He could see no way out of the mess but to ask his uncle for help. His uncle, who had the power, and knew how to use it, at length saw a way, and but one

way. That was to transfer Emma to his protection at Naples, whither, after a good deal of dodgery of a certain kind, she proceeded, all innocent of the design against her. Ostensibly she only went for a time to perfect herself in singing and music, and to learn to speak Italian fluently. It says a good deal for her that she had so far left the giddy girl behind her, and had tried so well to be modest and faithful, that both men found it very hard to make a blunt proposal to her, or even to suggest the real purpose of her transfer to Naples. She was devoted to Mr. Greville, and it seemed as though it would be very hard to detach her from him, even for the splendour and wealth and influence that Sir William's position would guarantee. Mr. Greville had done much for her; she was ready to sacrifice a good deal for him, and here lay the difficulty for the two men. letters written by her to Mr. Greville at this time form by far the best part of Mr. Jeaffreson's book, as showing her devotion and constancy. But Sir William was a diplomat in more than related to state affairs. He did not unduly hurry matters, and meantime he was all attention and devotion to her and her mother, who had accompanied her. "Had Emma been the heiress to a coronet, and Mrs. Cadogan" (for, like her daughter, she arbitrarily changed her name, and that for no urgent reason) "a peeress in her own right, they could not have been received with a greater show of deference and empressement by Sir William Hamilton." It was soon seen that, notwithstanding defects of early education and nurture, she was fitted to shine in the sphere in which she now moved. She charmed everybody. She delighted the less formal by her anecdotes, her attitudes, her mimicry, her singing, which rivalled that of some of the prima donnas. She conciliated and attracted even the more straitlaced. Sir William was pleased with her, proud of her too, and the more he saw of her, the more fascinated he became.

Princes and nobles bowed to her in the gardens of the Villa Reale. King Ferdinand admired her and she had already the approval of Queen Marie Caroline (the proud Austrian princess—sister of Marie Antoinette). . . . Knowing how greatly his Majesty was smitten with the Beauty, of whom everyone was talking, Maria Caroline is said to have taken occasion for expressing her approval of the simplicity and discretion with which Emma was reported to acknowledge the King's courtesies.

Flattered and fêted on all sides, she declined for a long time to take any hint or to exhibit any appearance of regarding as other than genuine the professions with which she had been sent to Naples. The plan, therefore, was studiously to weary her out. Mr. Greville, on the one hand, did not write to her or take the least notice of her many affectionate letters; on the other, Sir William was all warmth

and devotion. Nevertheless she patiently stood her ground till others whispered into her ear (as others will) the real purpose for which she had been sent to Naples. She had already written to Mr. Greville the most touching appeals, without, as has been said, receiving a word of reply. "Wright to me or come to me," she implored, "for Sir William shall not be anything to me but your friend." The following letter, printed verbatim et literatim by Mr. Jeaffreson, brought a reply at last:

Naples, July 22, 1786.

My ever dearest Greville, -- I am now onely writing, to beg you for God's sake to send me one letter, if it is only a farewell. Sure I have deserved this, for the sake of the love you once had for me. Think, Greville, of our former connexion. and don't despise me. I have not used you ill in any one thing. I have been from you going of six months, and you have wrote [only] one letter to me,enstead of which I have sent fourteen to you. So pray, let me beg of you, my much-loved Greville, only one line from your dear, dear hands. You don't know how thankful I shall be for it. For if you knew the misery [I] feel, oh! your heart would not be intirely shut up against me; for I love you with the truest affection. Don't let anybody sett you against me. Some of your friendsyour foes, perhaps; I don't know what to stile them-have long wisht me ill. But, Greville, you never will meet with anybody, that has a truer affection for you than I have, and I onely wish it was in my power to show you what I could do for you. As soon as I know your determination, I shall take my own measures. If I don't hear from you, and that you are coming according to promise, I shall be in England at Christmass at farthest. Don't be unhappy at that. I will see you once more, for the last time. I find life is insupportable without you. Oh, my heart is intirely broke. Then, for God's sake, my ever dear Greville, do write to me some comfort. I don't know what to do. I am now in that state, I am incapable of anything. I have [a] language-master, singing-master, musick, &c., but what is it for? If it was to amuse you, I should be happy. But, Greville, what will it avail me? I am poor, helpless, and forlorn. I have lived with you 51 years, and you have sent me to a strange place, and no one prospect, but thinking you was coming to me. Instead of which, I was told I was to live, you know how, with Sir William. No, I respect him, but no never shall he peraps live with me for a little while like you, and send me to England. Then what am I to do? What is to become of me?-But, excuse me, my heart is ful. I tell you-give me one guiney a-week for everything, and live with me, and I shall be contented. But no more, I will trust to providence; and wherever you go, God bless you, and preserve you, and may you always be happy! But write to Sir William. What as he done to affront you?

If I have spirits, I will tell you something concerning how we go on, that will make my letter worth paying for. Sir William wants a picture of me, the size of Bacante, for his new apartment, and he will take that picture of me in the black gown at Romneys, and I have made the bargain with him, that the picture

¹ Mr. Jeaffreson points out that she was in the habit of exaggerating time in relation to Greville: she had only lived something over four years with him, and had only been something over four instead of five months absent from him.

shall be yours, if he will pay for it. And he will. And I have wrote to Romney, to send it. There is two painters now in the house, painting me. One picture is finished. It is the size of the Bacante, setting in a turbin and Turkish dress. The other is in a black rubin hat with wite feathers, blue silk gown, &c. But as soon as these is finished, ther is two more to paint me, and Angelaca, if she comes. And Marchmont is to cut a head of me, for a ring. I wish Angelaca would come; for Prince Draydrixton from Veina, and dines with us often, and he wants a picture of me. He is my cavaliere-servente. He is much in love with me. I walk in the Villa Reale every night.

And so on, with a charming mixture of egotistic childishness, frank vanity, and affectionate intentness towards her former protector. It will be noticed that, though she has not yet advanced to the rank of model letter-writer, her English is not so very far out, and certainly she can express herself with decision, clearness, and occasional point.

"If," says Mr. Jeaffreson, "Mr. Greville had for some months lacked the disgraceful hardihood to give the order to her in so many words, he had ere now found the shameful courage. At no long interval from the 22nd of July she received the order in words written by his pen—no less to her sorrow than to his discredit." To this letter she replied—

Naples: the 1st of August, 1786.

I have received your letter, my dearest Greville, at last, and you don't know how happy I am at hearing from you, however I may not like parts of your letter. But I won't complain. It is enough, I have [the] paper that Greville has wrote on. He has folded it up. He wet the wafer. How I envy thee to take the place of Emma's lips. But if I go on this whay I shall be incapable of writing, I onely wish that a wafer was my onely rival. But I submit to what God and Greville pleases. I allways knew, I have ever had a foreboding, since I first began to love you, that I was not destined to be happy, for their is not a King or Prince on hearth, that would make me happy without you. So only consider, when I offer to live with you on the hundred a year Sir William will give me, what you desire. And this from a girl that a King &c. is sighing for. As to what you write to me to oblidge Sir William, I will not answer you. For, oh! if you knew what pain I feel in reading these lines! . . . You advise me to . . . Nothing can express my rage! I am all madness. Greville to advise me!-you that used to envy my smiles. Sir William! Oh, that [is the] worst of all. . . . For now you have made me love you [now] you have made me good, you have abandoned me; and some violent end shall finish our connexion, if it is to finish. But, oh, Greville, you cannot, you must not give me up. You have not the heart to do it. You love me, I am sure; and I am willing to do everything in my power-and what will you have more? And I onely say this for the last time. I will [n]either beg, [n]or pray, do as you like.

And after a sheaf of news communicated in her lively, sparkling manner, she returns, in a postscript to her own condition, in these words:

Pray write, for nothing will make me so angry as your silence: and it is not

to your interest to disoblige me, for you don't know the power I have hear. Onely I never, never will be his mistress. If you affront me, I will make him marry me. God bless you for ever.

In these circumstances, and with such forces arrayed against her, it is hardly to be wondered at that she finally yielded, though no doubt, before she did, she extracted a promise from Sir William to marry her within a certain period, which he did in London some five years later. There is nothing in her conduct either during these five years or during the earlier years of her married life, which can be urged against her. She was devoted to Sir William, as finding in him a true friend; she became the bosom-friend of the Queen, a favourite with most, and disliked by none or very few, and bore herself at once with remarkable ease and freedom, and with great self-restraint. She was devoid of affectation, affable but circumspect, and, in spite of the leaven of innocent vanity in her nature, she knew by instinct the proper tone to take, never violated etiquette, and seldom exceeded in any way the bounds of good taste. Moving amidst people with high-sounding names who applauded her, and were anxious to gain her approbation, it is surely much to her credit that she never forgot her poor relations, but made many sacrifices for them; a pension for her poor grandmother being jealously saved quarter by quarter out of the £,200 a year from Sir William and sent to the old woman; and the fact that, despite her disappointment, and the "affront" put upon her by Mr. Greville, she never ceased to feel friendship for him, and was never forgetful of his interest as Sir William's heir, proves that she was as far from petty revenge as from niggardly feelings. She likes to keep him posted up in their doings and adventures, and if a little sense of pride in her social triumphs is discernible, this is not much to be wondered at. Sir William and she paid a visit to a man of high title in Sorrento, in August, 1787, and this is how she sums up her account of it:

In short, I left the people at Sorrento with their heads turned. I left some dying, some crying, and some in despair. Mind you, their was all nobility, as proud as the devil. But we humbled them. But what astonished them was that I should speak such good Italian. For I paid them [out] I spared none of them, tho' I was civil and oblidged every body. One asked me if I left a love at Naples, that I left them so soon. I pulled my lip at him, to say, "Do you take me to be an Italian whoman, that [h]as four or five different men to attend her? Sir, I am English, I have one cavaliere-servante, and I have brought him with me," pointing to Sir William. But he never spoke another word after this: for before he had been offering himself as cavalere-servante. He said I was "una donna rara."

And her voice developed into "the finest soprano you ever heard,"

and she had offers at immense salaries to become a prima donna at Madrid and London; but she would not go to Spain "without I knew people there, and I could not speak their language; so I refused;" though she was to have £6,000 for three years. The picture Mr. Jeaffreson gives of the life at Naples in these years is full of interest and attractiveness. Her mother, who seems to have been a worthy and faithful woman, remained with her. She was housekeeper and trusted factorum in Sir William's household, and many references to her occur in the letters to Mr. Greville, such as this postscript: "Mother's love to you. She is the comfort of our lives, and is our housekeeper. Sir William doats on her."

She first saw Nelson in September 1793, when, in his 35th year, as the captain of the *Agamemnon*, he came bearing despatches to Sir William Hamilton. His interviews with Sir William impressed the experienced diplomatist with his great ability.

Though he was a man of mean stature [writes Mr. Jeaffreson] and unimposing presence, Captain Nelson had the bearing of a man, who, without immodesty, believed in himself, and knew that the time was at hand when the belief would be shared by others. Though his hair was lank, and his long visage would not have misbeseemed a clever mechanic, he had a noble forehead, strange and penetrating eyes, lips singularly expressive of resoluteness, and a voice that when he was stirred with emotion, declares him to have been made by nature for a chieftain and leader of men. . . . Having pressed him to become his guest during his stay at Naples, Sir William determined to entertain him as though he were a prince. Returning to Lady Hamilton, the Minister said, "The Captain I am about to introduce to you is a little man, and far from handsome, but he will live to be a great man. I know it from the talk I have had with him. Let him be put in the room prepared for Prince Augustus."

Nelson's mission in securing King Ferdinand's consent to send troops to Toulon to assist in preserving it to its recent captors was wholly successful, and no doubt he felt that something was due to the good offices of Sir William and Lady Hamilton. His name was often on all lips in the years that followed. He had done brave work, of which the capture of the Spanish frigate Santa Sabina only ranked as one item. When, in August 1797, he returned to England for the better treatment of his wounded arm he had been in four actions with fleets of the enemy-three actions with frigates, six engagements against batteries, and ten actions in boats employed in cutting out of harbours, in destroying vessels and in taking three towns. "He had also," says Pettigrew, "served on shore with the army four months, and commanded the batteries at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi." And Nelson himself was always so dramatically conspicuous in the doings that there is no wonder an enthusiastic woman, hearing him constantly talked of and praised by those whose

opinions she most respected and valued, came to look on Nelson as her hero among all who carried the flag of England. The train was thus, as we may say, laid for the effects that followed.

Sir William Hamilton was now an old man, subject to attacks of bilious fever (through which Lady Hamilton had nursed him with loving care and assiduity). We find her saying in a letter to the Hon. Charles Greville, under date Caserta, December 4, 1793, with reference to one of these attacks:—

Lady Webster, and several others sent twice a day, and offered to come and stay with me, and the King and Queen sent constantly morning and evening the most flattering messages, but all was nothing to me. What could console me for the loss of such a husband, friend, and protector? For surely no happiness is like ours. We live but for one another. But I was too happy. I had imagined I was never more to be unhappy. All is right. I now know myself again, and I shall not easily fall into the same error again. For every moment I feel what I felt when I thought I was losing him for ever. Pray, excuse me; but you who loved Sir William, may figure to yourself my situation at that moment.

Lady Hamilton, as years went on, became more and more the friend of Oueen Maria Caroline. That prescient woman had seen that French troubles would soon lead to other troubles, and that Lady Hamilton, through her influence with Sir William, if not even with Nelson, could be made a very useful confidante, helper, and go-between. While Nelson was scouring the seas she therefore sought, by every means in her power, to draw Lady Hamilton to her side; and there can be no doubt that she found the more faithfulness and capacity in the minister's wife the more demand that was made upon her. And though it is possible that in later years Lady Hamilton claimed too much of influence and success, there can be no doubt of her active public spirit, her prudence, and intrepid resource. If her claim to have indirectly but efficiently contributed to the victory of St. Vincent cannot be sustained, the abstraction of the letter of the King of Spain announcing to the King of Naples his intention of withdrawing from the coalition and joining France against England was in execution mainly due to her, if the idea did not originate with her; and it was thus put in the power of England and of Nelson to meet and deal in good time with results certain to flow from that defection. "The great Admiral," says Mr. Jeaffreson, "was guilty of no exaggeration in declaring, after Sir William's death, that the British minister could not have discharged the functions of his office in 1798 and 1799, had it not been for his wife's command of the Italian tongue, her energy, and her knowledge of persons and affairs."

When Nelson returned from the glorious work of the Nile in

1798 he found Sir William Hamilton an old man, while Lady Hamilton was still in her prime, being in her 36th year. It may be presumed that most readers know the part Lady Hamilton took in the transfer of the King, Queen, and Court from Naples in the stormy events that followed, and also of the close association into which she and Nelson were thrown as the result of these. When it was announced to their royalties of Naples that the fleet of Toulon was doubtless bent on the conquest of Naples and Sicily, Earl St. Vincent could also say that a "knight of superior prowess" (Nelson) was eager to protect their Majesties, so that personal gratitude, in addition to admiration of heroic conduct shared by all the world, must have entered largely into the feelings with which Lady Hamilton now viewed Lord Nelson. One of the results of the close relationship into which Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton were now thrown is known to all the world, as well as the open and acknowledged confession of it after the death of Sir William Hamilton, the Merton House being purchased expressly that Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson's daughter might together reside there. It would be supererogatory on our part, even had we space, to go into details of this period, we can only briefly advert to one or two points and set down a few reflections.

Of Nelson himself-hero, indomitable fighter, intrepid and gallant sea-dog though he was-it is not too much to say that the impression we derive from this book is not altogether such as sets him higher in our regards as a man. Mr. Jeaffreson labours with no little spirit and ingenuity, and we had almost said dogged devotion, to rebut many of the assertions of Southey; but not a little of his energy and labour seems to us thrown away, since, after all, he comes to much the same broad results as Nelson's biographer in respect of character. His facts only go to show how keen were Southey's instincts on some radical points, though he went wrong on not a few minor details, not having before him the documents which Mr. Jeaffreson has been so fortunate as to find and so effectively to set before the reading public. According to Mr. Jeaffreson's own showing Nelson seduced the wife of his friend, while enjoying his full confidence and friendship. In the protection of that friend, the erewhile adventuress (who had seen such strange society and been thrown into such doubtful positions) had found a haven of respectability and even dignified social influence, such as should have shielded her from a relapse like this; and this in her middle-age and when the heyday of passion had passed, when, even Mr. Jeaffreson admits, she had lost some of her earlier charms. Mr. Jeaffreson is fain to plead for Lord Nelson that he only fell under momentary

passion and strong temptation; but it is, to say the least, unfortunate for him that Nelson's relations to Lady Hamilton were life-long, and that he died unreconciled to his wife in any way. If Mr. Jeaffreson had only been as successful in his vindication of Nelson's conduct towards Sir William Hamilton and Lady Nelson, as he is in the matters of the Sicilian Rebels and the execution of Prince Caraciollo, we should have rejoiced. But, alas, it is not so.

The lives of Nelson and Lady Hamilton in relation to Sir William were in the last years of his life nothing but a continuous lie. She bore a child to Nelson (Horatia), and this child was openly acknowledged by Nelson, and provided for by his last will; and it became a necessity of their policy that duplicity and falsehood should be practised—which indeed it was to such an extent, and so successfully, that Sir William Hamilton died under the belief that his wife was faithful, and Nelson even more his brother than his friend. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Sir William Hamilton's ignorance was doubtless bliss to him; but it would require a fine casuistry indeed to justify such procedure as becoming an English gentleman and officer, or likely to lead to any elevation of character in the man not only consenting to it, but practising it and persistently persevering in it. Far more excuse is surely to be found for Lady Hamilton allowing Nelson to rest in the fond belief that she had never given "a pledge of love," as he calls it, to another, than for Lord Nelson and his paramour to let Sir William pass away without any confession of the wrongs of which he had been the victim at their hands. For though it is clear that Sir William had not been a precisian in point of morals, and the transfer of Emma from Mr. Greville's hands to his was a disgrace to both, yet, from all we can learn, Sir William had been devoted and faithful, and in his own way strove to atone by many means for the wrong then done to her. That Nelson so implicitly believed in Lady Hamilton's faithfulness to Sir William, and was ignorant of some important facts in her life before her connection with Sir William, is all the worse for him, viewed from the very stand-point which Mr. Jeaffreson would fain hold. And it should never be forgotten that the tone of morals among English gentlemen was not then quite so high as it is, professedly at least, nowadays, though the code of honour was more strict, and could in certain respects be more directly upheld. Wellington, Nelson's great compeer, who was as averse as any man ever was from sentiment, in speaking of Napoleon, once said that nothing was more contemptible and unmanly, or more likely to lower the character, than an acted lie of this very kind.

And then, towards his wife, what can be said of Nelson's conduct?

He compelled her to protest in the presence of others against his continual and somewhat ill-bred talk of the merits and graces of his "dear Lady Hamilton," till at length she would bear it no longer; and simply rose and left his table and house, to which she never returned. The courteous reserve (to say no more) which is said to be part of the English gentleman's stock of good manners, should have prevented this. Our pain is only deepened when we find Nelson, after Sir William's death, and while Lady Hamilton was enjoying the seclusion and beauty of Merton, with Horatia for company, and Lady Nelson enjoying a very contrasted kind of seclusion, deliberately penning the wish that the one obstacle to his union with Lady Hamilton was removed, which simply meant that he was ungallant enough to say that he wished his wife were dead. "There are some things," says Goethe, "which though known to all, and to which the private thoughts will turn, should not be spoken, far less written, because this works for modesty and good morals, and self-restraint and good example."

We do not find any hint of incompatibility or of unfitness for her position urged on Lady Nelson's part. Indeed, Nelson's devotion to her, unbroken or untainted, so far as we know, and maintained during long absences on cruise of some years' duration, prior to this entanglement, only emphasises to our mind the truth of what we have said as to the deleterious effect exercised even on so great a man and so fine a character by continuous duplicity and falsehood. Mr. Jeaffreson would fain maintain Nelson's honour as that of a spotless, stainless English gentleman, while in the same breath, with his incomparable ferret-like inquisition, he is heaping up facts to disprove it. It was not that Nelson fell under temptation presented at a weak and unguarded moment, it was that he consented to live in this doubtful deleterious element as he did-an element, on Mr. Jeaffreson's own showing, which worked on him till one feels that there was a fine revenge and irony in the delusions that he cherished and died in as to his "dear Emma," as if thus Fate in her own way would make and keep even the balance between him and his departed friend. What a truth there surely is in Shakespeare's line-

He wrongs the wronger till he render right.

It is like a game of hide and seek, with the Fates looking on, and sneeringly smiling at the delusions cherished by each one in turn.

It can be no pleasure thus to ferret out and bring into relief the spots on a great man's character and fame; the more that he did such great service to his country and the world. But, as Mr. Jeaffreson puts it, truth is above every other consideration, and history must be faithfully impartial or she loses all her power and charm. While therefore we owe much to Mr. Jeaffreson for his careful researches, his indefatigable zeal, which never wearies even over trifles, we cannot quite go with him where his facts do not square with his inferences. He has written a most interesting and valuable book, and he is himself deeply concerned for the honour of the English gentleman; but that end will not be served by setting down facts, and then failing to face the inferences as to character which inevitably flow from them.

With regard to the circumstances in which Lady Hamilton died at Calais, Mr. Jeaffreson presents abundant facts to prove that the assertions of her abject indigence and destitution are not sustained. It is clear that from one cause or another—debts thoughtlessly contracted, and, according to her own reiterated statement, some kind of suretyship, for which she paid the smart, as the Book of Proverbs has it, her position became a trying one in England and she deemed it prudent to seek safety in flight to France, after a period of residence in the Temple, though hardly confinement, within the rules of the Queen's Bench prison. By thus escaping to France, she managed to gain impunity from the attacks of creditors, with security and peace in the enjoyment of certain relics of fortune—among which was the annuity secured to Horatia, which could not be alienated.

Some of the charges of ingratitude towards her and neglect of her attributed to Lord Nelson's brother and relatives, who are said to have enjoyed her society well enough during her association with the Admiral at Merton and Piccadilly, and then in her time of trouble and want utterly abandoned her, can hardly, in the light of later facts, be any longer pressed—at all events in all their force.

It is clear, however, that Lady Hamilton in her later days developed tendencies not unlikely to be somewhat unpleasant if not sometimes troublesome to them. One of these was her constant attempt to magnify her own influence and services to England and to Nelson, and to exaggerate her own claims even to the point of indulging in sheer delusions. She was not content to fight her battles o'er again, but would embellish and even add and invent. She had made no end of efforts to secure a pension from the English Government in pursuance of one of the last requests made to the English nation by Lord Nelson, but she never succeeded in getting it, any more than she and Sir William succeeded in securing that peerage and the pension which that ambitious, versatile, and somewhat unscrupulous "Vathek"-Beckford (Sir William's cousin) was to give in consideration of the succession being secured to him.

SCIENCE NOTES.

CHANGES IN DRINKING WATER.

In an old book that I read when a boy, entitled "A Voyage to the East Indies," is a very unpleasant account of the drinking water on board a slow sailing East Indiaman, while passing through the tropics. The writer, whose narrative appears to be an unvarnished statement of facts, tells us that the best of all water for use in long voyages, is that taken from the Thames below London Bridge. This water, he says, rapidly becomes foul, gives off strange gases and a terrible stench, after which it becomes beautifully clear and sweet, and thus remains through the rest of the voyage.

This strange story appears to be confirmed and explained by some experiments recently made by T. Leone. He finds, as others have (see Note on "Domestic Microbia Nurseries," in last November's number of this Magazine), that purified or selected river water (he used that of the Mangfall near Munich), when first collected, contains but a small number of micro-organisms, but on standing they rapidly increase, and their development induces certain chemical changes.

These changes consist in a gradual decrease in the quantity of oxidisable organic matter; the proportion of ammonia increases to a maximum and then decreases, owing to its oxidation to nitrites and nitrates, and this oxidation is attributed to bacteria. Other organisms have a contrary effect, reduce the nitrates back to ammonia.

Such opposite actions, I suspect, must be due to microzoa, minute animals, in the first case, and microphytes, minute vegetation, in the second. Animals oxidise, vegetables reduce. If so, the bacteria or animal organisms, having exhausted and oxidised their food, the organic matter, and thus produced the nitrates, would die out, and their remains and results would serve as manure for a microscopic vegetable crop that would reduce the nitrates to ammonia.

Leone's experiments were conducted in vessels admitting daylight. Such light is necessary for vegetation. The water in the ship casks was kept in darkness, and therefore the action would stop short at the animal stage, the oxidising respiration, and the production of nitrites and nitrates. These being so freely soluble and inodorous would leave the water bright and sweet as described. The carbonic acid also given off by the animal microbia would improve the flavour and brilliancy of the water.

If the testimony of the old book stood alone I should not venture upon the above explanation. It is in harmony with a multitude of other facts. An aquarium freely exposed to the light soon becomes turbid by the growth of microscopic vegetation and contervæ. It this turbid water be now run out and kept in the dark it becomes clear and bright. I have repeated this experiment a countless number of times when infected with the aquarium mania some years ago; found that the turbid water was slightly alkaline and that after clearing in the dark it was neutral or just perceptibly acid. My old friend, T. A. Lloyd, had similar experience on a much larger scale. The Crystal Palace aquarium, which he constructed, is kept clear on this principle. There is a subterranean tank through which all the water is passed in order that it may have the benefit of the darkness.

EXTRACT OF WHALE.

NE of our newspapers has recently taken up the subject of utilising the flesh of the whale for producing the above. It would doubtless be "as nourishing as extract of beef," but whether "palatable enough for a hungry man" is questionable. Extract of meat, it must be remembered, does not satisfy hunger unless it be largely adulterated with cheap gelatine or mixed with solid food. When properly prepared it consists of little else than the salts of flesh.

These salts are the chief flavouring constituents, and extract prepared in the ordinary manner will doubtless carry the flavour of the flesh from which it is made. Some years ago the Ramornie Company sent me a couple of jars of kangaroo extract. The flavour of this was quite distinct from that of beef, was communicated decidedly to soup.

In the newspaper above referred to the writer describes the common practice of dropping back into the sea the carcass of the whale after its blubber has been removed, and expresses opinions respecting the possibilities of future inventors finding a method of avoiding this waste. The writer has not read my "Through Norway with Ladies," in which I described the proceedings of Sven Foyn at Vadsö in the Varanger Fjord, where the whales are brought on shore, hauled by a steam-engine on to a platform, and there, after peeling off the

blubber, the flesh is cut into blocks, not for obtaining extract, but to be dried and ground into manure—"Waal fisk guano." It was on July 29, 1874, when I landed at Vadsö. The thirty-seventh whale of that season was on the slab in course of cutting up, and the thirty-eighth was floating in the fjord awaiting its turn. These figures show that the fishery was carried out on a practical scale.

The flesh has a beefy appearance, but of brighter pinkish tint. If its flavour corresponds to its horrible rancid oleaginous stench none but pure Mongolians, however hungry, could eat and retain it. Though flesh meat is rather scarce at Vadsö (rein-deer is the staple) and hundreds of tons of fresh whale meat is brought in annually, none is eaten either by the Norwegians, Lapps, or Russian sailors there. The latter are by no means fastidious.

VARIATIONS OF BODY WEIGHT.

In the current number of Dr. B. W. Richardson's Asclepiad is stated a law that is new to me, and may be so to many of my readers, viz. that the human body is subject to periods of natural loss and gain of weight according to the season; that the period of loss begins with September and ends in March, and that of increase begins with April and ends with August. This is based on observations made by Mr. Milner, surgeon to the gaol at Wakefield. Such observations made, as Dr. Richardson says, "on persons who, like prisoners, confined in one large prison, were living in all social respects under the same conditions," appear to have considerable weight.

I have made some experiments on myself with opposite results. My mean weight has remained unaltered for some years, but I find that I am a little heavier (after allowing for clothing) during the winter than during the summer months. This, of course, may be a personal idiosyncrasy, but I think there is another reason for the difference. People at liberty, who feed according to their natural appetites, eat more in cold than they do in warm weather, but prisoners are limited to regulation diet, which, I understand, remains the same all the year round. Prisoners would thus be somewhat over-fed in summer, and under-fed in winter, and this may account for the difference observed by Mr. Milner.

The usual practice of trainers in bringing an over-fat man down to his "fighting weight" is to clothe him amply, and otherwise keep up his temperature. The Arabs, and other inhabitants of very hot climates, are usually spare men. Humidity is doubtless an important factor, probably greater than that of mere temperature, and free indulgence in liquids of all kinds, even cold water, increases weight.

An eminent trainer of pugilists told me that some of his victims were so self-indulgent (he used a stronger expression) that while swilling their faces they would drink the water in the wash-basin, and therefore he was obliged to gauge it with a notched stick.

For the benefit of fellow-sufferers I may add that I tried "banting," and found the results rather alarming on severely carrying out the system, but have permanently adopted a mild or modified application of its principles by abstaining from potatoes and other forms of mere starch; using little or no sugar; avoiding alcohol, especially in the form of malt liquor, and generally taking as little fluid as possible. Out-of-door exercise of course. This has put a stop to further increase of weight.

A STRANGE OMISSION.

SEE that Sir Henry E. Roscoe, in his inaugural address to the British Association, repeated the fashionable fallacy which I think I refuted in the concluding chapter of "The Chemistry of Cookery," that on "The Physiology of Nutrition."

He said that "we can ascertain the work done by a man or any other animal; we can measure this work in terms of our mechanical standard, in kilogramme-metres or foot-pounds. We can next determine what is the destruction of nitrogenous tissue at rest and under exercise by the amount of nitrogenous material thrown off by the body." He then told his audience that such determinations had been made, that "careful experiment" has shown "that the amount of such material thrown off during 24 hours in a portion of which violent exercise had been taken, was not more than half as much as the old-fashioned physiology of Liebig demands."

I have shown in the chapter above named that these "careful experiments" are altogether fallacious, I may say ridiculously so.

When a man takes violent physical exercise, such as named by Sir H. E. Roscoe (climbing the Faulhorn or working a treadmill) certain excretory functions remain unaffected by the work, others are increased proportionately to the work. Readers endowed with average common sense will find it difficult to believe me when I tell them that in the "careful experiments" made for the purpose of learning the effect of the exercise upon the total quantity of excreted nitrogenous matter, the determination of its amount in the specially increased excretion, the perspiration, was altogether omitted.

It seems very hard to say so, but it really appears that these careful experimenters were ignorant of the composition of the gaseous liquids and solid matter excreted by the skin, of the results of the researches of Milly, Jurine, Ingenhouss, Spallanzani, Abernethy, Barruel, Collard de Martigny, and others. Lehmann's summary of the experiments of Abernethy, Brunner, and Valentin states the amount of nitrogen exhaled per day, under ordinary circumstances, by the *insensible* perspiration alone, as equal to that contained in a pound and a half of living muscle.

This amount is greatly increased when such work as named by Sir H. E. Roscoe is done, producing an outflow of sensible perspiration and that exfoliation of epithelium which is rendered familiar to athletes by their baths and rub-downs after violent efforts. A robust man taking violent exercise in hot weather may give off as much as 5 lbs. of sensible perspiration in an hour. Seguin's daily average in repose was under 3 lbs. per day.

In spite of all these well-known facts, and of the demonstrations by Simon and Berzelius of the existence of a salt of ammonia in sweat; of Favre's discovery of a special nitrogenous acid (hydrotic or sudoric acid), of the abundance of nitrogenous matter commercially extracted from suint (the residuum of the sweat of sheep which is washed out of crude wool)—in spite of all these, the nitrogen and nitrogenous compound excreted by the perspiration was omitted in the careful experiments upon which Sir H. E. Roscoe bases his conclusions.

I know of nothing else in modern science that is comparable to this omission of the prime factor of a research, and the extent to which the theories based upon it have been adopted and expounded by such men as Sir H. E. Roscoe.

For further details and authorities, I must refer my readers to Chapter XIX. of "The Chemistry of Cookery."

CHLOROPHYLL.

THE opening address to the chemical section of the British Association by Dr. Schunck, is well worth attentive perusal. It has the primary merit of being at the same time philosophical and simple; readable, intelligible, and interesting to anybody having an elementary acquaintance with the subjects discussed. Among these is Dr. Schunck's own theory of the constitution and action of the lifeblood of the vegetable world, chlorophyll.

His experiments lead him to the conclusion that the green substance of chlorophyll is compounded of three constituents, each of which is essential to its constitution, one being a basic nitrogenous colouring matter, the second a metal or metallic oxide, the third an

acid. The basic colouring matter is the phyllocyanin of Fremy, the metal may be iron or zinc, and the acid carbonic acid.

This compound is very unstable; it easily parts with its carbonic acid, giving it up for the nutriment of the plant. The carbonic acid thus disposed of, the other two constituents are in a state to take up fresh carbonic acid, and so on, a continual giving and taking may occur according to the influence of light and other surroundings. Chlorophyll thus acts as the carbonic acid carrier of the plant, just as the red matter, the hæmoglobin of blood, gives and takes and carries oxygen in the animal economy.

Dr. Schunck modestly states that he only throws this out as a tentative explanation. So far as my own study of the subject goes, it appears the best I have met with, and the number of these is considerable. It is especially interesting as showing a close analogy between the modes of action of animal and vegetable nutrition.

I say "modes of action," and should explain that, although the modes thus resemble, the actions are curiously different, diametrically opposite when the higher animals and higher plants are compared.

Much has been written in exposition of the contrasted complementary actions of animal and vegetable life. The contrasts have been tabulated in corresponding columns, showing how one is a reducing, the other an oxidising agent, one generates heat, the other produces cold, &c., but there is a curious fact connected with these complementary contrasts which I appear to have discovered, having never seen noted in any work on the subject. It is that the colours of the vital fluids are similarly contrasted and complementary, viz., green and red, the particular tints of each being just those demanded for complete contrast.

The full contrast of functions is most distinctly observable in the higher and well defined animals and plants, so with these colours. As we approach the inner boundary between animal and vegetable life, when we come to zoophytes (animal plants), properly so-called, the vital fluid is neither green nor red, but white or greyish, just that neutral tint which we obtain, when with a sufficient supply of light we rotate a disc painted with stripes of the colour of arterial blood, and alternating stripes of the colour of exposed and active chlorophyll.

ERRATA.—A correspondent has kindly directed my attention to some errors in one of my September notes which escaped correction. On page 306, last line, for £3. 17s. $10\frac{1}{2}d$., read £1. Page 307, 6th line, for $\frac{140}{1869}$ grain, read $\frac{160}{1869}$ ounce; and for 140 halfpence, read 160 halfpence. On the 9th line, for grains, read ounces, and on the 18th line, for 00°1, read 0°01.

TABLE TALK.

A COMMISSION ON MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

HE late Mr. Henry Seybert, an American, and an enthusiastic believer in modern Spiritualism, has, with the best intentions, dealt what ought to be a death-blow to the creed to which he pinned his faith. Presenting before his death to the University of Pennsylvania a sum of money sufficient to found a Chair of Philosophy, he appended to the gift a condition, that the university should appoint a commission to investigate "all systems of morals, religion, or philosophy which assume to represent the Truth, and particularly of modern Spiritualism." In conformity with this condition, a commission has been appointed. Dr. William Pepper, as provost of the university, was ex-officio chairman; Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the eminent Shakespearean scholar, the editor of the American Variorum "Shakespeare," the acting chairman; and Professor George S. Fullerton, the secretary. Thanks to the kindness of the acting chairman, I have been supplied with the preliminary report addressed by the commission to the trustees of the university. Treating the matter with seriousness, the more commendable in consequence of the difficulty there must have been at times in maintaining gravity, the commission announces that with regard to slate-writing, the medium for which was Dr. Henry Slade, the character of the manifestation which passed under its observation was "fraudulent" throughout. There was really no need of any elaborate method of investigation; close observation was all that was required. No more satisfactory result attended the investigations into spirit-rapping, and the various accessory phenomena, the whole of which are obviously mere tricks of legerdemain. Tenderly as sincere believers in what, according to the words of the commission "has from the first assumed a religious tone and now claims to be ranked among the denominational faiths of the day," are treated, there is no question that in the estimate of the commission the whole is blank and frivolous imposture.

THREE CLAIMANTS FOR A SKULL.

HEN we come to the experiments that were made, the result is sufficiently amusing to overcome the sadness begotten of human credulity, and the indignation inspired by professional knavery. As a person who was assured that he was endowed by nature with mediumistic power (the vile adjective is none of mine), Dr. Furness enjoyed exceptional opportunities. It is fair to Dr. Furness to say that he failed to turn this gift to any account. It is not easy to summarise the results he obtained. Beginning with one form of Spiritualistic pretence, the answer to sealed letters, Dr. Furness chose as subject a skull which had for fifty to sixty years been used as a property in "Hamlet," at the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, and as such has been handled by a score of actors, from Edmund Kean to Henry Irving. The question written upon a small sheet of paper was as follows:-" What was the name, age, sex, color, or condition in life of the owner when alive of the skull in my library? February 28, 1885." This was enclosed in an envelope, sealed with five different seals, and sent to different mediums. It is impossible to give the various responses elicited by those, who, as Dr. Furness shows, opened the envelope without breaking the seal. Suffice it to say that according to one it was the skull of Dinah Mellish, a coloured woman; a second decided it was that of Sister Belle, a lady with golden hair three feet in length, and dark eyes; and a third that it was that of Marie St. Clair, a lady of French extraction. Armed with this curious information, Dr. Furness had some high revels in the spirit world. The three owners of the skull were known to each other, and their intercommunications are marvellous. Exquisitely amusing is the account Dr. Furness gives of this correspondence.

SPIRITUAL MATERIALISATION.

THE final experiments deserve a paragraph to themselves. The last form of observation of Dr. Furness was not made as a member of the commission but as a private observer. It dealt with what is called Materialisation. Into the mysteries of this I cannot enter farther than to say that according to this form of imposture the spirit takes tangible and visible shape, and is capable of accepting and communicating a caress. In one of the two cases in which the spirits thus manifesting themselves claimed to belong to the family of Dr. Furness, the member whose ghost came forward was alive and in robust health; and in the second, the relationship

claimed—that of niece—was fictitious, as Dr. Furness had none. In another case the spirit answered to the name of Olivia, and Dr. Furness led her off through the incidents of Tennyson's "Talking Oak," every one of which she recalled and appropriated. another fair spirit emerged from the cabinet in flowing white robe, with a wavering gait which might be the feeble incertitude of a first materialisation, or, if an elderly person was asked for, might be a tottering gait. Here Dr. Furness may speak for himself. "I arose as it approached and asked, 'Is this Rosamund?' 'Yes!' replied the spirit, still wobbling a little, and in doubt whether to assume the rôle of youth or old age. 'What! Fair Rosamund!' I exclaimed. throwing into my voice all the joy and buoyancy I could master. The hint to the spirit was enough. All trace of senility vanished, and with equal joyousness she responded, 'Yes, it's indeed Rosamund!' Then I went on: 'Dearest Rosamund, there's something I want so much to ask you. Do you remember who gave you that bowl just before you died?' Here fair Rosamund nodded her head gaily and pointed her finger at me. 'Oh, no, no, no,' I said; 'you forget. Fair Rosamund, I wasn't there then. It was at Woodstock.' 'Oh, yes, yes,' she hastily rejoined, 'so it was; it was at Woodstock.' 'And it was Eleanor who offered you that bowl.' 'To be sure; I remember it now perfectly; it was Eleanor.' 'But, Rosamund, fair Rosamund, what made you drink that bowl? Had you no suspicions?' 'No, I had no suspicion,' and here she shook her head very sadly. 'Didn't you see what Eleanor had in her other hand?' 'No.' 'Ah, fair Rosamund, I'm afraid she was a bad lot.' 'Indeed she was!' (with great emphasis). 'What cruel eyes she had!' 'Hadn't she though!' 'How did she find you out?' 'I haven't an idea. 'Ah, fair Rosamund, do you remember how beautiful you were '[here the spirit simpered a little] 'after you were dead, and how the people came from far and near to look at you?' 'Yes,' said fair Rosamund, 'I looked down on them all the while.' And here she glided back into the cabinet." Deeply-rooted, indeed, must be human credulity if Spiritualism can survive so cruel and complete an exposure as has been afforded.

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THE RIVAL COLLECTORS.

By H. F. ABELL.

HEN the Town Council of that thriving little manufacturing place Chortlebury appointed Mr. Articulus Bone to be curator of the local museum, public opinion declared that no better fitted gentleman could have been elected to the post. Mr. Articulus Bone was a man of independent means, who had sought the appointment out of sheer love for the occupations of collecting, discriminating, dissecting, discussing, and arranging such matter as is usually seen within the walls of museums. He was an ardent antiquary, he had travelled much, and spoke half a dozen foreign languages with fluency, he was a good talker, and, best qualification of all perhaps, he was opinionative and pompous, although he did not stand five feet in his Your soulless, smiling, accommodating, deferrent man is all very well at a garden party or in the drawing-room after dinner, where he is pronounced modest and amiable; but the curator of a museum, the man of all others most likely to be the quarry of unprincipled rogues, the prey of clever imitators and forgers, the butt of "Firstedition men" and "Elzevirans," the fair game of Flint Jacks, and coin manufacturers—should be sharp, decisive, immovable, and hard-

Articulus Bone possessed these requisite qualities, as no one in the town knew better than did Jack Wagstaff, a jovial old bachelor who dabbled in archæology and ecclesiology and their kindred pursuits, and who, possessing a private museum of his own, was regarded by the new curator as a dangerous rival. Passages of arms, personal and journalistic, were of constant occurrence between the rival collectors: they cut each other in society—that is to say, the

curator cut Jack Wagstaff, for the latter regarded life as far too pleasant an affair to allow it to be unnecessarily clouded—they out-bid each other at sales, until it became a local diversion to watch the skirmishes, the feints, the counter-marchings, and the pitched battles between the two.

"Where's Bone going for his holiday?" asked Jack Wagstaff of his bosom friend Joe Miller, as they sat together over their claret one evening discussing the discovery of an inscribed stone of Roman date, which had been found lately in the neighbourhood, and which Jack, to his rival's mortification, had managed to secure.

"Don't know," replied Joe Miller; "you don't catch Bone letting out where he spends his leisure time."

"For fear of being forestalled in any matter, you mean?"

"Yes, he likes to get and keep all the credit he can, and hates any one else's name to be bracketed with his in any discovery or addition to the museum."

Jack was silent for a few moments. Then he said, "Joe, doesn't the inscription on this stone refer to another one which is buried somewhere at Pompeii?"

"Yes," replied his friend. "So far as we made out, your stone is to the memory of a chap named Brutus—Occidius Rufus Brutus—and it alludes to another to the memory of his wife, buried near the Capuan Gate of Pompeii."

"I'll bet you what you like," said Jack, "that our curator friend has some idea in his head about the other stone. He knows very well that he'll get far more *kudos* for going all that way, working with such a slender clue, and bringing the stone home, than he would have got by accidentally tumbling on a stone as I have with mine."

"What makes you think so?" asked Joe.

"Saw him with a foreign Bradshaw and a Murray in his hand this morning; moreover, he's taken half a dozen rubbings of my inscription," replied Jack.

The conversation drifted into another channel until a late hour, when Joe rose to go.

"Joe," said his host as they stood at the door, "I'll bet you a dinner that Bone doesn't find this precious stone—or, no, I'll bet you he doesn't bring it back to Chortlebury."

Joe looked at his friend. Jack was not given to rash wagers, although he had plenty of money, and there was a very suggestive twinkle in his eye as he spoke. At the same time it puzzled Joe to guess how Bone could be prevented from bringing home the stone if he found it.

"I'll include a magnum of Heidsieck on one condition," continued Jack.

"I'll take you; what's the condition?" asked Joe.

"That you attend the next meeting of the museum committee and report what Bone says, to me."

"Done," said Joe; so they parted.

Accordingly, Mr. Joseph Miller attended the meeting of the Chortlebury Museum Committee held on the following day.

Sundry business was disposed of; then, amidst loud applause, the curator rose.

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen," he said, "I am not going to trouble you with a lengthy speech, but I will briefly lay before you a scheme which, on my own responsibility, I propose to put into execution, and which, I dare to say, from its novelty and its somewhat romantic character, will meet with your approbation. (Loud applause.) You have, I know, all shared my disappointment and disgust that so valuable a relic of antiquity as the inscribed Roman stone, lately found on the hills near our town, should have slipped through our grasp, and have been secured by a gentleman who shall be nameless, but who has always shown himself a bitter opponent to the welfare of our town museum. Well, gentlemen, my scheme is nothing less than to go to Pompeii and to search for the stone referred to in the inscription on the stone we have lost. (Cries of 'Bravo!' 'Well done. Bone!') And I think you will agree that to add to the riches of our museum in the way I propose, implies much more true antiquarian zeal than merely to give money for what another man has lighted on by mere accident. (Cries of 'Quite right!' 'So it does!') Gentlemen, I am aware that I shall have great difficulties to contend with. The Italian Government is very jealous of the removal of antiquities from its country, and very rightly so. Pompeii is vigilantly watched; the Capuan Gate, whither I intend to proceed, is situated at an unexplored portion of the city, so that I shall have to shape my course, so to speak, without chart or compass; and, hardest of all, if I succeed in finding the relic, I shall have to run the gauntlet in carrying it home. So much the prouder shall I be if my mission is successful. Gentlemen, I shall start on Monday next, and I am sure I have all your good wishes for success. (Great applause.) One word ere we part. I will ask you in the interests of the Chortlebury Museum to keep my project a secret; and all the more crushing will be the blow which, if I am successful, will be dealt on our iealous rival." The speech was followed by great cheering, after

which a special vote of thanks was made to the curator, and the assembly separated.

All this was duly reported by Mr. Joe Miller to Mr. Jack Wagstaff, and the latter, rubbing his hands with glee, said:—

"Joe, I bet you a box of cigars I do him."

"Done with you," replied Mr. Miller.

In ten days time Mr. Bone had settled down to his work amidst the sad, beautiful ruins of dead Pompeii. He had not over-stated the difficulties with which he had to contend in his speech to the Committee of the Chortlebury Museum. Absolute and unqualified refusal was made to his request that he might be allowed to excavate on his own account: his face and his consequential strut became familiar to all the "vigilantes" of the ruined city, and he had to dissemble the object of his residence at the Hôtel Diomede for some days ere he could venture to penetrate to the Capuan Gate.

At length he discovered a way through the vineyards and olive plantations which abolished the necessity of his passing through Pompeii itself; and, once this route established, he lost no time in commencing operations. He worked from sunset until late at night, the bright moon aiding him when the orb of day had gone, and, although he was one of the most nervous and superstitious of little men, the weird surroundings of his quest—the dark, jumbled outline of the ruined city, the great mass of Vesuvius, with its blood-red streaks of ever-rolling lava, the silence of the country around—fostered, rather than diminished, his enthusiasm.

He confined his operations to as small a space as possible, so that no hint could be given to a stray "vigilante" or a curious peasant of what was going on, and on quitting his work he carefully shovelled loose earth and heaped brushwood over the cavern. On the fourteenth day after his arrival he struck something hard. Carefully scraping away with his hands the powdered pumice and hardened mud, with a wild beat of enthusiastic delight he beheld a pavement of figured tesseræ, such as would belong to a house of a superior class. He was now twelve feet below the level of the soil, so that he had to cut steps down to the workings in order to facilitate his movements; but his delight at this promise of a reward for his exertions made him forget that the more he excavated the greater became his danger of being discovered.

However, luck seemed to favour him; he never saw a solitary human being during the course of his work; he cut and scraped and dug away until he had exposed an entire room and had reached the partition wall. Still, he might not be on the right track. The inscription said nothing more than that the stone to Mrs. Brutus was "at" the Capuan Gate, and he knew Pompeii sufficiently well to be aware that fifty houses might be described as situated "at" a certain gate.

Still he laboured on, until he struck the doorway of the room. He had now so far tunnelled underground that some system of propping, such as is practised in coal-pits, was necessary in order to avoid the risk of a "cave in." But even if he could get the necessary props, poor Bone knew not how to employ them, for, like most men of his tastes, he was utterly unpractical. Again good fortune came to his aid, just as he was beginning to despair of success, without being obliged to call in the aid of a second person, which meant the admission of a second person to the knowledge of his darling secret.

He hit a stone with his pick. It was loose. He dragged it out, and with it a superincumbent mass of earth, which well-nigh smothered him. A glance showed him that it was inscribed, and, joy of joy! more minute examination with his lantern brought out the name "Volumnia Occidius, Brutus." He could not repress a cry of joy, and literally shed tears over the dirty, indistinct old fragment. The sun had set, and he was in a weird semi-darkness as he examined the precious relic on the steps. Then he laid it reverently down, and was descending the steps for the purpose of taking away his excavating tools, when he felt that some thing was watching him. At the same time he saw issue forth, as it were, from the bowels of the cave he had dug, from the depths of that deadhouse, a tall figure, wrapped from head to foot in a grey garment, which seemed to fall in classic folds. We have said that Articulus Bone was nervous and superstitious, even in prosaic, nineteenthcentury Britain; he might therefore have been pardoned for viewing with horrified eyes this ghastly visitor from a long-dead world. knees trembled; the cold perspiration broke out on his brow; his heart thumped hard, and when the darkness, which follows sunset so quickly in these latitudes, hid the grey figure from sight, Bone knew not whether it was approaching or standing still, whether he should be cursed by a supulchral voice for daring to violate a domestic hearth, or whether he should be seized by an ice-cold hand, and dragged away to the realm of the spectres.

For a minute, which seemed to him an hour, he stood, almost afraid to draw his breath. Then, unable to endure the suspense any longer, he turned, rushed up the steps, and fled, never daring to look once behind him, but seeming to hear at every step the rustle of the

phantom garments, and to feel the cold wind of their passage through the air on the nape of his neck.

For two whole days Articulus Bone was in such a state of nervous prostration that he had not even the heart to return to his beloved excavation, but remained at the hotel trying to make his landlord believe that the sun had touched him up. But when he reflected upon what had occurred, he sneered at himself to think that the nineteenth-century curator of a museum could be hoaxed by what he felt sure was an imaginary bogey summoned up by overheated excitement and enthusiasm. So he went at sunset to the Capuan Gate, and to his delight beheld his treasure lying exactly as he had left it in his hurried flight. Carefully he packed it up in straw and canvas, so as to look as much as possible like an ordinary traveller's package, and, without troubling himself to fill up the cavern he had made, returned to the Hôtel Diomede, resolved to start for England, Chortlebury, and glory, the next day.

There had never been within the memory of the oldest committeeman such a meeting as assembled in response to the notice that "the Museum authorities would be glad to see all friends at the Town Hall, on the 1st of October, 188—, at seven o'clock, upon which occasion the Curator will give the results of his recent visit to Pompeii."

Long before the hour advertised the room was full, and amongst the specially invited guests were Mr. Jack Wagstaff and Mr. Joseph Miller. The chairman briefly prefaced the business of the evening with a few remarks, and then, amidst tumultuous applause, Mr. Articulus Bone stepped forward, dandling in his arms, as if it were a mummied baby, the precious stone in its wrapping. For half an hour he dilated in his most grandiloquent style upon the risks he had run, and the dangers he had undergone, but omitting, of course, any mention of the scene with the ghost. Then, having wound up his audience to a proper pitch of excitement and anticipation, he reverently unfolded the stone from its garments, and, amidst loud applause, handed it to the chairman, who in turn was to hand it to his neighbour, and so on, for examination.

Articulus Bone's triumph was approaching completion as each member turned the stone over with affected minuteness, and spelt out the lady's name; but when it finally reached the hands of Jack Wagstaff, the smile of a conqueror broke out on the curator's face, and he whispered to the chairman, "That will about do him, I think."

Jack Wagstaff hardly condescended to look at the inscribed face

of the stone, but turned it over. Quietly and decisively, but so that everybody could hear him, he said :—

"A very good forgery—a work of art in its way."

The words produced an angry murmur amongst the audience, and it was very openly hinted that no fate was bad enough for a man capable of such narrow-minded jealousy. Upon Articulus Bone they acted as a red rag acts on a bull. His face grew livid as, almost inarticulate with anger, he roared out:—

"Do you mean to say, sir, that you doubt the genuineness of this relic? In other words, do you cast imputations on my veracity?"

"Not a bit of it," calmly replied Jack; "I know you've been to Pompeii, and that you dug there. But your sin is one of omission, not of commission. You haven't told the ladies and gentlemen the best part of the story—your adventure with the ghost."

Articulus Bone looked very queerly at Jack, but he tried to brave the situation by saying:—

"Pooh! pooh! You are talking nonsense, Mr. Wagstaff. But prove your assertion that this is not a genuine relic."

Jack Wagstaff quietly stepped on to the platform, took up the stone, rubbed a spot on the back of it for a moment or two with his handkerchief, and handed it back to the curator.

Articulus Bone looked at it, uttered a cry of bitter mortification, and dropped it. There was a rush to see the cause of his emotion, and it soon transpired that it was an inscription to the effect that the stone had been made by Jack Wagstaff on the day after the appearance of the ghost to the curator, and that he had won a dinner and a magnum of Heidsieck over it.

Mr. Bone, crestfallen, angry, and disappointed as he was, still held out and said :---

"But the fact that you have been able to get this stone and to write on it does not prove that it is not the stone of which I went in search."

"No, but this does," replied Jack. And returning to his seat he produced the original stone and handed it to the curator, amidst roars of laughter. Then Jack Wagstaff gesticulated for silence, and said:—

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—For some reason I have lately obtained amongst you the reputation of being a jealous, narrow-minded rival, and I know that our friend, Mr. Bone here, has been especially down on me. Well, I've played this joke on him successfully; but to show that I have not an atom of ill-feeling against him I beg to say that he did work, and worked hard, to get this, the genuine

stone, and that it was only by assuming the appearance of a supernatural being that I was enabled to get possession of it, to have it imitated, and to trick him. As further proof of my sincerity, I return you the genuine stone, and as I have won a dinner from my old friend Mr. Miller, nothing would give me greater pleasure than that you, Mr. Chairman, and you, Mr. Bone, will give us your company."

From that day the curator and Jack Wagstaff became the best of friends, but it was a long time ere the former heard the last about the ghost at Pompeii.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

HE name of Walter Scott is one of the great names of literature. He does not, perhaps, rise into that small supreme class, which is limited to five or six names, the greatest of which is the name of Shakespeare; but then no writer gives more delight than does the always lovable Walter Scott, with his happy mixture of poetry and humour, and with the geniality of his manly genius. He is full of nobleness, of purity, of honour, and of chivalry, and is in very essence romantic. No criticism ranks higher than that criticism of genius and of generosity which we owe to Goethe; and he was a most ardent admirer of our Scott. One of the distinguishing notes of a great writer is, says Goethe, his choice of Stoff, or subject; and Scott is entirely felicitous in his selection of themes which best suit his purposes and most fully unfold his gift. The events, or stories, which Scott chooses are always encircled by luminously drawn and busily acting characters, while the events themselves all tend to a great art end, which in the case of the "Bride of Lammermoor" is inexorably tragic. Goethe points out the certainty with which Scott works, and notices that every touch conduces to the general effect. Goethe alludes to the living truth of Scott's characters and to the excellence of his dialogue. Scott's thoroughness of drawing tends, says the great German, to a convincing reality of effect; and we always take an interest in the way in which Scott works. "Walter Scott is an enormous talent," says Goethe, "and one that has not its equal. One cannot wonder that he affects the whole world of readers. He gives me matter for much thought, and I recognise in him a quite new form of art, which is subject to its own laws."

We may add to this criticism our own joyous sense of Scott's gladness of mastery, of the seeming ease and delight with which he works, of his fulness of ripe knowledge, of his love of scenery and of history, and of the vitalism with which the characters that he creates live and move and have their being.

Every reader has, at some period of his life, to read the "Bride of Lammermoor" for the first time, however often he may read it after-

wards; and thousands upon thousands of readers have yet to read it for the first time, so that it may be well worth while to devote to this romantic poem, at even this stage of its triumphant career, some brief but loving analysis of appreciation and delight.

It is a romance instinct with the *dæmonic*, according to Goethe's profound definition and estimate of that factor in life and art.

Thackeray says, "Could we know the man's feelings as well as the author's thoughts, how interesting most books would be !--more interesting than merry." The mood in which Walter Scott wrote the "Bride of Lammermoor" was one of heroic resolution combating against acute physical suffering, which seemed so serious as to threaten life itself, while it was so severe and painful that but few men would have had determination enough to carry on through it imaginative literary work. He was compelled to employ the services of amanuenses; and William Laidlaw and John Ballantyne wrote to Scott's dictation. Ballantyne was the better amanuensis, because Laidlaw was too strongly stirred with admiration and delight, and exclaimed, as some fine passage was dictated to him, "Gude keep us a'!--the like o' that! eh, sirs; oh, sirs!" Scott's disease was called cramp; though later and better physicians might have given the complaint another name. The date of the "Bride" was April 1819. Three novels-the "Bride of Lammermoor," the "Legend of Montrose," and "Ivanhoe"—were thus dictated; but when health returned Scott resumed his practice of writing with his own hand. Goethe, on the other hand, early employed the assistance of an amanuensis, and continued the practice until the end. Sometimes Laidlaw begged Scott to stop while the poet's audible suffering filled every pause. "Nay, Willie," said the afflicted author from his sofa of pain; "only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can only be when I am in woollen." Scott often turned upon the pillow with a groan of anguish, but usually continued the sentence in the same breath. When dialogue of peculiar animation was being dictated, he sometimes got up and walked up and down the room, as it were acting the parts. Such were the feelings and the pains of the man while the heroic author composed the "Bride of Lammermoor"; and Scott assured Ballantyne that when the book was first put into his hands in a complete shape he did not recollect one single incident, character, or conversation that it contained. Small wonder, that !

Some characters, of melancholy beauty and of untimely fates, characters found in history as in story, seem unfit to outlive youth,

or to attain to fruition of their powers or to the righteous joy which existed as a possibility in their sad short lives. What a king Hamlet would probably have made if he had worn the crown of Denmark! What a king would Prince Henry, son of James I., have made had he attained to the diadem of England! What a married pair might not Romeo and Juliet have been had they survived into the life of marriage! How gloriously happy would have been Desdemona with her noble Moor! As a dream of fancy, we may image to ourselves the success of the Marquis of A—— in helping his kinsman, and the happy union of the lord of Ravenswood with Lucy Ashton. But some feuds go too deep for even love to heal. Some direful fates seem left to demons to shatter and to shape. A too fair promise in youth is sometimes doomed to extinction ere riper years can afford it a career. Such mysteries of life are fitting subjects for poets, and for writers of true and deep romance.

The hint or suggestion upon which the "Bride of Lammermoor" is based is the occurrence of a tragic incident which happened in the Dalrymple family. Scott himself points out this source of suggestion; but in the Dalrymple family history the bare facts only are recorded, while the characters are left shadowy and indistinct; and it remained for the poet's imagination to idealise the rough outline of the Dalrymple legend into a perfect and poetical work of art. facts are romantic, but they have been ennobled by Scott's treatment; and of all his romances, the "Bride of Lammermoor" is perhaps the one which rises most nearly to a poem—to a romantic and tragic poem. Lucy Ashton is based upon Janet Dalrymple; Edgar Ravenswood is created out of Lord Rutherford. But the difference between the confusedly indicated characters of fact and the finished characters created and completed by Scott's genius is a subject for critical study and for critical delight. Scott's thaumaturgic faculty is wonderfully shown in this poetical romance. He retains the memorable phrase "Tak' up your bonny bridegroom!" because art could not improve upon the harrowing exclamation of the insane bride. witchcraft attributed in the legend to the mother is turned by Scott into the natural witchcraft of relentless force of character and of ruthless will. Of the characters that Scott has added, Caleb Balderstone is the most distinctive creation. Caleb is, in reality, pathetic rather than comic. The faithful old serving-man, instinct with the feudal idea, is, through all his shifts and struggles for the honour of the old house, not ignoble; and such devotion as he shows is full of essential dignity and worth.

Caleb is not drawn in the spirit of that low comedy which is

designed only to extort mean laughter or to compel base amusement. Caleb bears some resemblance to that statelier Adam in whom so well appeared—

The constant service of the antique world, When service sweat for duty, not for meed!

Caleb belongs to that gallery of characters which comprises Bailie Nicol Jarvie, Dugald Dalgetty, Edie Ochiltree.

The subject of the "Bride of Lammermoor" was suggested to the then fictitious author by poor Dick Tinto, the unhappy painter, whose life and lot have their pathetic side. Dick is one of those unfortunate fellows who follow art without having a vocation for her. He has a little talent, but not enough; he has a little application, but not enough chances of study or power of knowledge; and so his life as a painter is unsuccessful and his end is miserable. The sketch of the striking scene in which Edgar Ravenswood, after his return from abroad, has his final and his fatal interview with his lost love, a sketch shown by Dick Tinto to Peter Pattieson, is represented as being the hint upon which the novelist spoke, and produced the "Bride of Lammermoor."

The time in which the romance plays is the years which follow closely after 1700. Queen Anne is on the throne, and the memories are still vivid of that rising in 1689, for his part in which Lord Ravenswood had his blood attainted and his title abolished. Ravenswood Castle, in East Lothian, of which only the ruins are now visible, became lost to the old family; and the last lord of Ravenswood—lord at last only by courtesy—saw himself compelled to retire to Wolf's Crag, a "lonely and sea-beaten tower, which, situated on the bleak shores between St. Abb's Head and the village of Eyemouth, looked out on the lonely and boisterous German Ocean. A black domain of wild pasture-land surrounded their new residence, and formed the remains of their property."

Edgar was born in Ravenswood Castle and removed with his father, of the fallen fortunes, to the desolate and melancholy tower of Wolf's Crag. The old lord, fierce and embittered, felt a deadly hatred for the man who, by means of money, trick, chicane, had entered into possession of the castle and lands of Ravenswood. Sir William Ashton, the lord keeper, is the legal politician, or politic lawyer, who has risen on the ruin of the old family.

Scott, with his fine instinctive art, gives, when he first introduces a character, a slight but firm sketch of its individualities, leaving that sketch to be amplified, completed, through description and through action, as his story develops and his characters grow. Sir William

Ashton is slightly but sufficiently characterised when first he appears; and the contrast between the wily lawyer and the fierce resentful old lord of Ravenswood is ably delineated. Lord Allan dies—dies in a paroxysm of rage and indignation, breathing curses upon his wronger, and leaving to his descendant a dark legacy of feudal hatred. The Ashtons are established in Ravenswood Castle, which still bears the old symbol of the black bull's head, with the meaning motto: "I bide my time"; and the Ravenswoods are reduced to the rocky tower of Wolt's Crag; where, on a dim and dreary November day, are celebrated the obsequies of the last lord. The funeral of the poor noble is performed with all the sumptuosity that can be made to surround death; and two years' rent are consumed by the heir to so little in profuse hospitality and wasteful expenditure.

The riot occurs at the grave; and Edgar is led by the dark spirit of the hour into words of defiance and menace. The guests depart; the funeral revel is over; and with a feeling of contempt for the friends who promised so much and were so little to be relied upon, the dark Master, when the drama opens, is left alone in the desolate ruined tower—lonely in his poverty and his pride, and with a heart full of sad, of bitter, of revengeful feeling. That was almost Edgar Ravenswood's only heritage.

His age was about twenty. With a free wild grace, based upon courage and on strength; haughty, embittered, sorrowful-but for pride—he, in the dark splendour of his sombre beauty, is a true hero of doom and of romance. Next appears upon the scene fair and gentle Lucy Ashton, the heroine of saddest and most sorrowful fate. who was led by love through a short intense spasm of life to early death. Of Lucy we are told that "her locks, which were of shadowy gold, divided on a brow of exquisite whiteness. . . . The expression of the countenance was in the last degree gentle, soft, timid, and feminine. Yet her passiveness of disposition was by no means owing to an indifferent or unfeeling mind." She was subjugated by stronger wills, but had an ineradicable strain of romance in her nature. "Her secret delight was in the old legendary tales of ardent devotion and unalterable affection, chequered, as they so often are, with strange adventures and supernatural horrors." This bent of mind led her to dwell upon the history and legends of the old House of Ravenswood. and prepared her, when the fulness of time was come, to find in Edgar her ideal hero. Lucy inspired love in all the members of her family, with the one exception of her haughty and ambitious mother, who was wont to call her girl, in derision, the "Lammermoor shepherdess." Lady Ashton thought that some country laird should be

Lucy's husband—some one "whose energy is greater than her own, or whose ambition is of as low an order." Nevertheless, the hard mother "was mistaken in estimating the feelings of her daughter, who, under a semblance of extreme indifference, nourished the germs of those passions which sometimes spring up in one night, like the gourd of the prophet, and astonish the observer by their unexpected ardour and intensity." I image to myself Lucy Ashton as resembling in some degree happier Rose Bradwardine in physical attributes; though Lucy would probably be somewhat taller and more slender. But the characters of the two ladies were as different as were their fates. Scott uses, with great effect, all possible side-lights to illuminate his characters and to advance his events. With such an object in view he introduces the tenacious attachment of Norman the forester to the old family, and Norman's admiration of Edgar as a brave fellow and as a deadly shot. Blind old Alice, too, is always speaking about the Ravenswood people, and the lord keeper is constantly irritated by the fidelity of his people—a fidelity specially characteristic of Scotland-to the house which he had ruined and supplanted.

The stately old Englishwoman, "with an air at once of majesty and of dejection," she who had known Ravenswood for sixty years, recounts to the timid lord keeper the dark deed of Chiesley, of Dalry, and warns Sir William that the Ravenswoods "are a fierce house, and that there is danger in dealing with men when they become desperate." She bids him beware of Edgar Ravenswood, with whom the lawyer had driven matters hard; and the keeper, replying faintly that the "Master of Ravenswood was a man of honour," rose and left the place without waiting for a reply. Blind Alice left in his ignoble mind the sting of a dark and deadly fear.

Next comes the opportunity for a proof of Edgar's singular skill as a marksman. He saves the life of Lucy, perhaps also of her father, by killing with a single shot the wild bull which had attacked them in the park. He bears the fainting Lucy to that Mermaiden's Well which was so fatal to one of his race. The fire of deadly resentment had not yet burnt out in his heart when, in reply to Sir William's gratitude and protestations, he replies: "Request nothing of ME, my lord; I am the Master of Ravenswood."

He leaves them abruptly; but he leaves Lucy, who then saw him for the first time, "involved in those mazes of the imagination which are most dangerous to the young and sensitive." She frequently visited old Alice, who spoke readily and with pathetic feeling concerning the Ravenswood family in general, but "observed an especial and cautious silence on the subject of its present representative;" merely dropping a hint that Edgar was of a "stern and unforgiving character, more ready to resent than to pardon injuries." Nevertheless, the germ of first love was planted in Lucy's breast, and she was the first to feel the love which was to lead them both to doom.

Bucklaw and his "copper captain," Craigengelt, are two characters highly necessary to the development of the tragedy. Bucklaw, light-hearted, full of careless audacity, not thoroughly villainous, but capable, under the provocations of anger and of jealousy, of descending to mean antagonism in order to spite the haughty Master of Ravenswood, is an important factor in the tale. Edgar, as good a swordsman as marksman, spares the life of Bucklaw; but the effect of this generous reticence on the mind of Bucklaw is wiped out by the affront he conceives to have been offered to him when the owner of Wolf's Crag is compelled to exclude the young laird from the tower when Sir William and Lucy visit it.

The scene at Wolf's Crag when the keeper and his fair daughter find refuge there is quite masterly. Scott, with his usual happy mixture of poetry and of humour, shows us the touching poverty of the last heir of Ravenswood. With incessant touches, always telling but never obtrusive, he places before us the dramatic position of the three characters, and the strained relations involved in showing hospitality to the foe of the House of Ravenswood. The wily lawyer moves the generous nature of his noble host, who begins to lay aside his desire for vengeance; and love strengthens all that policy can inaugurate. Edgar is stately from inner mental altitude of character; and Sir William is doubly artful under the pressure of apprehension and of interest.

The genius of the house of Ravenswood seems at first to further the love between Edgar and Lucy. It almost appears as though fate had found a means of reconciling the deep feud between Ravenswood and Ashton, and but for a woman the kindly fate would have been successful. We obtain a glimpse of possible happiness, of probable reconciliation. Not for the first time would marriage, as in the case of the Roses, have healed enmity and united interests. What if the noble pair had been happily married? The great romancer leads us to weigh this problem. What if Hamlet had become king? Both Edgar and Hamlet remain princes of promise, and merely suggest a fitness for possible fortunes which are yet never to be attained. The angel of the darker doom thwarts the kindly

purposes of the good angel who showed them such soft and splendid hope.

And all this while Lady Ashton is away, and knows nothing of that which is happening at Ravenswood.

Noble old Caleb is put to ignoble shifts to show fitting hospitality at ruined Wolf's Crag. "The very smell is enough for me, that hae dined sae lately," says the "faithful wretch, that had fasted since daybreak."

The fortunes of Edgar were not without hope, owing to the influence of his kinsman the powerful Marquis of A——. Scott, by the way, generally so accurate in historical portraiture, and so full of historical knowledge, is, in this romance, moved by his fine sense of art to avoid the introduction of historical personages. And he was right. Who wants an accurate historical background to so ideal a romance or drama as Romeo and Juliet? With "history plays" it is, of course, different; and Scott well felt the differing treatment which true art requires. The "Bride of Lammermoor" is a domestic, and not an imperial tragedy, nor would history have failed to distract attention from the intense interest which centres round the sad fates of the two chief characters in his fine romance.

The points decided against Edgar and his father in Scotland were, under the Treaty of Union, liable to be reviewed by the British House of Peers—"a court of equity of which the Lord Keeper felt an instinctive dread," since its decisions would not be swayed by influence or moved by kinship. Sir William bethought him that "if Ravenswood was to have a distinguished place of power and trust, and if such a union should sopite the heavier part of his unadjusted claims, there might be worse matches for his daughter Lucy—the Master might be reponed against the attainder.

"Lord Ravenswood was an ancient title, and the alliance would, in some measure, legitimate his own possession of the greater part of the Master's spoils, and make the surrender of the rest a subject of less bitter regret."

Despite a lurking dread of Lady Ashton, the cunning, timeserving, timid lawyer tacitly encouraged and furthered the growing passion between the lovers; but, in his selfish and cruel calculations of interest, he never stopped to consider the feelings of the hearts that he treated merely as puppets of his policy.

One touch of pathetic nobleness on the part of poor old Caleb merits special notice. When Sir William, on leaving Wolf's Crag, gives the devoted servitor handsome vails, Caleb manages to convey the money to his master.

"Whist, sir! whist, and let me speak just ae word that I couldn't say before folk. There "—putting into his lord's hand the money he had just received—"there's three gowd pieces, and ye'll want siller upby yonder."

Conceiving that his thoughts had wronged the cunning lawyer, the Master gives way to "the remorse of self-accusation," and renders to Sir William "the full confidence of a haughty but honourable heart." The vows of vengeance uttered on the eve of his father's funeral die out in his mind; "but they had been heard and registered in the book of fate."

To Lucy, the change from deadly enmity between her father and her lover "was at once surprising, flattering, and affecting." It was with "fiery, unreserved, and generous self-abandonment" that the proud and irascible last heir of the Barons of Ravenswood fell into the toils of his weak but wily foe. Edgar agrees to accompany father and daughter to his own old home of Ravenswood Castle. But before Edgar starts, old Caleb, with a quivering voice, and a cheek pale with apprehension, faltered out the lines of Thomas the Rhymer:

When the last laird of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride, And woo a dead maiden to be his bride, He shall stable his steed in the kelpie's flow, And his name shall be lost for evermoe!

Love and generosity, in a nature like that of Ravenswood, cannot be deterred by warnings; and with very mixed feelings, and a conflict in his soul, Edgar finds himself a guest in the halls of his ancestors. The insincere but astute lawyer is struck by the "brief and decided dauntlessness of the Master of Ravenswood's disposition, who seemed equally a stranger to doubt and to fear." Sir William thinks the dreaded Lady Ashton could wish nothing better in a husband for her daughter than "the sopiting of a very dangerous claim, and the alliance of a son-in-law noble, brave, well gifted, and highly connected; strong exactly where we are weak—in pedigree and in the temper of a swordsman." When Ravenswood reaches Ravenswood all seems to promise fairly for the lovers; but Lady Ashton is still absent.

Henry takes fright at the resemblance of Edgar to old Sir Malise of Ravenswood, and thinks that the Master has come to say, "with a hollow voice, 'I bide my time!" Old Alice again speaks words of doubt and doom. "What do you here, Master of Ravenswood? What do you in your enemy's domain, and in company with his child?" "I could have you depart . . . if you remain an hour under Sir William Ashton's roof without the resolution to marry his

daughter, you are a villain; if with the purpose of allying yourself with him, you are an infatuated and predestined fool." Alice could effect no more than Caleb had done.

Near the fatal Mermaiden's Well, Edgar, actuated by a sudden impulse coming from beyond the realms of reason, and without the will, "gave his faith to Lucy for ever, and received her troth in return." They broke betwixt them a thin broad piece of gold; "and never shall this leave my bosom," said Lucy as she hung the piece of gold round her neck, "until you, Edgar Ravenswood, ask me to resign it to you; and while I wear it, never shall that heart acknowledge other love than yours."

And so the fatal troth is plighted.

Lucy felt a secret awe amid all her affection for Ravenswood. His soul was of a high, proud character; "his ideas were more fierce and free;" and the lovers soon discovered that they differed upon important topics. Yet they seemed made each to supplement the other. He, so dark: she, so fair—physical differences which symbolised their mental disparities—it is yet true that his masculine force and will would have suited admirably with her soft and yielding disposition. Alas, would have! The lordly power of Edgar would have suited fitly the womanly gentleness of Lucy.

Meanwhile Bucklaw has become laird of Girnington, and his ragged fortunes have greatly improved. He is still bitter against Edgar for a fancied affront, and for the refusal of a challenge borne by the cowardly Craigengelt, bully and traitor and tool, who dreaded and hated Edgar. Bucklaw, acting on his meanest impulses, sends his captain to awaken the anger and to arouse the suspicions of Lady Ashton. Her fell resentment is easily inflamed. Bucklaw is himself a pretender to the hand of Lucy. "As to Ravenswood, he has kept no terms with me, and I'll keep none with him; if I can win this girl from him, I will win her."

Lady Ashton arrives at Ravenswood; and all the poison-flowers on the tree of doom begin to bloom blackly.

Edgar Ravenswood finds himself a discarded suitor and an insulted guest. The Marquis of A—— himself is treated but with scant courtesy by the hard and haughty Lady Ashton, and Sir William is reduced to marital subordination.

When riding to Tod's Hole Edgar sees the very impressive apparition of blind old Alice, whose last powerful prayer had been that she might see her master's son once more and renew her warning. Scott throughout this romance makes a weird art use of the morbid element of Scottish superstition. A ghastly, gruesome

crew is that of his old hags or crones, with whom we first meet at the laying-out of old Alice. Ailsie Gourlay is the first witch of the loathly sisterhood. One of the beldames says, when she sees Ravenswood: "I wad like to hae the streaking and winding o' him." "It is written on his brow, Annie Winnie," replies the first witch, "that hand of woman, or of man either, will never straught him; dead-deal will never be laid on his back—make you your market of that, for I hae it from a sure hand." Mortsheugh, the old sexton of the burial-ground at Armitage, is another character touched with fine art by the master. It is, by the way, a little surprising that the sexton should not know Edgar. He talks freely of the Master of Ravenswood, as if he were not present, and expresses the views of the countryside about the marriage between Edgar and Lucy.

"And I have stooped to subject myself to these calumnies, and am rejected notwithstanding! Lucy, your faith must be true and perfect as the diamond, to compensate for the dishonour which men's opinions, and the conduct of your mother, attach to the heir of Ravenswood!"

Even the Marquis of A—— urges his kinsman to renounce an alliance which he could then hardly seek without a certain degree of degradation; but no idea of disloyalty can enter the lofty soul of the chivalrous Edgar.

The Marquis of A—— is successful as a politician, and the prospects of his kinsman become decidedly hopeful. "A secret and highly important commission beyond sea, which could only be entrusted to a person of rank, talent, and perfect confidence," is allotted to Edgar, who gladly undertakes it. He does not succeed before his departure in seeing Lucy, but receives from her the following short but pathetic billet:—

"I received yours, but it was at the utmost risk; do not attempt to write again till better times. I am sore beset, but I will be true to my word while the exercise of my reason is vouchsafed to me. That you are happy and prosperous is some consolation, and my situation requires it all.—L. A." Sir William (no longer lord keeper) replies evasively; but Margaret Douglas, otherwise Ashton, answers the master in decided and scornful rejection of his suit; and so Edgar Ravenswood departs on his mission. Bucklaw, the suitor accepted by the parents, is half in doubt whether to go forward or to retire.

"I'll tell you what it is: I never knew much of that sort of fine ladies, and I believe they may be as capricious as the Devil; but

there is something in Miss Ashton's change a devilish deal too sudden, and too serious, for a mere flisk of her own. I'll be bound Lady Ashton understands every machine for breaking in the human mind."

A false report is circulated to the effect that Ravenswood is about to marry some foreign lady.

Bucklaw asks for a conference with Lucy on the subject of their approaching union. He unwisely allows Lady Ashton to be present, and thus loses the opportunity of ascertaining the real state of Miss Ashton's feelings. Bucklaw was too much agitated by his own feelings minutely to scrutinise those of the unhappy lady.

This interview is vividly, even terribly, dramatic. The characters, the motives, the conduct of mother and daughter and suitor are fully and finely rendered. Lucy shows a calmness which might be that of despair or of indifference; but her feelings are revealed when she is alone. "To sign and seal!" she muttered. "To sign and seal-to do and die!" Now begins the most painful part of this sad story. I mean the infra-human persecution of Lucy—a persecution which slowly breaks her heart, ruins her health, and subverts her reason. By Heavens, 'tis pitiful to read of the long pitiless persecution of the unhappy girl, born for so much happiness. All, and more, that Goneril and Regan did to their father Lady Ashton does to her daughter. Ravenswood is abroad, and remains away for a weary year. No letter from him is allowed to reach her; letters from her are not allowed to be sent to him. She has no stay or comfort from the lover who loves her, and whom she loves so well. Ouite alone, with all against her, she undergoes her long slow martyrdom. Henry tells her that she may have his grey pony, "aye, and ride beyond the village, too, if you have a mind."

"Who told you," said Lucy, "that I am not permitted to ride where I please?"

"That's a secret," said the boy; "but you will find that you can never ride beyond the village but your horse will cast a shoe, or fall lame, or the castle bell will ring, or something will happen to bring you back."

Lucy's temper gave way under the pressure of such constant affliction. She became gloomy and abstracted, "and sometimes turned with spirit, and even fierceness, on those by whom she was long and closely annoyed. Her health also began to be shaken"; but Lady Ashton only saw in such symptoms evidence of expiring resolution, and adopted a system of pressure which must be pronounced to be "truly detestable and diabolical."

Ailsie Gourlay is selected by Lady Ashton to attend upon her

daughter. The hag does her hellish work to the full satisfaction of the designs and the wishes of the mother. Omens are expounded, dreams interpreted, and other tricks of jugglery-such as showing to Lucy in a mirror her lover bestowing his hand upon a lady—are practised. Miss Ashton's mind became unsettled, and her health Sir William at length expels the accursed witch from decayed daily. the castle; but the hag had done her work but too well. Lady Ashton next provides a Presbyterian clergyman, and adds spiritual terrors to the horrors of superstition. Mr. Bide-the-bent, however. consents to forward a letter by a sure hand to absent Edgar. Lucy felt despondingly that an evil fate hung over the attachment, to which, despite so many trials, she clung with honourable tenacity; and she declared that she neither could nor would resign her contract without the consent of Ravenswood. "Let me be assured that he will free me from my engagement, and dispose of me as you please: I care not how." Still no letter from Edgar. The terrible day comes on which the victim is to sign and seal; and that day supplies the very strongest scene in the drama. At Lucy's first attempt to sign she began to write with a dry pen. The signature remained incomplete, defaced, and blotted; because she heard the hasty tramp of a horse, a step in the outer gallery, a voice which she knew. "He is come! he is come!"

Edgar Ravenswood enters the apartment. He "had more the appearance of one returned from the dead than of a living visitor." His rich dress was travelled-soiled and deranged by hard riding. His slouched hat lent an "additional gloom to his dark features, which, wasted by sorrow, and marked by the ghastly look communicated by long illness, added to a countenance naturally somewhat stern and wild a fierce and even savage expression." There was a deep silence in the company for more than two minutes.

The group comprises Sir William and Lady Ashton; Lucy's two brothers, Bucklaw, Craigengelt, and the clergyman; while pale Lucy herself, whose enfeebled mind is reduced to a state of stupor by the passions raging round her, and by her long suffering, sits there half-inanimate and apparently indifferent. The dark stern Ravenswood, with dishevelled dress and wild looks, in an ecstasy of fierce desperation which overcrows the natures of all there—with the exception of Lady Ashton—stands armed, and risks death in order to obtain a decisive interview with his affianced bride. An expression of sorrow fills his eyes as he looks upon that Lucy who seemed to him so faithless. By the irony of the fate that was hunting the lovers to their doom, he misjudges his love, and adds to Lucy's sufferings by a tone

of reproach. He did not know how much she had borne and suffered to be true to him, and he could not know that her reason was unhinged. Lucy's bloodless lips could only falter out the words, "It was my mother." Half-passively she admits writing the letter and signing the contract; and half-unconsciously she gives back the broad piece of gold which she had worn ever in her bosom. her other sorrows is added the bitterness of being misconceived by the man she loved, by the man for whose sake she had endured so much. Edgar's indignation is natural. Clear evidence, as it seems, is against her, and she makes no sign. He prays to God that she may not become a world's wonder for this act of wilful and deliberate perjury; and then, underlying the challenges of Sholto and of Bucklaw, Edgar rode very slowly past Bucklaw and the Colonel, "raising his hat as he passed each, and looking in their faces steadily while he offered this mute salutation, which was returned by both with the same stern gravity."

The wedding takes place, Lucy feverishly passive and torpid; and the hags are there. "Whilk of these revellers' turns will it be to be streekit first?" asks one beldame. "It is the bride," is the reply of Ailsie Gourlay. "I tell ye, her winding-sheet is up as high as her throat already; believe it wha list. Her sand has but few grains to rin out, and nae wonder—they've been weel shaken."

"D'ye see her yonder," said Dame Gourlay, indicating Lady Ashton, "as she prances on her grey gelding out at the kirkyard? there's mair o' utter devilry in that woman, as brave and fair-fashioned as she rides yonder, than in a' the Scotch witches that ever flew by moonlight over North Berwick Law." Then come the horrors of the bridal night-horrors of which the wounded Bucklaw says, "If a lady shall question me henceforward upon the incidents of that unhappy night, I shall remain silent, and in future consider her as one who has shown herself desirous to break off her friendship with me; in a word, I will never speak to her again. But if a gentleman shall ask me the same question, I shall regard the incivility as equivalent to an invitation to meet him in the Duke's Walk." Never could Bucklaw, a sadder and a wiser man, forget that frenzied cry-"So, you have ta'en up your bonny bridegroom!" It was young and beautiful Lucy's last utterance. On the following night, the poor girl, strained in body and in mind beyond her endurance, passed away. "Convulsion followed convulsion, till they closed in death." And so Ailsie Gourlay's prophecy came true; and so the mother, in whom there was so much of utter devilry, is in her sort triumphant, and has in this sombre fashion prevented the marriage of Lucy and of Edgar.

Next comes the funeral of the wretched girl so foully done to death. Again, and for the last time, the malignant hags croak over sorrow, doom, and dole. A thirteenth mourner is counted, and Edgar Ravenswood, his misjudgment at an end, and all resentment gone, watches, in the anguish of despair, the interment of the fair creature he had loved so well.

Colonel Ashton's challenge for the next morning at Wolf's Hope is accepted, and in his own old ruined tower Edgar passes his last sleepless night on earth. Taking pathetic leave of faithful old Caleb Balderstone, the last Ravenswood rides fiercely to the duel, and horse and man disappear whelmed in the kelpie's flow. "One only vestige of his fate appeared. A large sable feather had been detached from his hat, and the rippling waves of the rising tide wafted it to Caleb's feet. The old man took it up, dried it, and placed it in his bosom."

And so in death they were not long divided. Edgar has rejoined Lucy, and doom is fulfilled.

And this dark, soiled raven's plume, at once a symbol and a relic, is all that remains of the doomed Edgar Ravenswood. Gone, in one quick stroke of pitiless annihilation, his beauty and his youth, his courage and his force, his high heart, his sad life, and his bitter lot! No decision of the English House of Peers shall ever restore to him those possessions of his long-descended fathers, which the guile and the greed of Ashton had wrung from the Ravenswoods by means of the iniquity of Scottish law. Edgar is the last of his race, the fated scion of the old, fierce, powerful, proud house. Fortune smiled upon only to mock him. Love seemed within his grasp; the restoration of his heritage appeared to be within his reach; hope shone upon the gallant, generous, sorrowful youth—and all is whelmed beneath the kelpie's flow! And yet Nemesis is partly just. No heir of Ashton shall succeed to the inheritance or the lordship of Ravenswood. Lucy is in her grave, and her two brothers die young and unmarried. The old glories of the stately house know no heir, and receive no lord. The line has perished, and name and fame die out for Ravens-The poem of the dark house is fully accomplished, and its descendants know it no more.

The deadly completion of the tragedy is wrought by a woman by an implacable, pitiless, and inhuman woman, whose dæmonic will brought down upon her victims misery, ruin—death. She struck at Ravenswood, the man she hated, over the life and the love of her murdered child. Blind agents both of Fate, Bucklaw, and Edgar lose all that might have been hoped for from an interview with the helpless Lucy, who never could unfold her heart, owing to the baleful presence of that Lady Ashton who felt no conscience and who knew no ruth.

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend So horrid as in woman;

and Margaret Douglas, otherwise Ashton, remains in this romance of saddest story a monster of feminine cruelty and hate. Still, her wickedness is womanly; it is not violent masculine devilry.

Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

With noble truth to the facts of life, and not to pretty or sentimental conceptions of life, Scott depicts his heroine of hell as living to extreme old age, the only survivor of the actors in that gruesome tragedy.

Devoted old Caleb pined and died within a year after the death The Ashton family, with one exception, died of his loved master. In this exception Scott shows one of his profoundest touches of great art. "Lady Ashton lived to the verge of extreme old age, the only survivor of the group of unhappy persons, whose misfortunes were owing to her implacability. That she might internally feel compunction, and reconcile herself with Heaven whom she had offended, we will not, and we dare not deny; but to those around her she did not evince the slightest symptom of repentance or remorse. In all external appearance she bore the same bold, haughty, unbending character which she had displayed before these unhappy events. splendid marble monument records her name, titles, and virtues; while her victims remain undistinguished by tomb or epitaph." But to those victims, to Edgar and to Lucy, the genius of Sir Walter Scott has given deathless tombs and unfailing epitaphs.

Lucy ranks, in sorrow and in fate, with Juliet and with Desdemona. Her sufferings were greater even than those of her unhappy lover; but dark, stern, doomed Edgar Ravenswood exists to all time one of the saddest and most splendid figures in tragical romance. In this melancholy but most working story, Lady Ashton remains the sole survivor of those houses of Ravenswood and of Ashton, which but for her might have been so happily united, but which this dæmonic woman drives to misery, to ruin, to extinction.

STAGE GHOSTS.

BIASSED by the vulgar debasement of the supernatural in distorted melodrama of an order only just obsolete, we have been very much inclined latterly to assign the much-ridiculed ghost a lower position in the relative scale of dramatic components than is its due. A more extensive examination of the subject will go to show that the frequent recurrence of supernatural visitations in the dramatic literature of the universe was not owing primarily, as is generally considered, to the mere gratefulness of such expedients in moving a horror skilfully, but to the infinitely more powerful circumstance that the dramatist, in striving to depict all the varying shades of human thought and passion, could not afford to overlook a superstition common to humanity, and based upon the intuitive belief in a higher Providence and a future state.

So distinctly prominent was the supernatural element at the earliest period of theatrical history—when playgoing was little else than a pleasant form of religious worship—that, as a matter of fact, the Grecian dramatists left posterity but scant scope for inventing new methods of ghost manipulation. Thus, while in the "Eumenides" of Æschylus, Clytemnestra, earthy in form, but ghostly in garb, voluntarily revisits the glimpses of the moon, exposing her breast wound with the intention of arousing the vengeance of the Furies against the matricide Orestes; Darius, on the other hand, in "The Persians" of the same tragedian, is made to signify his displeasure at being raised from the grave before the entire Court by an incantation, and exhibits much petulant inquisitiveness before vouchsafing the information sought by Atossa regarding the fortunes of the Persians in Greece. In the "Alcestis" of Euripides, again, the heroine on her return from the infernal regions is deprived of speech on the count that she might be tempted to reveal the secrets of the other world.

In Italy the dramatist appears, on the whole, to have relied more upon the ingenuity of the stage mechanist than upon his own creative faculties; their ghosts have a heavy lack of intellect. About the most presentable specimen is found at an early period—in 1460,

when Gregorio Carraro wrote his much-admired Latin drama of "Progne." Apparently, no perfunctory half-heartedness staved the hand of this youthful nephew of Pope Gregory XII. in limning the shade of Diomedes. Making its appearance in a kind of prologue to the play, this horrible spectre blasts everything, animate or otherwise, it comes in contact with, and continues on its wild course of destruction until dragged down to hell by an invisible hand. notion of the pains taken in the actual stage production of ghosts in Italy may be gleaned from the following receipt for compounding a spectre, as given in Angelo Ingegneri's curious treatise on the theatre (1594). "If the spirit," says he, "be not already upon the stage when the curtain rises, it should enter at the far end, behind a thin black veil which should wear the semblance or give the idea of a dark cloud or dense body of air, such as may be supposed to surround an inhabitant of the infernal regions during its temporary sojourn upon earth. Through this veil the shade should be seen in perpetual motion; for, in my opinion, a ghost should never stand still. The dress or drapery I would recommend is black taffety or sarsenet, which should fall over and conceal the face, hands, and feet, so that the figure would appear a formless form. The tones of the voice should be loud, hoarse, hollow, and monotonous, and the vanishing or instantaneous disappearance ought to be followed by the sudden consumption by fire of the black veil; so that the ghost would seem to sink in flames to its infernal abode, a circumstance that would serve to heighten the terror which such appearances are intended to inspire." The ridiculous stress laid upon the stage manipulation of the ghost in Italy is aptly shown by an incident related in "A Comparison between French and Italian Music" (1709) as having been witnessed by the writer in an opera performed at the Theatre Capranic in Rome in 1698. The ghost of a woman appeared suddenly before a possë of soldiers, and by a simultaneous extension of arms and deft unfolding of drapery quickly transformed itself into a complete palace, with façade, wings, body, and court-To complete the absurdity, the soldiers then struck their halberts sharply on the stage, and were immediately metamorphosed into waterworks, cascades, trees, &c., thus forming a charming foreground to the palace. Let it be said, however, that in after times, when the influence of Shakespeare and Voltaire had been distinctly felt, the Italian ghost was shorn of its scenic excrescences, and received considerable intellectual elevation; a notable case in point presenting itself in Vicenzo Monti's prize drama "Aristodemo," which has all the tragic power of Alfieri, with appreciably more polish of style.

In reverting to the history of the ghost drama in England, thoughts of Shakespeare naturally come uppermost, especially as it is to his overmastering genius that we owe the preservation of this species of play in its highest and most legitimate form, at a time when the lower and more "popular" phase has grown well-nigh obsolete. In treating this aspect of the supernatural in five of his plays, Shakespeare was not so much influenced by the allowed practices of his own or even more ancient stages, as by the manners and superstitions of his audience. Indeed in some instances, particularly in the dream scene in "Cymbeline"—i.e. irrespective of the side issue whether the accompanying rhyming dialogue is spurious or no-the suspicion must arise that this theme has been harped upon more to feed the appetite of the vulgar than to eke out the vital necessities of the play. Writing for posterity is a very pretty sentiment in its way, but every playwright has first to consider the taste of his public and work accordingly. This Shakespeare did; and to such purpose that no other dramatist who reverts frequently to the ghost device has handled the theme with so much power, variety, and discrimination. In "Richard III." (1593) the somewhat absurd proximity of the tents of Richmond and his antagonist is surely another proof—if more were needed, as some appear to think—of the scenic vagueness of the Stuart-Elizabethan stage. Here we have a direct pandering to the tastes of the audience in the material representation of the dreams of two generals. In one short scene we are treated to no fewer than eleven apparitions (nine only of whom have appeared previously in the play as living beings), all seemingly acting in concert and producing their powerful effect on Richard by mere reiteration. And all this based on the vague tradition, as preserved by Holinshed, that the Crookback "being asleep . . . saw divers images like terrible devils, which pulled and haled him; not suffering him to take any quiet or rest!"

We get the genuine ghost in "Julius Cæsar" 1 (1601), introduced not so much for transient stage effect as with the subtle intention

Sure they have rais'd some devil to their aid, And think to frighten Brutus with a shade; But ere the night closes this fatal day, I'll send more ghosts this visit to repay.

¹ In 1719 was published the Drury Lane acting edition of this tragedy as "altered by Sir William Davenant and John Dryden"—a statement which must be viewed with grave suspicion. The text is noteworthy, as it was that followed for many years afterwards at both houses. Lovers of claptrap may be commended to the following interpolation, which, as spoken by Brutus, brings the curtain down on the fourth act:—

of showing that the spirit of the weak-bodied Cæsar is the controlling force throughout, and eventually triumphs in the final overthrow of the conspirators at Philippi. Here we are in touch with the metaphysical essence speedily to be developed to the uttermost in "Hamlet." This recalls to mind, however, that the ghost had figured prominently on English boards, prior even to the appearance of "Richard III."; particularly in an old play on the Hamlet legend, whose lines, we may take it, were closely followed by Shakespeare, seeing that Saxo Grammaticus has naught to say of the troubled spirit of Hamlet's father. The earliest draft of Shakespeare's immortal tragedy is usually assigned to 1602; but that an older piece on the same subject had seen the light is evidenced by a distinct allusion in the Epistle by Nash prefixed to Greene's "Menaphon" (1589; perhaps 1587); and again by the fact that Henslowe makes mention in his diary of a performance of "Hamlet" by the regular players at Newington Butts, June 9, 1594. can be little or no doubt that the ghost had a place in this piece. A curious passage in "A Warning for Faire Women" (circa 1589) tends to prove this; presuming, of course, that the allusion is to the older "Hamlet." In the induction to the play, where the various sections of the drama are personified, Comedy, in disputing with Tragedy, speaks thuswise of her sable sister's idiosyncrasies.

— Then of a filthy whining ghost
Lapt in some foul sheet or a leather pilch,
Comes screaming like a pig half stick'd, and cries
Vindicta! revenge, revenge.
With that a little rosin flasheth forth
Like smoke out of a tobacco pipe or a boy's squib——

The allusion here is rendered more apparent by a passage in Lodge's "Wits Miserie, &c." (1596), treating of "a foul lubber, who looks as pale as the visard of the ghost which cried so miserably at the Theator, like an oister wife, 'Hamlet, revenge.'" It is noteworthy also that about the same time, or perhaps slightly preceding the production of Shakespeare's play, appeared another ghost drama in the shape of Marston's "Antonio's Revenge," in the third act of which occurs the following quaint stage direction: "While the measure is dancing, Andrugio's ghost is placed betwixt the music houses."

In dealing with "Hamlet" Dr. Johnson has felicitously pointed out that the tenour of Horatio's impressive apostrophe in the first act—

Stay, illusion,

If thou hast any sound or use of voice, Speak to me is very congruous in its matter to the common traditions rife in Shakespeare's day as to the causes of apparitions. Apart from this, the origin of some of the current superstitions hinted at in the Ghost's address to Hamlet may be said to lie hidden in the mists of antiquity. Thus Davies draws a well-defined analogy between the well-known

I am forbid To tell the secrets of my prison house,

and a portion of Lucian's "Dialogue of Menippus and Philonides," wherein the former is importuned to reveal the laws and decrees of the infernal judges, and excuses himself on the ground that it is unlawful to disclose what has passed in the nether regions, as those so transgressing suffered condign punishment at the hands of Rhadamanthus. This, of course, only shows the antiquity of the belief, not, as Davies argues, the source from whence Shakespeare drew his inspiration.

A similar far-reaching origin applies to the cock-crowing superstition so common among the vulgar in Shakespeare's time. Steevens very pertinently remarks that Philostratus, in his relation of the appearance of Achilles's ghost to Apollonius Tyaneus, says it disappeared amid scintillations at the crowing of the cock. A propos, Sir Jonah Barrington gives us an amusing glimpse in his "Memoirs" of the licence taken by the Dublin actors, about 1787, in connection with this portion of the Ghost's address. Just as the dagger had its material representative in Macbeth's famous soliloquy when the tragedy was performed in Germany for the first time, so the Milesian audiences were regularly indulged with a cock-crowing mimic, who fulfilled his office so satisfactorily as not only to disarm the subtle criticism of the "gods," but to startle half a dozen roosters, specially conveyed behind the scenes, into a similar foolishness.

Between the buried Majesty of Denmark and the shade of Banquo a wide gulf resolves itself. The one, tangible in a way, endowed with speech, and constituting the mainspring of the dramatic motive; the other purely episodical—the mere silent conjuration of a distempered brain, and visible only to that intelligence. Strictly speaking, the former is simply an apparition, tout court, the latter a veritable ghost. Absurdly enough, Lloyd, Davies, Hazlitt, Tieck, Grant White, and other commentators seem to imply in their reasonings that Shakespeare was not metaphysician enough to appreciate this radical dissimilarity; ignoring the fact that the poet, as already pointed out, was considerably handicapped by popular taste,

¹ Vide Vit. Apoll. iv. 16.

which did not tend towards the intangible in supernatural visitations. So little ground for sympathy exists between the commentators and the histrionic profession as an entity, that the wild endeavours of the closet-reader to force his convictions upon the tradition-loving player cannot but appear supremely ridiculous to the unbiassed onlooker. Up to Garrick's time the explicit stage direction, "The Ghost of Banquo rises and sits in Macbeth's place," had been religiously obeyed, and the effect plainly rendered before the eyes of the audience. Since that, opinion has been divided, as the actor, misled by the commentators, appears to think he has the option of playing the scene either in the original manner or according to the tenets of modern philosophy. This is a huge mistake; Shakespeare does not lend himself to modern methods of illustration, as we can very plainly see by the ill done in lavishing excessive scenic detail upon a drama, essentially one of the vaguest background. Phelps at Sadler's Wells (May 1844), and Charles Kean at the Princess's (February 1853), wise in their generation, stuck loyally to the Shakespearean mandate. In Kean's revival, the method pursued in the mounting of the banquet scene was generally considered to materially augment the effect. The rudely garbed roysterers feasting at table were set off at the front and sides by a series of archsupporting columns, attached to which were the torches, whose unearthly flickerings gave the scene its necessary weirdness. ghost of Banquo made its first appearance through an aperture in a table in the background, situated beneath a balcony of minstrels; subsequently one of the more prominent pillars became transparent and revealed the shade in its interior. Wrote a contemporary: "The effect of the apparition is perfectly novel, as far as our experience of stage matters extends, and has evidently been inspired by a poetical feeling. There is something more than mere melodramatic mechanism in the invention and contrivance of such an incident. The dazzling illumination of the head avoids much that is unpleasant in the usual representation of the gashes on the brow, and preserves the sublimity and terror proper to a supernatural appearance. It is altogether in taste."

Let us hark back a little, however.

In Middleton and Rowley's "Changeling" (1623), the murderer, De Flores, is startled in the dumb show preceding the fourth act by the apparition of his victim's shade, threateningly shaking the hand from which a jewelled finger had been cut as a token of the consummation of the deed. No very elaborate use is made of this ghostly

visitant, but its appearance and sudden vanishing in the fifth act evokes a highly poetical ejaculation from the murderer:—

Ha! what art thou that tak'st away the light Betwixt that star and me? I dread thee not: 'Twas but a mist of conscience; all's clear again!

Massinger, with all his fine melodramatic power, is very sparing with his ghosts. In his extant plays he calls them up but twice, making little capital out of their introduction, and seeming timorous of endowing them with speech. Thus in "The Roman Actor" we have the material embodiment of Cæsar's dream, in which the shades of Junius Rusticus and Palphurius Sura rise up amid "dreadful music," and wave their blood-stained weapons over the head of the uneasy slumberer. Somewhat more horrible are the ghosts of young Malefort and his poisoned mother in the "Unnatural Combat"; the one "naked to the waist" and full of wounds, the other exposing a leprous face to the audience. They give their interrogator to understand, by means of signs, that they are bereft of speech, but manage very well to answer everything asked of them in perspicuous dumb-show.

After the Restoration, the stage ghost, as a thing invulnerable to the assaults of the Puritan, reappeared in all its pristine force and vigour. At least, such is the inference to be drawn from the prologue to Dryden and Nat. Lee's "Œdipus, King of Thebes"-a play very popular when first acted at the Duke's Theatre in 1678, and frequently revived and reprinted down to the year 1760. In this tragedy, as in "The Persians" of Æschylus and "Semiramis" of Voltaire, the shade (of Laius) is invoked from the infernal regions by means of an incantation. The prominence of the ghost as a grateful auxiliary in the tragedies of some thirty years later is clearly shown by a remark of Addison in the forty-fourth Spectator. "There is nothing," he says, "which delights and terrifies our English Theatre so much as a ghost, especially when he appears in a bloody shirt. A spectre has very often saved a play, though he has done nothing but stalked across the stage, or rose through a cleft of it and sunk again without speaking one word." Again, in his humorous list of properties alleged to be for sale in consequence of the closing of Drury Lane Theatre, Addison, in the forty-second Tatler, gives us an insight into the external trappings of the orthodox spectre of the period. One of the items consists of "a suit of clothes for a ghost, viz, a bloody shirt, a doublet curiously pinked, and a coat with three great eyelet-holes upon the breast."

In Benjamin Martyn's "Timoleon," as produced at Drury Lane

in 1730, the ghost of an uninjured father rises before his evil-minded son Timophanes in a darkened apartment, and warns him of the peril of his course. Timoleon, the virtuous brother of the tyrant, enters during the interview, but fails to perceive the shade when appealed to by the momentarily distracted villain. Here is the ghostly admonition:—

Beware, beware, beware, Timoleon's death! Hear, mark and tremble at thy future fate: Vengeance awaits thee; this thy father tells thee; Hear and attend me—Oh my son! repent! Repent, or soon thou wilt be doom'd to Torments, To endless Torments, never ceasing Pains; I may no more—Redress thy Country's Wrongs. Observe, Repent, Redress.

It was in this self-same year that Fielding brought out at the Haymarket the early draft of his mock tragedy of "Tom Thumb," in which the ghost of Gaffer Thumb, after indulging in a great deal of grandiloquent language, parodying sundry inflated passages in "The Conquest of Granada," "Cyrus the Great," &c., is actually killed by the diminutive hero of the burlesque. Fielding subsequently expanded the piece from two to three acts, omitting the whimsical episode mentioned above, which, as we are credibly informed by Mrs. Pilkington, was the instigation of making the usually sedate creator of "Gulliver" laugh heartily for only the second time in his life. In "Pasquin," again, the "Prose Homer of Human Nature" is once more quietly humorous at the expense of the contemporary stage hobgoblin, waxing terribly sarcastic over the cock-crowing tradition. Trapwit is seriously made to declare that "a Ghost is the Soul of Tragedy," and farther on Sneerwell, in confessing his inability to see the necessary connection between thunder and lightning and unearthly visitations, is informed by Fustian, with equal phlegm, that these theatrical auxiliaries "are, indeed, properly the paraphernalia of a ghost."

The hollow insincerity of the French in their protestations respecting a scrupulous regard of the rules of the Ancients is plainly evinced by the fact that the ghost (which, as we have seen, was a common factor in Grecian tragedy) had no place whatsoever in the dramatic art of that country until the time of Voltaire. Its introduction then was virtually the direct result of Shakespearean influence, as Voltaire, while openly vilifying and misrepresenting the English Sophocles, was not above attempting to revolutionise his own stage by the methods of the despised one. Thus it was his servile imitation of Othello in "Zara" that eradicated the French prejudice against

killing in sight of the audience. Voltaire had made some mild tentative plagiarisms from "Hamlet" in his tragedy of "Eryphile," written in 1732; but his clumsy handling of the ghost of Amphiaraus in the fourth act went so far towards marring the success of the play that when Ducis's version of "Hamlet," with Mole in the title-rôle, was brought out in 1769, the spectral device was entirely discarded. However, the vexed question of the permissibility of the ghost in modern classical tragedy was disposed of, once and for ever. by the reception meted out to "Semiramis," which had been ostensibly written for that purpose. Here, for the second time, Voltaire fell far short of our own great mover of the supernatural. There is a touch of Æschylus as well as Shakespeare in the shade of Ninus, but the apparition labours under the heavy misfortune of being superfluous—a fault sharply accentuated by the ridiculously bombastic nature of its language. An amusing contretemps that occurred during the first representation of this tragedy contributed very materially towards the abolition of the custom of allowing the grand seigneurs to obtrude themselves upon the stage. After the stereotyped number of thunderclaps the ghost is supposed to burst from the tomb in broad daylight, face to face with the entire Court. So great was the crowd of stage loungers on the première that the sentinel deputed to guard the entrance to the tomb found it necessary, much to the amusement of the audience, to demand in ringing tones, "Room for the Ghost, gentlemen, please. Room for the Ghost." This incident. bordering perilously on the ludicrous, stimulated Voltaire in his endeavours towards banishing these irritating stage-lumberers—a reform. thanks to the material support rendered by others, he eventually effected. The play triumphed despite its many faults and daring innovations; but the highly absurd figure cut by the ghost, with all its utterances "wrapped up in oracular obscurity," ruined its prospects in England, when Ayscough's indifferent version was produced at Drury Lane in 1776. Referring to the alteration of the arrangement round the tomb, whereby only the widow and the son of the departed Ninus were allowed a private interview with the Monarch's shade, a contemporary says: "In this scene the figure and port of the Assyrian monarch exactly resembled those of an old Chelsea pensioner employed to watch a churchyard, and bursting from a sentrybox to catch the persons who came to steal bodies for the surgeons."

From a poverty of ghosts the French stage in course of time arrived at a plethora. Thus in Dumas the elder's "Don Juan de Marona" (1836), the immortal scapegrace, while prosecuting his libertinism within the sanctuary of a church, is incontinently seized

by the statue of an old flame and made to behold the shades of all those whose journey to another world he had expedited in a wild vision of white sheets and wax tapers. Then comes the masterstroke. The maledictions of those who had loved "not wisely, but too well," having evoked the descent of an angel with a flaming sword to fulfil the retributive decree (carried nem. con.), nothing remains but for the shade of Juan's father to emerge from the tomb to say a good word on behalf of his scaramouch!

Writing of the Drury Lane season of 1781-82, Charles Lamb, in his "First Play," treats of "a pantomime called 'Lun's Ghost'—a satiric touch, I apprehend, upon Rich not long since dead-but to my apprehension (too severe for satire) Lun was as remote a piece of antiquity as Lud-the father of a long line of Harlequins-transmitting his dagger of lath (the wooden sceptre) through countless ages. I saw the primeval Motley come from the silent tomb in a ghastly vest of white patch-work, like the apparition of a dead rainbow. So harlequins (thought I) look when they are dead." After this it was an easy step to the melodramatic ghost, which may be said to date from "Monk" Lewis's "Castle Spectre," as produced at Drury Lane in 1798. Not very long ago Mr. John Hollingshead sought to show us what egregious fools our grandfathers were, by a half-hearted revival of this, one of their favourite pieces; but he failed to convince us that a play that had held the stage for close on half a century was altogether devoid of genuine dramatic "grit." Viewing "The Castle Spectre" as a melodrama of its class, and taking into consideration the undeveloped stage resources of the period, its various ghost effects pass muster very respectably. Added to this it contains several capital acting parts. One notices in reading the piece a grimly humorous bit of business in the armoury scene in the second act that causes the mind to speedily revert to the incident in "Les Cloches de Corneville," wherein Gaspard is considerably upset by the movements of Grenicheaux when the lily-livered fisherman is imprisoned in the old armour. But as a fair specimen of the attractions of the melodrama, the concluding action must be referred to. The scene is "a gloomy subterraneous cavern," and the stage direction runs: "Osmond, drawing his sword, rushes upon Reginald, who is disarmed and beaten upon his knees; when at the moment that Osmond lifts his arm to stab him Evelina's ghost throws herself between them; Osmond starts back and drops his sword—Angela, disengaging herself from Hassan, springs suddenly forward and plunges her dagger into Osmond's bosom, who falls with a loud groan and faints. The

ghost vanishes; Angela and Reginald rush into each other's arms. Curtain."

After running the gamut of the minor theatres, the melodramatic ghost made its appearance in somewhat over-ripe form at Richardson's booth. Such an overmastering belief had the quaint, honest-hearted old showman in the drawing powers of spectres and blue fire, that his extravagant use of both went as far in its way towards stultifying the regular ghost drama as the burlesques that subsequently banished the general run of highly coloured melodrama.

Writing in editorial fashion, Mark Lemon—apparently oblivious of the fact that he himself, as a melodramatic playwright, did not come to the assault with perfectly clean hands—tells us that he was "once introduced to the celebrated Muster Richardson, and were presented with a free admission to his 'theatre as one of the profession.' The drama was called 'The Wandering Outlaw; or, the Hour of Retribution,' concluding with the 'Death of Orsino, and the appearance of the Accusing Spirit.' We did not enjoy it very much, as the rain came through the canvas, and the principal tragedian and the ghost had the influenza."

One very important fact in connection with the rough-and-ready type of spectral drama is that the improvements effected in the stage management of ghosts were distinctly felt in more "legitimate" grooves long after the Monk Lewis school had become effete. Thus, when "Hamlet" was revived at the Queen's Theatre in August 1846. with Mr. Abington in the title-rôle, the appearances of the ghost on the battlements and in the Queen's chamber were made behind some cleverly worked transparent scenery, the two being so well confused by means of a powerful light that the shade of Hamlet's father actually acquired the semblance of being seen through. In Charles Dillon's revival of the tragedy at the Lyceum, in February 1857, this contrivance underwent considerable elaboration in the closet scene. avowedly with the intention of smoothing over the obvious awkwardness of the Queen's lack of perception. The lower part of the back and side scene at one angle became transparent and revealed the shade of the deceased king in the act of passing from behind his own portrait to a certain defined point, where it vanished, thing to be said in favour of the innovation is that it saved the shallow spectator the fatigue of pondering over the contradictory nature of the scene; as for the rest, Shakespeare never intended this metaphysical puzzle to be solved in any such arbitrary fashion. In a word, the mistake made is only another illustration of the absurdity of applying modern methods of over-scenic elaboration to a drama void of background.

A very suggestive bit of "business," based upon an old stage artifice was introduced by Mr. Henry Irving in his Lyceum revival of the play (January 1879). In the first act the Ghost, having departed on one side of the stage, was almost instantaneously seen to glide (way at the back of the scene in the opposite direction. Needless to say that Mr. T. Mead was in this instance favoured with a stage "double." No other very startling innovation presented itself, but in the scene where Hamlet learns the secret of his father's undoing, the impressive stage setting of Mr. Hawes Craven gave presence to the shade, and readily lent itself to a surprising exit. This was about all that could be done for one of the most conventional rôles on the boards. Strange to say, notwithstanding the never ending new readings of the play, the Ghost still mourns on in that "slow, solemn, and undertone of voice," and wends its weary way with that "noiseless tread, as if composed of air," which we are authoritatively told were the prime characteristics of Barton Booth's acting in the part.

The second and last great epoch in the history of the melodramatic ghost dates from February 24, 1852, when Boucicault's loose version of "Les Frères Corses" was produced by Charles Kean at the Princess's. A fact not generally known in connection with Dumas's play, as originally brought out at the Théâtre Historique, in Paris, some five or six years previously, is that the famous sliding trap and ghost melody had no place in the performance. Indeed, so repugnant to the French instinct was this trapwork, that when Fechter resumed the dual rôle (his original creation) in English form, at the Princess's in 1862, he discarded it altogether. M. Stöpel's awe-inspiring "Ghost Melody" is said to have been nothing more than a clever rearrangement of a Movement in one of Mozart's Masses; but the public have yet to learn of the inventor of the contrivance by means of which an apparition was first made to appear gradually upon the stage by a lateral instead of a perpendicular ascent. One would not be very far wrong, perhaps, in assigning it to the inscrutable Dion himself, who as a practical stage mechanist has few living rivals. this, however, is a more or less interesting departure from the main issue. The intrinsic value of "The Corsican Brothers" in its epoch-making aspect lies in its pronounced psychology. can be little room for doubting that the success of this play-its immediate influence and long-extended popularity—contributed very materially towards the education of the masses up to the pitch required

for the comprehension of that terrible avalanche of quasi-scientific fiction, whose advent was significantly heralded by the appearance of Hugh Conway's "Called Back." So far as the Drama is concerned, its influence is clearly apparent. Striking the iron at white heat, Boucicault wrote his conglomeration of horrors called "The Vampire" (Princess's Theatre, June 1852), with a catastrophe portraying the destruction of the stealthy blood-sucker by the collapse of a tower, after having a mauvais quart d'heure with the apparitions of two hapless maidens whom he had sent to their account only a few centuries previously. Of a surety, when Mr. W. S. Gilbert perpetrated "Ruddygore," he must have had in his mind's eye a vision scene in Boucicault's concoction, in which a female character receives warning of her impending doom by beholding the former victims of the monster in the act of walking out of their portrait frames. All this, however, was a mere foolish retrogression to the long-forgotten "Alonzo and Imogene" style of piece; the psychological grip was more directly seen in Wilkins's posthumous drama, "Selfishness," as produced at the City of London Theatre in February 1856. In this play the essence of the hero's conscience actually formed one of the dramatis personæ, and followed him about on the stage as a sort of wraith or double. Some six or seven years afterwards it seemed as if the ghost drama was about to take a fresh lease of existence, consequent upon the temporary success on the regular boards (notably at the Adelphi, in June 1863) of the startling optical illusions first shown to the public by Professor Pepper at the Polytechnic, and still popular in the provinces as a separate species of entertainment. Owing, however, to the many drawbacks incidental to the use of the contrivance in an ordinary theatre, it was speedily abandoned. The great reflecting glass on the stage was deemed a source of perpetual danger to actors not habituated to its presence. and, moreover, was occasionally found to so far err in its work as to show the pittites their counterfeit presentments when the reflection should have been that of the character in the "oven" below.

Anything but a prosperous career awaits the stage ghost in the future. In these days of Spiritualism and general Psychic Research we are prone to view supernatural appearances more in the light of scientific apathy than in that of the old-time terror. No longer do we quake at ghosts; we set to work to analyse them. Fielding humorously endeavoured in "Pasquin" to convey the auricular impression of the "ghost of some poor opera tune"; but such a feat would be trifling compared with the efforts required of the daring concocter of ghost drama who should essay to keep pace with the

rapid marches of recent psychological fiction. The stage must always be abreast of the times. One extraordinary and consoling fact in connection with the *facile princeps* of all ghost plays is, that while its supernatural elements were created with the immediate purpose of inspiring terror in the minds of Stuart-Elizabethan audiences, they retain other characteristics which render the tragedy eminently acceptable to the present age of telepathic belief. The Buried Majesty of Denmark is alike visible to Hamlet, Horatio, and the watch; but in the closet scene the incestuous queen has no cognisance of its speech or action. The only solution to the mystery is that Shakespeare apparently intended to convey the impression that the spirit possessed a certain occult influence over humanity, and had the power of making itself heard and seen by one only of two persons present with whom it had been intimately associated in the flesh.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

ANTI-JACOBINS AND REFORMERS.

THE disastrous and on every ground deplorable wars with France in which England was engaged, with one brief intermission, from 1793 till 1815, served no good purpose by teaching the lesson, which so few chose to learn, that all such crusading is mischievous and inexcusable; and its effects on the political, social, and financial condition of England itself were in no way compensated for by the fact that the lesson was in this respect somewhat better learnt. Journalism gained much, however, and even the hardships endured by many newspaper managers and writers had in the long run very beneficial results.

Before the French Revolution actually began, the causes that led to it were influencing English opinion; and, besides the widespread sympathy that thoughtful Englishmen felt for the victims of Bourbon oppression and of the evils incident to the degraded feudalism by which the opposition was rendered possible, Rousseau, Voltaire, and other pioneers of the Revolution had disciples in our own country as well as in France. Socialism, republicanism, what its opponents called atheism, and other heresies sprang up; and though they showed themselves in pamphlets and poems, at meetings of democratic associations, and in the private talk of men who shrank from saying openly what they thought, before there was much evidence of them in newspapers—for the newspapers, being highly priced, still circulated but little among the poor, and were never written specially for them the newspapers were affected. Coleridge and his friends were only to a small extent disciples of Rousseau, and they soon abandoned that "pantisocracy" with which they amused themselves for a time; but when Coleridge and his friends propounded their mild Radicalism in The Morning Post and other papers, they were sneered at and denounced as Jacobins, and it was in vain that they repudiated the title.

What was understood by Jacobinism in his day we may gather

from one of Coleridge's admirable articles in The Morning Post, which, entitled "Once a Jacobin always a Jacobin," discussed "this charitable adage at one time fashionable in the Ministerial circles." "The base venal creatures, and the blind and furious bigots, of the late Ministry," he wrote in 1802, "comprehended under that word all who, from whatever cause, opposed the late war and the late Ministry, and whom they hate for this opposition with such mortal hatred as is usual with bigots alarmed and detected culprits. a Jacobin always a Jacobin,' signifies no more in the minds of these men than 'Such a one is a man whom I shall never cease to hate,' With other men, honest and less violent anti-Jacobins, the word implies a man whose affections have been warmly and deeply interested in the cause of general freedom, who has hoped all good and honourable things both of and for mankind. In this sense of the word Jacobin, the adage would affirm that no man can ever become altogether an apostate to liberty who has at any time been sincerely and fervently attached to it. His hopes will burn like the Greek fire, hard to be extinguished and easily rekindled. Even when he despairs of the cause, he will yet wish that it had been successful; and even when private interests have warped his public character, his convictions will remain, and his wishes often rise up in rebellion against his outward actions and public avowals. Thus interpreted, the assertion 'once a Jacobin always a Jacobin' is so favourable a representation of human nature that we are willing—too willing, perhaps—to admit it even without proof. There is yet a third class of anti-Jacobins, and of this class we profess ourselves to be, who use the word Jacobin as they use the word Whig, and both words only for want of a better, who confess that Jacobin is too often a word of vague abuse, but believe that there are certain definite ideas, hitherto not expressed in any single word, which may be attached to this word, and who in consequence uniformly use the word Jacobin with certain definite ideas attached to it-those ideas and no other.

"A Jacobin, in *our* sense of the term, is one who believes, and is disposed to act on the belief, that all or the greater part of the happiness or misery, virtue or vice, of mankind depends on forms of government; who admits no form of government as either good or rightful which does not flow directly and formally from the persons governed; who, considering life, health, moral and intellectual improvement, and liberty both of person and conscience, as blessings which governments are bound as far as possible to increase and secure to every inhabitant, whether he has or has not any fixed pro-

perty, and moreover as blessings of infinitely greater value to each individual than the preservation of property can be to any individual - does consequently and consistently hold that every inhabitant who has attained the age of reason has a natural and inalienable right to an equal share in the choice of the governors. In other words, the Jacobins affirm that no legislature can be rightful or good which did not proceed from universal suffrage. In the power and under the control of a legislature so chosen he places all and everything, with the exception of the natural rights of the man and the means appointed for the preservation and exercise of these rights, by a direct vote of the nation itself—that is to say, by a constitution. Finally, the Jacobin deems it both justifiable and expedient to effect these requisite changes in faulty governments by absolute revolutions, and considers no violences as properly rebellious or criminal which are the means of giving to a nation the power of declaring and enforcing its sovereign will. In brief, therefore, a Jacobin's creed is this: 1. A government is the organ by which form and publicity are given to the sovereign will of the people, and by which that will is enforced and exercised. 2. A government is likewise the instrument and means of purifying and regulating the national will by its public discussions, and by direct institutions for the comfort and instruction of the people. 3. Every native of a country has an equal right to that quantity of property which is necessary for the sustenance of his life and health. 4. All property beyond this, not being itself a right, can confer no right. Superior wisdom, with superior virtue, would indeed confer a right of superior power. But who is to decide on the possession? Not the person himself who makes the claim; and, if the people, then the right is given and not inherent. Votes, therefore, cannot be weighed in this way, and they must not be weighed in any other way. Nothing, therefore, remains possible but that they must be *numbered*. No form of electing representatives is rightful but that of universal suffrage. Every individual has a right to elect, and a capability of being elected. 5. The legislature has an absolute power over all other property but that of article three, unless the people shall have declared otherwise in the constitution. 6. All governments not constituted on these principles are unjust govern-7. The people have a right to overturn them in whatever way it is possible; and any means necessary to this end become ipso facto right means. 8. It is the right and duty of each individual living under that government, as far as in him lies, to impel and enable the people to exercise these rights. The man who subscribes to all these articles is a complete Jacobin; to many but not all of

them, a semi-Jacobin; and the man who subscribes to any one article (excepting the second, which the Jacobin professes only in common with every other political sect not directly an advocate of despotism) may fairly be said to have a *shade* of Jacobinism in his character. If we are not greatly deceived, we could point out more than one or two celebrated anti-Jacobins who are not slightly infected with some of the worst symptoms of the madness against which they are raving, and one or two Acts of Parliament which are justifiable only upon Jacobin principles.

"These," Coleridge went on to say, "are the ideas which we attach to the word Jacobin, and no other single word expresses them. Not republican: Milton was a pure republican, yet his notions of government were highly aristocratic; Brutus was a republican, but he perished in consequence of having killed the Jacobin Cæsar. Neither does demagogue express that which we have detailed; nor yet democrat. The former word implies simply a mode of conduct, and has no reference to principles; and the latter does of necessity convey no more than that a man prefers in any country a form of government without monarchy or aristocracy, which in any country he may do and yet be no Jacobin, and which in some countries he can do without any impeachment of good sense or honesty. Whoever builds a government on personal and natural rights is, so far, a Jacobin. Whoever builds on social rights--that is, hereditary rank, property, and long prescription—is an anti-Jacobin, even though he should nevertheless be a republican, or even a democrat." 1

It will be seen that in these sentences Coleridge very justly and pithily summed up, and criticised while he epitomised, the views put forward by Rousseau and other keen-eyed and visionary prophets and pioneers of the great modern revolution, and clumsily, faultily, and in some respects falsely interpreted by the Frenchmen who, in the latter years of the eighteenth century, undertook to turn theory into practice, and, in so doing, committed many blunders and worse than blunders. The problems there raised have not yet been solved either by theorists or by practical men; and we need not wonder that the Tories of George the Third's reign were startled and alarmed by the crude presentment of them by men who found it easier in France to overturn the institutions of monarchy and aristocracy than to establish republican institutions in lieu. They are to be blamed, not for being frightened, but for allowing their fright to drive them into courses that greatly aggravated the dangers they dreaded.

When George the Third opened Parliament in December 1792,

¹ Coleridge, Essays on his own Times, vol. ii. pp. 542-548.

he declared that "the destruction of our happy constitution and the subversion of all order and government were being compassed by incendiaries and preachers of sedition, who were in league with French revolutionists," and, though Fox boldly described this language as "an intolerable calumny upon the people of Great Britain," both Houses of Parliament indorsed the royal view, and approved a proclamation which had been issued authorising the militia to deal summarily with the promoters of tumult and rebellion, who were said to be plentiful. The foolish action of the Government increased, if it did not wholly create, the danger it pretended to be in fear of, and the numerous prosecutions that ensued, resulting in long imprisonment in many cases and in hanging in a few, did all that could be done to make small perils great, and to remind many, who would otherwise have submitted meekly to the rulers placed over them, that a change must be brought about.

That was how matters stood when the quarrel was brought boldly into the field of journalism by the starting, on November 20, 1797, of *The Anti-Jacobin*, or *Weekly Examiner*. This very clever little paper was projected by George Canning and the energetic group of young politicians and scholars who, as disciples of Pitt, clamoured for more violent measures than Pitt himself proposed. Canning, now seven-and-twenty, had lately been made Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, with Lord Grenville as his chief. With him were associated Hookham Frere, George Ellis, Bankes Jenkinson (afterwards Earl of Liverpool), Lord Morpeth (afterwards Earl of Carlisle), Baron Macdonald, and other talented members of their group; Pitt himself giving an occasional article, and William Gifford, who was in his fortieth year, and already famous as the author of "The Baviad" and "The Maviad," being appointed editor.

"It may be thought a narrow and illiberal distinction," Canning wrote in the preliminary announcement, full of biting irony, "but we avow ourselves to be partial to the country in which we live, not-withstanding the daily panegyrics which we read and hear on the superior virtues and endowments of its rival and hostile neighbours. We do not dissemble that we reverence law, we acknowledge usage, we look upon prescription without hatred or horror, and we do not think these or any of them less safe guides for the moral actions of men than that new and liberal system of ethics whose operation is not to bind but to loosen the bands of social order, whose doctrine is formed not on a system of reciprocal duties, but on the supposition of individual, independent, and unconnected rights, which teaches that all men are pretty equally honest, but that some have

different notions of honesty from others, and that the most received notions are the most faulty." "Of Jacobinism in all its shapes, and in all its degrees, political and moral, public and private, whether as it openly threatens the subversion of states or gradually saps the foundations of domestic happiness, we are the avowed, determined, irreconcilable enemies," Canning further declared; and accordingly they proposed to give from week to week in The Anti-Jacobin not only a record of important events and reflections thereon, but also what would be the most important, and perhaps the largest part of the paper-"a contradiction and confutation of the falsehoods and misrepresentations concerning those events, their cause and their consequences, which may be found in the papers devoted to the cause of sedition and irreligion, to the pay or principles of France." By this means the wickedness of the Jacobin press would be exposed, and its pernicious intentions would be made productive of good; for "every week of misrepresentation will be followed by its weekly comment, and, with this correction faithfully administered, the longest course of Morning Chronicles or Morning Posts, of Stars or Couriers, may become not only innocent but beneficial." 1

The Anti-Jacobin only ran through thirty-four numbers, being dropped, as had from the first been intended, at the close of the parliamentary session on July 9, 1798; 2 but while it lasted it was a powerful medium in the hands of its skilful writers for attacking the Whigs as well as the more thoroughgoing sympathisers with the French revolutionists. Part of its policy, indeed, was to include in one category all who were not Tories of Pitt's, or rather of Canning's, school, and to make Fox and Erskine, Sheridan and Mackintosh, appear as disloyal and obnoxious as Horne Tooke or Paine, John Frost or Thelwall. Gifford wrote most, if not all, of the comments on statements in the other papers, which were classified under three heads, as "lies-downright and unblushing falsehoods," "misrepresentations," and "mistakes"; and the various contributors supplied longer articles, one or more each week, on the principal questions of the hour. The chief attraction of The Anti-Jacobin, however, was its poetical section, not announced in the prospectus.

¹ This, it will be remembered, was before *The Courier* became a supporter of the Government, and even before Coleridge had begun to write for *The Morning Post*.

² Mr. Edmonds, in the preface to his edition of *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, says: "So alarmed became Mr. Wilberforce and others of the more moderate supporters of the Ministers at the boldness of the language employed, that Mr. Pitt was induced to interfere, and *The Anti-Jacobin* ceased to exist."

Canning and Hookham Frere were smart satirists, and the brilliant verse, more witty than generous, which they and their colleagues supplied found plenty of readers, and delighted all who were not stung by them. Canning, helped by Frere, led off in the first number with a parody of one of Southey's poems; and the second number, still making game of Southey, contained the famous joke in sapphics, "The Friend of Humanity and the Needy Knife-grinder," which caused a great sensation at the time of its publication, though its humour now seems somewhat coarse and strained. Less familiar. but perhaps the best poem in the series, and certainly the longest and most carefully prepared, as all the poets on the staff of The Anti-Jacobin had a hand in writing it, was "New Morality," which filled more than half of the last number. It was a parting thrust at the whole conglomeration of Radicals and reformers, and a torrent of pungent wit and bitter humour, running through nearly five hundred In it Frere commenced by saying:-

From mental mists to purge a nation's eyes,
To animate the weak, unite the wise,
To trace the deep infection that pervades
The crowded town, and taints the rural shades,
To mark how wide extends the mighty waste
O'er the fair realms of science, learning, taste,
To drive and scatter all the brood of lies,
And chase the varying falsehood as it flies,
The long arrears of ridicule to pay,
To drag reluctant dulness back to day,
Much yet remains. To you these themes belong,
Ye favoured sons of virtue and of song!
Say, is the field too narrow? are the times
Barren of folly, and devoid of crimes?

Then Canning followed, writing most of the poem, including such couplets as these:—

Sweet child of sickly Fancy! her of yore
From her loved France Rousseau to exile bore;
And, while midst lakes and mountains wild he ran,
Full of himself, and shunned the haunts of man,
Taught her o'er each lone vale and Alpine steep
To lisp the story of his wrongs and weep;
Taught her to cherish still, in either eye,
Of tender tears a plentiful supply,
And pour them in the brooks that babbled by;
Taught by nice scale to mete her feelings strong,
False by degrees, and exquisitely wrong—
For the crushed beetle first, the widow'd dove,
And all the warbled sorrows of the grove;

Next for poor suffering guilt; and last of all
For parents, friends, a king and country's fall.
Mark her vain votaries, prodigal of grief,
With cureless pangs, and woes that mock relief,
Droop in soft sorrow o'er a faded flower,
O'er a dead jackass pour the pearly shower;
But hear, unmoved, of Loire's ensanguined flood,
Choked up with slain—of Lyons drenched with blood—
Of crimes that blot the age, the world, with shame,
Foul crimes, but sicklied o'er with freedom's name.

And, after more of this one-sided truth,

Such is the liberal justice which presides
In these our days, and modern patriots guides—
Justice, whose blood-stained book one sole decree,
One statute, fills, "The People shall be Free!"
Free! By what means? By folly, madness, guilt,
By boundless rapine, blood in oceans spilt,
By confiscation, in whose sweeping toils
The poor man's pittance with the rich man's spoils,
Mixed in one common mass, are swept away
To glut the short-lived tyrant of the day!

Canning, Frere, and Ellis combined their skill to produce this verse:—

O nurse of crimes and fashions! which in vain
Our colder, servile spirits would attain,
How do we ape thee, France! but, blundering still,
Disgrace the pattern by our want of skill.
How do we ape thee, France! nor claim alone
Thy arts, thy tastes, thy morals, for our own,
But to thy worthies render homage due,
Their "hairbreadth 'scapes" with anxious interest view—
Statesmen and heroines whom this age adores,
Though plainer times would call them rogues and whores.

The cruellest portion of this cruel poem was that in which reformers and critics of all grades, Perry and Stuart among the editors, Coleridge, Southey, and even harmless Lamb among the writers, and many more, grouped as English members of "the genuine theophilanthropic sect," were imagined as welcoming the arrival in England of Lepaux at the head of an army of atheists and supported by an army of soldiers.

Rejoiced, our clubs shall greet him, and install The holy hunchback in thy dome, St. Paul! While countless votaries, thronging in his train, Wave their red caps, and hymn this jocund strain: "Couriers and Stars, sedition's evening host, Prove, Morning Chronicle and Morning Post,

Whether ye make the Rights of Man your theme, Your country libel, and your God blaspheme, Or dirt on private worth and virtue throw, Still, blasphemous or blackguard, praise Lepaux! "And ye five other wandering bards, that move In sweet accord of harmony and love, Coleridge and Southey, Lloyd and Lamb and Co., Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux! "Priestley and Wakefield, humble, holy men, Give praises to his name with tongue and pen! Thelwall, and ye that lecture as ye go, And for your pains get pelted, praise Lepaux! "Praise him, each Jacobin, or fool, or knave, And your cropped heads in sign of worship wave! All creeping creatures, venomous and low, Paine, Williams, Godwin, Holcroft, praise Lepaux!"1

The Anti-Jacobin, with all its cleverness, and especially by reason of that cleverness, was a cruel attempt to misrepresent, and by so doing to attack unjustly, the views and actions of the opponents of the Government, and all the more objectionable because a member of the Government was its leading spirit. Canning's newspaper war against Whigs and Radicals, however, was legitimate in comparison with the policy pursued by Pitt and his associates in forcible and vindictive use of existing laws, and manufacture of fresh law, in the hope of putting down the sedition that they imagined and invented. Every year had its batch of press prosecutions, generally on flimsy charges, and with the undisguised object of punishing obnoxious printers, publishers, and writers, not so much for the particular offences alleged against them as for their boldness in criticising the proceedings of the Ministry and its agents. It was in order to increase the opportunities for this persecution that Pitt introduced his Newspaper Act in April 1798, which, making some regulations that have since been found harmless if not useful as regards the registration of proprietors, and so forth, did much more than

¹ Though The Anti-Jacobin made its last appearance on July 9, 1798, there was started a few days before a monthly Anti-Jacobin Review and Magazine of the same politics, but much less brilliant, and more ponderous. Strange to say, it also was edited by a Gifford, or one who so called himself. John Richard Green was a bold and versatile adventurer, who, having to fly from his creditors in 1782, returned from France in 1788 as John Gifford, and was connected with several newspapers, besides editing The Anti-Jacobin Review. Befriended in many ways by Pitt, he wrote a four-volume pamphlet, styled "The Life of William Pitt," after his patron's death. William Gifford, it is hardly necessary to state, after editing Ben Jonson's works, and other useful occupations, became the first editor of The Quarterly Review in 1809.

that. It was a Bill "for preventing the mischief arising from newspapers being printed and published by persons unknown, and for regulating them in other respects"; and the "other respects" were sufficiently various and tyrannical. It imposed heavy penalties on all in whose possession unstamped, that is foreign, newspapers were found, or who sent them out of the country, and one of its clauses prescribed that "every person who during the present war shall send any newspaper into any country not in amity with his Majesty shall forfeit £500."

The particular excuse for that Act was the publication in The Courier of a paragraph stating that some French prisoners in Liverpool had been cruelly treated by the authorities, and the inability of the Government to find out either who was the author of the "libel" or who was the responsible proprietor of the paper, so that it was prevented from bringing an action against any one; and this although, in the opinion of the Ministers, The Courier was a "scandalous outrage on law, morality, religion, and justice—the echo of France, which propagated with unyielding industry the monstrous misrepresentations of the French Directory and their detestable principles." Sheridan and others denounced the Bill. Tierney declared that "he foresaw what would be its consequences to the liberty of the press, the clog it would create to talent and literature, the restraint it would be to political freedom." Lord William Russell condemned it as "an insidious blow to the liberty of the press." Sir William Pulteney urged that "the liberty of the press was of such a sacred nature that we ought to suffer many inconveniences rather than check its influence in such a manner as to endanger our liberties, for without the liberty of the press the freedom of this country would be a mere shadow." Sir Francis Burdett reminded Pitt that his father, the Earl of Chatham, when he was urged to introduce a similar Bill in order to protect himself from the calumnies with which he was assailed, had replied that "the press, like the air, is a chartered libertine," and in his rough style of scorn suggested that the Bill was the most effectual means that could be devised by a "tyrannically disposed prince, supported by an unscrupulous, profligate minister, backed by a notoriously corrupt Parliament," to confirm their "triple tyranny." 2 But the Bill was passed, and though it was followed by a long series of press prosecutions, which it rendered possible, and those prosecutions had important results in educating a Radical party bold enough to brave prosecution till it was strong enough to prevent it. Notable

^{1 37} George III. cap. 78.

² Parliamentary History, vol. xxxiii. pp. 1418-1482.

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illustration of the way in which Tory prosecution converted enve weak-minded and scarcely honest men into sturdy Radicals is furnished by the career of William Cobbett. Born in 1762, Cobbett had had varied experience as a farmer's boy, a lawyer's drudge, and a private soldier before he went to America, and there, prospering as a bookseller, made himself notorious as the writer of violent Tory pamphlets, under the pseudonym of Peter Porcupine. His opinions, and the terms in which he uttered them, gave great offence to his neighbours in Philadelphia, and, being convicted of a libel and ordered to pay a fine of 5,000 dollars, he avoided payment by running away. He returned to England after eight years' absence, and had then money and influence enough to start a daily paper, The Porcupine, the first number of which appeared on November 24, 1800, and which was intended to be as violent, if not as brilliant, a champion of Torvism as The Anti-Jacobin had been.

Cobbett claimed that what he had seen and endured in the United States specially qualified him to instruct and warn his countrymen of the dangers they ran from following French guidance, and sanctioning any attempts at altering the political and social constitution of England. "Those who want experience of the consequences," he said in the prospectus of The Porcupine, "may, for aught I know, be excused for conniving at these attempts; but for me, who have seen Acts passed by a republican legislature more fraudulent than forgery or coining-for me, who have seen republican officers of state offering their country for sale for a few thousand dollars-for me, who have seen republican judges become felons, and felons become republican judges-for me to hold my hands and tamely to listen to the insolent eulogists of republican governments and rulers, would be a shameful abandonment of principle, a dastardly desertion of duty." "The intrigues of the French, the servile, the insidious. the insinuating French," he declared, "shall be an object of my constant attention. Whether at war or at peace with us, they still dread the power, envy the happiness, and thirst for the ruin of England. Collectively and individually, the whole and every one of them hate us. Had they the means, they would exterminate us to the last man; they would snatch the crutch from our parents, the cradle from our children, and our happy country itself would they sink beneath those waves on which they now flee from the thunder of our cannon. When we shall sheath the sword it is for our sovereign to say; but while we retain one drop of true British blood in our veins, we never shall shake hands with this perfidious and sanguinary race, much less shall we make a compromise with their VOL. CCLXIII. NO. 1884.

monkey-like manners and tiger-like principles." There was much more loud talk of this sort; and Cobbett added, "I feel an irresistible desire to communicate to my countrymen the fruit of my experience, to show them the injurious and degrading consequences of discontentment, disloyalty and innovation, to convince them that they are the freest as well as the happiest of the human race, and, above all, to warn them against the arts of those ambitious and perfidious demagogues who would willingly reduce them to a level with the cheated slaves in the bearing of whose yoke I have had the mortification to share."

The Porcupine, projected in that temper, continued to be a rowdy supporter of the Tory Government and an insolent assailant of all who differed from it, during more than a year. Windham, who lost his Secretaryship-at-War by Addington's displacement of Pitt as Premier in May 1801, stated in Parliament that by one of its articles the writer had merited a statue in gold. But no minister proposed to reward Cobbett for his services with either place or pension, and as The Porcupine, though more forcibly written, was no more useful to the Government or acceptable to the public than The True Briton (which ever since the commencement of 1793 had been kept alive by ministerial help in order to do the same work, and the description of which by The Courier, as "the most vulgar, ignorant, and scurrilous journal ever published in Great Britain." even Lord Kenyon had in 1796 ruled to be only a fair comment and not punishable as a libel),1 Cobbett found it expedient or necessary in November 1801 to assign his property in The Porcupine to the owner of The True Briton.2 These two papers were amalgamated on January 1, 1802, and on the 16th of the same month Cobbett started another and a smaller paper, The Weekly Political Register, which, though not at first opposed to the Tories, was much less energetic in its support of them.

It is only charitable to suppose that Cobbett's convictions, such as they were, were undergoing a change at this time, but we may reasonably assume that they would have been unchanged had he received from the Government the encouragement that he thought he deserved. For not thus encouraging him, the Government is certainly not to be blamed. It already had far too many disreputable hangers-on in the newspaper world, who only rendered it more obnoxious to sensible people than it might otherwise have been, and there would have been no wisdom in adding to the number. Cobbett was a far abler man, however, than most of those who were

¹ Espinasse, Reports of Cases at Nisi Prius, vol. i. p. 437.

² Cobbett's Weekly Political Register, January 1802.

preferred to him, and the Addington Administration made a serious mistake in converting him into an enemy. His *Political Register* soon became a formidable assailant of the party and policy that its editor had hitherto supported, and the contemptuous indifference with which, as a friend, he had been treated was promptly followed by persecution that enabled him to be a far more formidable antagonist than the Government was prepared for.

Cobbett's Register, continued for more than thirty years, though before long it assumed the form of an annual publication, was from the first more of a political magazine than a newspaper. It undertook to give, and gave very skilfully, a concise record of events, and especially of the proceedings in Parliament. But each weekly number contained at least one forcible leading article or long letter, generally bearing Cobbett's signature, in which he handled with his sledge-hammer pen nearly every question of importance as it arose, and constituted himself the censor of every party. Though snubbed by the Tories, he claimed for some time to be one of them, and, retaining all his old hatred of the French, his earliest avowed quarrel with the authorities resulted not from any inconsistency on his part, but from a ministerial change of front.

After the peace of Amiens had been trumped up in April 1802, it became the policy of the Addington Government to keep on good terms with Bonaparte, but it was not able to restrain the abusive language that it had hitherto encouraged in the press, and there was much angry correspondence between the French Directory and the English Administration on the subject during the ensuing months, rendered all the more embarrassing because at this time there were a good many French republicans in England, who had come over to escape from and to denounce the new tyranny that was being shaped out of the liberating forces they had set in motion, and because many English reformers to whom the confusing term Jacobin had been applied were, for a while and in this respect, in substantial agreement with many of the Tories who loathed them. There were at least two French papers published in London which made it their special business to attack the First Consul-L'Ambigu, edited by Jean Peltier, and Le Courrier Français de Londres-and about these the French ambassador made formal complaint in July, including in his charges "Cobbett and other writers who resemble them." The British Government began by answering the complaints in terms that would have been dignified if they had been consistent. "His Majesty's Government neither can nor will, in consequence of any menace from a foreign power," wrote Lord

Hawkesbury in August, "make any concession which may be in the smallest degree dangerous to the liberty of the press, as secured by the constitution of this country," and he refused to take any action on Bonaparte's behalf against the obnoxious writers. 1 The Government afterwards yielded so far, however, as to prosecute Peltier, who was brought up for trial in February 1803, before Lord Ellenborough, with Spencer Perceval, the Attorney-General, as his accuser, and Mackintosh to defend him. Mackintosh's speech, which even Ellenborough declared to be "eloquence almost unparalleled," was a noble argument not only in justification of Peltier, but also for the liberty of the press in general, but it was unsuccessful. Peltier was found guilty, though before the time came for the deferred sentence to be passed, war had been renewed between France and England, and he consequently escaped punishment. It ultimately transpired that he had actually been receiving pay from the English Government for writing as he had done, and his employment was continued till 1815, when, in explanation of the grants made to him and other French journalists in London, Lord Castlereagh averred that "these grants were made for public and not for private services, and for conveying instruction to the continent when no other mode could be found."

Cobbett's connection with Peltier's case, which here chiefly concerns us, was noteworthy as illustrating the difference between such "libels" as the Government tolerated, or only made a pretence of punishing, and such others as it seriously resented. Though Cobbett was quite as outspoken as Peltier in his condemnation, he was not prosecuted for it; but he was soon attacked for his interference with English officials. In May 1804 he was tried for two offences: one of them the insertion in *The Register* of two letters by an Irish judge, ridiculing Lord Hardwicke, who was Viceroy of Ireland, as "a very eminent sheep-feeder from Cambridgeshire," with "a wooden head," and Lord Chancellor Redesdale as "a very able and strongbuilt chancery pleader from Lincoln's Inn," the other using language of his own in disparagement of the Solicitor-General's conduct of the proceedings against Robert Emmett for inciting to rebellion. In both cases he was found guilty, and he was fined £500.3

This persecution, however, instead of silencing him, induced him to make his *Register* a fearless and vindictive opponent of everything in the ministerial policy which his somewhat fickle judgment dis-

¹ Parliamentary History, vol. xxxvi. pp. 1267-1295.

² It is printed in Mackintosh's Miscellaneous Works.

³ State Trials, vol. xxix. pp. 1, 54, 422.

approved. He was never a thoroughgoing and comprehensive reformer. He was always more anxious to appear as a demagogue than as a champion of democracy, and he preferred to associate himself with Sir Francis Burdett, "Orator" Hunt, and agitators of that stamp, than with the steady and persevering advocates of national progress, who insisted upon principle on the redress of grievances and the systematic rooting out of the evils by which the country was afflicted. But he made himself formidable, and The Register was in his hands a serviceable and powerful agency for the exposure of abuses. That he was allowed during so many years to carry on his violent and indiscriminate guerilla warfare against the several Ministries that followed the Addington Government is somewhat surprising; but retribution fell upon him in 1809, when, for venturing to protest against the flogging of some militiamen under a guard of the German legion, and thus finding fault at once both with the rules of military discipline and with the employment of foreign mercenaries, he was sent to prison for two years and fined f, 1,000; Hansard, the printer of *The Register*, and two newsvendors, being also imprisoned for shorter terms.

In the meanwhile worthier Radicals than Cobbett, and a more important newspaper than *The Political Register*, were coming to the front. The starting of *The Examiner* by John and Leigh Hunt marks an epoch in the history of journalism.

John Hunt, the second son of a clergyman who got into some trouble because of the liberal opinions in politics and religion which honest thought and intelligent experience had forced upon him, was born about 1780, and started a printing business in Brydges Street, Strand, while his younger brother, James Henry Leigh, born in 1784, was writing juvenile poems and smart essays, in imitation of Goldsmith, and was trying to learn law in the office of his eldest brother Stephen. The law learning was abandoned when Leigh obtained a clerkship in the War Office, but the writing of poems and essays was continued and improved upon. Of the poems a small volume was made and published when the author was only seventeen, and some of the essays appeared before he was twenty, as the lucubrations of "Mr. Town, junior, Critic and Censor General," in The Traveller, the recently established evening paper, of which Edward Quin was editor. "I offered them with fear and trembling to Mr. Quin," said Leigh, "and was astonished at the gaiety with which he accepted them. What astonished me more was a perquisite of five or six copies of the paper, which I enjoyed every Saturday when my essays appeared, and with which I used to re-issue from Bolt Court in a state of transport. Luckily the essays were little read, they were not at all noticed in public, and I thus escaped the perils of another premature laudation for my juvenility." ¹ These, however, were only "a stop-gap," as he said, as also were the theatrical criticisms that he wrote for *The News*, a Sunday paper, which was started in April 1805, and of which his brother John was during two years and a half the printer and, apparently, the editor. Young as he was, the new theatrical critic set an example that astonished his rivals and pleased many readers. "We saw that independence in theatrical criticism would be a great novelty. We announced it, and nobody believed us; we stuck to it and the town believed everything we said. To know an actor personally appeared to me a vice not to be thought of, and I would as lief have taken poison as accept a ticket from the theatres." ²

The Examiner was a speedy consequence of the success that attended the first venture of the brothers in newspaper work, and a bold attempt to apply to the discussion of political and social affairs, in which their interest grew with age, the same independence which had appeared in Leigh Hunt's notices of the performances of Mrs. Siddons, Harriet Mellon, Kemble, Liston, Munden, and other actors and actresses. The first number appeared on Sunday, January 3, 1808, with John Hunt as printer and manager, and Leigh Hunt, in his twenty-fourth year, as editor, and the two as joint-proprietors.

"The main objects of The Examiner," said Leigh Hunt, "were to assist in producing reform in Parliament, liberality of opinion in general (especially freedom from superstition), and a fusion of literary taste into all subjects whatsoever. It began with being of no party, but reform soon gave it one. It disclaimed all knowledge of statistics, and the rest of its politics were rather a sentiment and a matter of general training than founded on any particular political reflection. It possessed, however, the benefit of a good deal of reading. It never wanted examples out of history and biography, or a kind of adornment from the spirit of literature; and it gradually drew to its perusal many intelligent persons of both sexes, who would perhaps never have attended to politics under other circumstances. In the course of its warfare with the Tories The Examiner was charged with Bonapartism, with republicanism, with disaffection to Church and State, with conspiracy at the tables of Burdett and Cobbett and Henry Hunt. Now Sir Francis, though he was our hero, we never exchanged a word with; and Cobbett and Henry Hunt (no relation

¹ Autobiography of Leigh Hunt (revised edition, with an introduction by his eldest son), p. 124.

² Ibid, p. 138.

of ours) we never beheld, never so much as saw their faces. I was never even at a public dinner, nor do I believe my brother was. We had absolutely no views whatsoever but those of a decent competence and of the public good; and we thought, I dare affirm, a great deal more of the latter than of the former. Our competence we allowed too much to shift for itself. As for myself, what I thought of more than either was the making of verses. I did nothing for the greater part of the week but write verses and read books. I then made a rush at my editorial duties, took a world of superfluous pains in the writing, sat up late at night, and was a very trying person to compositors and newsmen."

During the first year of his editorship of *The Examiner* Leigh Hunt's time was partly filled up by his duties as a clerk in the War Office. He resigned this post, however, in December, in order that, not being in the pay of the Government, he might have no compunction in attacking it whenever he thought necessary; and, though he was soon afterwards to be married, he considered that the success of the paper warranted his thus surrendering a certain income. "The paper gets on gloriously indeed," he wrote to his sweetheart in November. "Our regular sale is now 2,200, and by Christmas or a few weeks after I have little doubt we shall be 3,000; and what is best of all we shall now keep it to ourselves. My brother told me the other day that he had no doubt but we should be getting eight or ten guineas apiece every week in a year's time." 3

The Examiner deserved to succeed, apart from its merits as a fearless advocate of political reform. As a mere literary production it at once took rank above all the other weekly periodicals, and contained such careful and scholarly writing as only appeared occasionally, when men like Coleridge and Mackintosh were the authors in the best of the daily papers. Leigh Hunt was scarcely hypercritical, when in the preface to the first year's volume of his journal he complained of "the ignorance and corruption" of its contemporaries. "The jarring spirit of past years," he said, "seemed to have destroyed every political refinement, both of speaking and writing. Graceful persuasions forsook the senate, wit and argument the press. The newspapers, occupied with momentary rumour and invective, appeared to have no leisure for anything becoming; and, as the sounds

¹ Autobiography, p. 172.

² It is somewhat curious that, more than sixty years later, another War Office clerk, not then aware that he was following in Leigh Hunt's steps, also resigned his post in order to edit *The Examiner*.

³ Correspondence of Leigh Hunt, vol. i. p. 40.

of speech are affected by a deranged constitution, the whole public voice grew vulgar as it grew violent. People are now beginning to change their tone in these matters; but even now, when every other species of literature has gained at least an elegant mediocrity, the progress of periodical style has scarcely reached correctness, and it is remarkable that those papers which are the most politically corrupt are still the most corrupt in everything else. It becomes a public writer, therefore, to show the company his intellect keeps, and to attempt a language worthy of the sentiments he feels and the country for which he writes." This rule was loyally observed in all the original writing for which a liberal share of space was found in The Examiner, and even in its careful digests of the week's news. "Little miscellaneous sketches of character and manner," as Hunt said, "were introduced as one small method of habituating readers to general ideas of the age," and theatrical criticism being a favourite exercise with him, he made it a special feature of The Examiner, this being, he remarked, "a department which none of the papers seem inclined to dispute with a person fond of the subject, the daily ones for want of independence, and the weekly for want of care."1 "As theatrical criticism," he added, "is the liveliest part of a newspaper, I have endeavoured to correct its usual levity by treating it philosophically; and as political writing is the gravest subject, I have attempted to give it a more general interest by handling it good humouredly."

Among the "little miscellaneous sketches" that Leigh Hunt published in *The Examiner* during its first year were seven essays on Methodism and its extravagances, which were then making some noise in the world, and these were afterwards reissued in a small volume.² To politics it paid less attention then than afterwards, and the strengthening of this part of the paper was due, perhaps, chiefly to the influence of his brother's robuster though less literary mind. "In politics, from old family associations," he said, "I soon got

^{1 &}quot;I remember an instance of John Hunt's high spirit relating to his paper," says Cyrus Redding. "John Kemble had given The Examiner a free admission for two persons to the boxes. Leigh Hunt was the best dramatic critic of the day. He saw it right to censure Kemble for his performance of some part—I forget which—and Kemble remarked that, after sending such admissions he should not have expected to be handled so severely. John Hunt at once enclosed the admissions to which he alluded, and stated that in future the admissions of the theatrical critic should be paid for, and charged to the weekly expenses of the paper, which should be placed on a footing of perfect independence."—Fifty Years' Recollections, vol. i. p. 277.

² An Attempt to show the Folly and Danger of Methodism, 1809.

interested as a man, though I never could love them as a writer. It was against the grain that I was encouraged to begin them, and against the grain that I ever afterwards sat down to write, except when the subject was of a very general description, and I could introduce philosophy and the belles lettres." Before long, however, The Examiner and its editor were hotly engaged in the political struggle then going on, and this notwithstanding the studied moderation, not from cowardice, but from conviction, of the language generally used. The Hunts thought they could do better service to the reforming movement, in which they took the keenest interest, by dignified remonstrance and argument than by joining in the noisier agitation led by Cobbett, with whom they frequently expostulated, Burdett, whom they nicknamed Sir Francis Bourgeois, and others. They shunned the society of hotheaded agitators and of temporising statesmen alike, just as they avoided personal intercourse with theatrical managers and actors. "The Examiner, so to speak, lived quite alone," said Leigh Hunt. "It sought nobody, and its principles had already become so well understood that few sought it, and no one succeeded in making its acquaintance."2 This independence saved it from contamination, but not from persecution. A newspaper that could not be bought, and whose managers neither gave nor went to dinner parties, was only the more likely to be hunted down on that account.

The Examiner was not ten months old when, on October 23, 1808, there appeared in it an article, eight columns long, on Military Depravity," commenting, not for the first time, on the gross mismanagement of the army under the Duke of York, whom it held personally responsible for scandals that were notorious, though few ventured to utter their complaints in public. "The time has at length arrived," it was said in The Examiner, "when either the vices of one man must be sacrificed to the military honour of the country, or the military honour of the country must be sacrificed to the vices of one man—an alternative truly monstrous and deplorable." That was strong language, and there was more of it. The Hunts were promptly threatened with an action for libel, and the proceedings dawdled on for some time. They were discreetly abandoned, however, without appeal to a jury.3

The first serious attack on the paper was made a year later. In anticipation of the disruption of the Duke of Portland's Administration consequent on his death, and the rearrangement of its more important

Autobiography, p. 155.

² *Ibid*, p. 200.

³ Ibid, pp. 200, 201.

members under Perceval's premiership, Leigh Hunt published on October 1, 1809, a smart article entitled "Change of Ministry." "It is generally supposed," he wrote, "that the mutilated Administration. in spite of its tenacity of life, cannot exist much longer; and the Foxites of course are beginning to rally round their leaders in order to give it the coup de grâce.1 A more respectable set of men they certainly are, with more general information, more attentive to the encouragement of intellect, and altogether a more enlightened policy; and if his Majesty could be persuaded to enter into their conciliatory views with regard to Ireland, a most important and most necessary benefit would be obtained for this country. The subject of Ireland, next to the difficulty of coalition, is no doubt the great trouble in the election of his Majesty's servants; and it is this, most probably, which has given rise to the talk of a regency—a measure to which the court would never resort, while it felt a possibility of acting upon its old principles. What a crowd of blessings rush upon one's mind that might be bestowed upon the country in the event of such a change! Of all monarchs, indeed, since the Revolution, the successor of George the Third will have the finest opportunity of becoming nobly popular." The last two sentences of that mild paragraph were quoted approvingly by Perry in The Morning Chronicle of October 2. The allusion in them to the possibility of a better monarch than George the Third succeeding him was declared by Sir Vicary Gibbs, the Attorney-General, to be a seditious libel, and proceedings were instituted against both Perry and the printer of The Morning Chronicle, and the two Hunts as the proprietors of The Examiner.

The case came on before Lord Ellenborough on February 24, 1810, when Gibbs argued that "nobody who saw such language held could doubt that it must have been a manifest tendency to alienate and destroy the affections of the people towards their sovereign, and to break down that link of love which ought to connect the sovereign and his people in the tenderest ties." Fortunately for the Hunts, Perry's name was first in the indictment. Perry conducted his own case somewhat pompously, but very skilfully, claiming for *The Chronicle* that it stood now, as it had stood before, "in the front of the battle, not only for itself, but for the liberty of the press in England," and that the sole point at issue was "whether it should continue to assert the principles upon which the Whigs had ever

¹ It will be remembered that Fox had died in 1806, and that his followers were now scheming more than ever to effect an alliance with the Prince of Wales, shortly to be made Prince Regent on account of his father's madness.

acted, and by which their only object was to perpetuate to his Majesty and his heirs the throne to which they persuaded the power of England to call his ancestors by securing it upon that basis which forms not only its strength but its lustre." The jury returned a verdict of not guilty, and the information against the Hunts was withdrawn, thus lessening to them the expense—which, however, was heavy—of the abortive prosecution.¹

They were again less unlucky than they might have been, just twelve months later, when they were indicted for reprinting on September 2, 1810, a vigorous article from the Stamford News against flogging in the army.² For a similar offence, Cobbett was now enduring two years' imprisonment, but the Hunts had Henry Brougham to defend them, and his forcible presentment of the views of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, Sir Robert Wilson, and other great generals as to the folly of corporal punishment, together with the effective contrast he drew between the dignity and honesty of The Examiner, and the licentiousness of other newspapers which were not interfered with, secured an acquital.³ Brougham was less successful when, a fortnight later, he went down to Stamford to repeat

¹ State Trials, vol. xxx.

² A few sentences of this article are worth quoting (indeed, the whole would be if space allowed) as an illustration of Radical sentiment, three quarters of a century ago, on a scandal that has only lately been removed. "The Attorney-General ought not to stroke his chin with such complacency when he refers to the manner in which Bonaparte treats his soldiers. We despise and detest those who tell us that there is as much liberty now enjoyed in France as there is left in this country. . . . But, although we do not envy the general condition of Bonaparte's subjects, we really (and we speak the honest conviction of our hearts) see nothing peculiarly pitiable in the lot of his soldiers, when compared with that of our own. Were we called upon to make our election between the services, the whipcord would at once decide us. No advantage whatever can compensate for, or render tolerable to a mind but one degree removed from brutality, a liability to be lashed like a beast. It is idle to talk about rendering the situation of a British soldier pleasant to himself, or desirable, far less honourable, in the estimation of others, while the whip is held over his head -and over his head alone-for in no other country in Europe (with the exception, perhaps, of Russia, which is yet in a state of barbarity) is the military character so degraded."

³ Report of the Proceedings against John Hunt and Leigh Hunt (Stamford, 1811). State Trials, vol. xxxi. pp. 367-414. "That licentiousness," said Brougham, "has of late years appeared to despise all the bounds which had once been prescribed to the attacks on private character, insomuch that there is not only no personage so important or exalted, for of that I do not complain, but no person so humble, harmless, or retired, as to escape the defamation which is daily and hourly poured forth by the venal crew to gratify the idle curiosity, or still less excusable malignity of the public. To mark out for the indulgence of that propensity individuals retiring into the privacy of domestic life,

the same arguments on behalf of Drakard, the original printer of the article.¹

The service that Brougham thus rendered to the Hunts caused them to make in his favour an exception to their rule of not associating with prominent politicians; and they had plenty of other friends, some of whom assisted them in filling The Examiner with good articles, and also contributed to a stout quarterly magazine, The Reflector, which they commenced in 1810, but of which only four numbers appeared. Among their contributors were Charles Lamb, Thomas Barnes, who afterwards became editor of The Times and was now writing for it,² Dyer and Scholefield—all old schoolfellows of Leigh Hunt's at Christ's Hospital, to whom before long were added Hazlitt, Shelley, and Keats.³

The Examiner flourished in spite of the persecutions to which it was exposed, and partly because of them. Its conductors were able to boast that in each of its past three years it had been attacked by the Government without success, and had increased its circulation and influence. "These circumstances," they said, "may not be equally lucrative to the proprietors, but they are equally flattering, and alike encourage them in a line of conduct which enables them to deceive the one and to disdain the other." In the fourth year their deserts were as great, but they had less cause for congratulation.

The Prince of Wales obtained the promotion he had long desired, and was made Prince-Regent on February 3, 1811; but as, from the very commencement of his fresh authority, he gave fresh proof of his capacity for abusing it, a year sufficed to deprive him of nearly all the popularity, such as it was, that he had formerly enjoyed. At a banquet given on St. Patrick's Day, 1812, which he attended, he was received with jeers and hisses, much to his own annoyance and that of the courtiers and sycophants. The Morning Post was especially indignant and especially profuse in its condolences, and one of its articles tempted Leigh Hunt to make a very contemptuous

to hunt them down, and drag them forth as a laughing-stock to the vulgar, has become in our days with some men the road even to popularity, and with multitudes the means of earning a base subsistence."

- ¹ State Trials, vol. xxxi. pp. 495-535.
- ² Leigh Hunt also occasionally wrote for *The Times* to assist his friend. Correspondence, vol. i. p. 28.
- 3 Autobiography, p. 192; Leigh Hunt in Monthly Repository, 1837: "The Examiner Twenty Years Ago."
 - 4 Examiner, "Postscript" to vol. iii.

rejoinder in The Examiner of March 22. "What person acquainted with the true state of the case," he exclaimed, "would imagine, in making these astounding eulogies, that this 'glory of the people' was the subject of millions of shrugs and reproaches! that this 'protector of the arts' had named a wretched foreigner his historical painter, in disparagement or in ignorance of the merits of his own countrymen! that this 'Mæcenas of the age' patronised not a deserving writer! that this 'breather of eloquence' could not say a few decent extempore words, if we are to judge, at least, from what he said to his regiment on its embarkation for Portugal! that this 'conqueror of hearts' was the disappointer of hopes! that this 'exciter of desire' (bravo, messieurs of The Post!), this 'Adonis in loveliness,' was a corpulent man of fifty, in short, that this delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honourable, virtuous, true, and immortal prince was a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country, or the respect of posterity." That was certainly strong and plain language to use about one who was, in nearly everything but the title, king of England, and its offensiveness was aggravated by the fact that much to the same effect, but more cautious, had appeared in The Examiner during the previous twelvemonth. "I was provoked to write the libel." said Leigh Hunt, "by the interest I took in the disappointments of the Irish nation, which had very particular claims on the promises of his Royal Highness," and "I wrote an attack equally grave and vehement, such as everybody said would be prosecuted." 1

The prosecution began forthwith, but there were various delays, and the trial only came off on December 9, and sentence was not passed by Lord Ellenborough till February 3, 1813.² On that day John and Leigh Hunt were fined £500 apiece—the costs of their defence amounting to about another £1,000—and committed to prison for two years: John to Coldbath Fields, and Leigh to Horsemonger Lane, their separation being a malicious aggravation of the punishment, as it increased their difficulties in bringing out The Examiner while they were in gaol. They continued to edit and manage the paper very satisfactorily, however, and with no lessening of its bold exposure of abuses and persistent advocacy of reforms.

All that friends could do was done to lessen the miseries of their captivity, which was in one important respect made easy for them by

¹ Leigh Hunt, Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries.

^{*} The Prince of Wales v. The Examiner: a Full Report, &c. (1813).

their full and reasonable assurance of their blamelessness. Even their gaolers befriended them, and stretched the prison rules in order to secure for them some sort of comfort. Leigh Hunt had his family to reside with him, until, for the sake of his children's health, his wife—who he tells us never once reproached him for the public zeal that caused this disturbance of their domestic happiness—took them to the seaside. Hardly a day passed without his being cheered by visitors—Charles and Mary Lamb, Barnes, and other old Bluecoat schoolfellows, Shelley, Hazlitt, Byron, Moore, Cowden Clarke, Horace and James Smith, Wilkie, Haydon, Brougham, Sir John Swinburne, and a host of others. Jeremy Bentham went at least once to see him, and found him playing at battledore and shuttlecock, "in which he took part, and, with his usual eye to improvement, suggested an amendment in the construction of shuttlecocks." 1 He finished "The Story of Rimini," and wrote "The Descent of Liberty," and other poems, besides his weekly articles for The Examiner when his friends were not with him, and while his wife sewed and his children played beside him, and he occupied himself in other ways. "I papered the wall with a trellis of roses," he tells us; "I had the ceiling coloured with clouds and sky; the barred windows were screened with venetian blinds, and when my bookcases were set up, with their busts and flowers, and a pianoforte made its appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room except in a fairy tale. But I had another surprise, which was a garden. There was a little yard outside, railed off from another belonging to a neighbouring ward. This yard I shut in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple tree, from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn my trellises were hung with scarletrunners. I used to shut my eyes in my armchair, and affect to think myself hundreds of miles off." 2

About John Hunt, while he was in prison or out of it, we hear less than about his more famous but not worthier brother. To him, quite as much as to Leigh Hunt, was due the credit of *The Examiner*, and apart from the actual writing of its articles, its splendid services to the advancement both of literature and of politics, and to journalism in

both those relationships. "Philosophical, patient, just, a deep thinker, retiring, unobtrusive, sincere," said Cyrus Redding, "John Hunt, in my view, stood foremost of any character I have encountered. I used often to visit him, moved by his solid, yet attractive conversation, his just views of things, stripping them of everything extraneous, and coming at once to the point. He suffered no consideration but truth to enter into a discussion, throwing policy to the winds, and, while allowing for collateral circumstances and their interventions, keeping their argument to its just limit. He was far in advance of his time." 1 "He was a man of rare stamp," we are assured by another and a more discerning friend, Albany Fonblanque; "an honester never breathed. His devotion to truth and justice knew no bounds; there was no peril, no suffering he was not ready to encounter for either. With resolution and fortitude not to be surpassed, he was one of the gentlest and kindest of beings. His own sufferings were the only sufferings to which he could be indifferent. His part as a reformer in the worst times was unflinching; and he held his course undauntedly when bold truths were visited with the penalties of the prison, which he knew how to face, and how to endure. His way through the world was a rough one, but his constancy was even, and tribulations left him unshaken. He was at arm's length with care throughout the active part of his life, but never mastered by it, for his goodness had a bravery in it which always bore him up. Fortune's buffets, of which he had a full share, left no bruises on him, and extorted no murmur. His faults lay on the side of tenacity and prepossession; when he had taken up a cause or a quarrel, it was hard to alter his views of the merits by fact or argument; and he was sometimes misled by his sympathy with the weaker to fight the battle, not really of the juster, but of the worsted party. Having taken the field when power was carrying every injustice with a high hand, he was apt to believe it afterwards in the wrong whenever called in question. But these errors were few, and might have been fewer still had they been less detrimental to his interest. There never was a question in John Hunt's mind as to the side to be taken in any discussion but the question of justice, which he determined to the best of his judgment, and acted upon the conclusion at all risks. He fought the battle in the front ranks when the battle was the hottest, but he passed into retirement in the very hour of victory as if he had done nothing and deserved nothing of the triumphant cause," 2

¹ Fifty Years' Recollections, vol. i. p. 275.

² Examiner, September 16, 1848.

The two brothers left their prisons in February 1815, and continued the good work from which while in confinement they had refused to be debarred; and John Hunt was again sent to gaol for two years in May 1821. In the meanwhile, and afterwards, the struggles for reform, in which *The Examiner* took the lead among newspapers, went on. But already a mighty change from the state of things prevailing when *The Anti-Jacobin* appeared had been brought about.

H. R. FOX BOURNE.

NOTES ON ALGERIA.

THE terrible convulsion of nature to which the Riviera has recently been subjected has not only brought with it ruin to many thousands but has at the same time inflicted a blow upon the immediate prosperity and welfare of one of the most favoured regions in Europe. The South of France is to many of us a sure refuge from the chill damps and biting winds of our more northern climate, and we have been accustomed to look upon the Riviera as a haven of peace and sunshine. But our confidence has lately been rudely shaken. Seismic disturbances are not conducive to the comfort of an invalid, and less so indeed when panic supervenes and flight in somewhat scanty apparel follows in due course. A reputation once lost is hard to regain, and when our summer is past and the mists of autumn begin to warn us that it is time to migrate southwards, many will be asking, Where are we to go? Pau and Cannes it is true still maintain their character, though the last-named is not altogether above suspicion, but what are we to say of Nice, Mentone. and St. Remo? No, next winter will see the tide of migratory humanity flowing elsewhere, and habitual frequenters of the Riviera will have found fresh haunts.

Among the many places open to us as a change from the Riviera, there is no doubt that Algeria will receive a due share of attention, and it is with Algiers and Algeria generally that I propose therefore to deal in these notes.

To the minds of many, if not to most of us, the name Africa is synonymous with heat. Algiers is in Africa, therefore Algiers must be a warm place. But this is scarcely the case in the winter months, and the climate of the town of Algiers, of the suburbs of Mustapha Supérieur, and of St. Eugène is very materially affected by the prevalent northerly winds at that season of the year, and though there are people holding the opinion that these winds lose their keenness before reaching the coast, I must honestly confess that during a lengthy trial I found the "north-easters" of Algeria to be possessed of the usual disagreeable qualities of north-easters in other parts of the world.

I was always glad of my thickest coat when driving about the country, and a good fire in the main cabin of our yacht was an absolute necessity.

It would be tedious reading were I to go into an exhaustive consideration of the climate of Algiers, but there is one point regarding it which is not without interest, and that is the effect the aspect of the Bay of Algiers has upon the growth of certain plants. In a southern climate, such as this, a more luxuriant growth would be expected than is found, for instance, on the southern coasts of France. But, in the places just alluded to, the lemon and the orange do not grow in the way they do at Nice and St. Remo, nor does the olive thrive as it does in the neighbourhood of Mentone. On the southern slopes of the range of hills which skirt the bay, known as the Sahel, lemons and oranges grow well enough; in places where there is plenty of water, about the Metidia plain at Blidah, and Boufarik, they appear to thrive, but in the neighbourhood of Algiers itself they are not met with in any numbers. At the Jardin d'Essai, snugly situated at the foot of the Sahel and quite close to the sea, a world of palms, vuccas, bananas, orchids, lovely flowering creepers, and a whole host of other plants too numerous to mention, may be seen growing with a luxuriance worthy of the tropics. Here you may walk along avenues a quarter of a mile in length, of Chamaerops humilis, Latania borbonica, and Dracæna draco, of giant bamboos, and of indiarubber trees, while within a hundred yards of you the great green seas are lashing themselves into a fury on the shore. the wind does not reach you and the dead leaves on the garden paths are scarcely disturbed by so much as a gust. Behind is the tangled, wooded Sahel, covered with a jungle of ilex, caroub, cypress, wild olive and eucalyptus, the last all glorious in its golden green foliage and blue grey stem. The hills are steep, and the winds do not blow home, at least, so it seemed; and consequently the gardens are blessed with the warmth of the climate, and escape the blighting effects of the north-easters.

A great part of the country round Algiers is devoted to vine growing, and beyond El Biar, about Bou Zarea, Bab-el-Oued and Frais Vallon, land is constantly being cleared for this purpose, the people most energetic in the task being Spanish emigrants who are known as Mahonais. Much of the country in the above neighbourhood is both hilly and rocky, and the labour of reclaiming it and preparing it for cultivation is excessive, but the soil is light and marvellously fertile, and, moreover, excellently suited to the vine.

Land for vinegrowing commands a high price, and very little is now to be obtained within seven, eight, or even ten miles of Algiers at a lower figure than £45 per acre. The value, however, varies considerably according to position and quality of soil, and further afield, in the Metidja plain, for instance, land is occasionally to be bought at as low a price as £20 per acre, but there it is a long way from a market.

The work of clearing and preparing the land, together with the planting, costs up to the end of the second year little short of $\pounds 40$ per acre, so that starting a vineyard is an expensive undertaking. I have a letter before me now, in which a friend says: "During the last two months I have planted five hectares, that were in wood; they cost me 1,500 francs per hectare to plant; then comes this year's cultivation, and the next two as well." The future success of a vineyard depends greatly upon the care with which the original planting is carried out, and money judiciously spent at this period is sayed in the end.

In spite of the large outlay vineyards can be made to pay, and are made to pay very fairly well, and the produce, when the vines have arrived at maturity, ought, on an average, to be worth from £23 to £25 per acre, though from this must be deducted the cost of making, and also the taking to market.

The value of a vineyard varies, again, according to the quality of the vines, care in original planting, position, and so forth, and I am assured that a vineyard in full bearing in the Sahel is worth at least \pounds 125 per acre.

As to the question of labour, wages range from 2s. a day for ordinary Kabyle labour to 2s. 6d. for European labour, and 3s. 6d. to 4s. for skilled labour on vines. Among the mixed population of Algeria the Kabyles are generally reckoned the best labourers. These people are Berbers by descent though they are often confounded with the Arabs. They are, however, in reality quite a different race, speaking a different language, having a different cast of countenance, and a somewhat different dress, and they are in almost every way superior to the Arabs of this part of the country, who are mostly Bedouins. They occupy a great tract of country to the eastward of Algiers, and live frugal, hardworking lives amidst a glorious surrounding of mountains. Since the insurrection in 1871, when the Kabyles took part against the French, they have been

¹ My remarks on the value of land and taxation are derived from information supplied to me by a friend who has be n a resident and landowner in Algeria for many years.

most severely dealt with, and much of the freeness and contentment of their former existence is now a thing of the past. They were, of course, disarmed, and, over and above this, a head tax was levied on the country, one-third of their land being at the same time taken from them. They will tell you sad stories of their oppression, and it is hard not to sympathise when talking to a Kabyle. I have heard it said that these people are becoming Christians in great numbers, but from what I was able to gather in the country this would appear hardly to be the case.

The western portion of Algeria is one of the most fertile districts in the world. The Metidia plain, and the country round about Blidah and to the west of this, in the direction of Oran, is plentifully supplied with water. Desfontaines mentions a spot in the neighbourhood of Tremecen where there are two thousand springs in a circuit of two leagues, and yet the land is not the least swampy, owing to the varied surface of the country. In a hot climate, such as that of the interior of Algeria in the summer time, the advantages accruing from a plentiful supply of water cannot be exaggerated. Crops flourish which otherwise would of necessity perish in the long annual period of drought. The farmer in these favoured parts of the country is able to keep his stock in a way that the less fortunate individual in Eastern Algeria, i.e. in parts of the province of Constantine, knows nothing of. The great difficulty in connection with agriculture in the interior is the exceeding heat of the dry season (June 15th to September 15th); for apart from the want of water, the sun ripens the crops too quickly, and a farmer it is said can only reckon on a good harvest once in three years. Pasturage as we know it in our country is seldom or never met with in the interior, and thus the best cattle are mostly found along the seaboard. In the neighbourhood, for instance, of Maison Carrée, Boufarik, Médéah and Boghari, the cattle are few in number, and what there are are lean and small for want of keep.

In some districts a system of ensilage has been tried with excellent results, especially at Mondjebeur. From a pamphlet on this subject, written by a French agriculturist, I find maize is reckoned to give the best return in point of grain, and the most bountiful growth for purposes of ensilage, thus fulfilling the double requirement of providing food for both man and beast. The writer adds that he counsels the general adoption of a system of ensilage as being the only means by which agriculture can be carried on in some parts of the country with any chance of success.

Along all the principal roads, as well as the railways, every available means has been adopted of collecting water in the rainy season, and deep stone-lined gutters connected with gullies and watercourses in the hills are common sights enough in many parts of the country.

Before leaving the question of the land, there are one or two points needing reference. The transfer of land is most expensive, and often very difficult to carry through when Arabs are the vendors. The registration has been described to me as a registration of documents more than one of title. The courts will occasionally interfere between landlord and tenant, even in the face of agreements and leases, and will, in case of appeal, go so far as to direct the allowance or rebate to be granted to the farmer in bad seasons. It is obvious, therefore, that it is useless to pin one's faith on leases unless they are most carefully and stringently drawn, and no transactions of a business character should on any account be made without an agreement on stamped paper. There seems in Algeria to be a feeling that the courts are not altogether above favouritism, and that nationality, politics, and creed, are factors not altogether overlooked. It is, of course, necessary to receive evidence on this point with caution, but there is certainly a cry among the natives that there is no justice for the Mussulman. However this may be, the administration of justice appears to be exceedingly slow, and the scales, by all accounts, are not always held strictly level in the hand.

Now as regards taxation, there is no actual tax on land as yet in Algeria, but there is a heavy poll tax, and the list of possessions subject to taxation is a long one, comprising houses, servants, horses, oxen, dogs, carriages, carts, &c. The taxes are collected by the commune or parish, the commune being virtually a corporation, with its own mayor appointed every three years by its municipality.

There are, however, exceptions to this method of appointing the mayor of a commune, for in some parts of the country, and always in the cities, the Government reserve to themselves, probably for political reasons, the right of appointing whom they think fit. It should be mentioned that some of the communes in the interior of the country are partly under military rule. A group of communes makes up a canton, the cantons being incorporated into one of the three departments, viz. Oran, Algiers, and Constantine, into which Algeria as a whole is divided. Each department is governed by a prefect, appointed by the Government, who has the power to supervise, and, if he thinks proper, to rescind resolutions and votes passed by

the municipal and departmental councils, a power of no mean latitude.

The funds administered by the communes, over and above a part of the taxes locally collected, include also their shares of the "octroi de mer," collected at the various ports on imports, and distributed, it would appear, according to population or area.

The poor are, to a certain extent, tolerably well looked after by committees of *bienfaisance*, the funds for their relief being derived from taxes on theatre tickets and entertainments, and money voted for the purpose by the municipalities. The form of relief in the communes is almost entirely "out-door," in-door relief being controlled either by the department or the State. In some cases the municipalities provide a doctor, to whom they pay a small retaining fee, this individual looking for food and perquisites from those he attends.

Assistance is given to the Mussulman poor in the same way that it is to other classes in the country, but they depend principally on Mussulman charities, endowments of mosques, and those bequests which have been made by Mussulman chiefs for this particular purpose.

Education is free, and though nominally compulsory, is not in reality so. The mayor has power to fine for non-attendance, but I believe he very rarely exercises his right to do so, and thus, as in the case of many institutions in Algeria, the system is excellent in theory, but falls far short of what it should be in practice.

Few people who have travelled much in Algeria could have helped noticing the excellent condition of the main roads, and the way in which they have been engineered. The French have always been renowned for their road-making, and the main roads in Algeria certainly furnish good examples of what roads ought to be. They are divided into innumerable classes—national, departmental, rural, and so on-and though the system regarding their maintenance is somewhat complicated, it succeeds very well in certain cases. national and departmental roads, forming the main trunk lines of communication through the country, are always well kept, but in the case of the rural roads the responsibility is much divided, and the consequence is that they are often badly looked after and seldom repaired. There is a rule still in force in Algeria by which certain taxes are remitted in the case of so many days' work being performed on the roads, a rule for which, as some will remember, there was a parallel not so very many years ago in our own country.

But I must leave this part of my subject, and turn to one of

greater interest, I mean to the question of colonisation, and to the efforts which the French have made in this direction. Of the many difficulties with which they have had to contend in dealing with Algeria, I suppose none have exceeded those they have encountered in connection with this question of colonisation, and ever since the year 1834, when France first announced her intention of retaining Algiers, the problem has occupied the earnest attention of her ministers.

The enormous sums of money voted from time to time for the purpose, and the inducement offered to those willing to settle in the country, have not been without material results, but the European element in the colony is still in the minority, and a large, and by far the most industrious portion of this element is not French at all, but is composed of people from Minorca, Majorca, Spain, and Italy. To read through the various reports and statements relative to the outcome of the many attempts to solve the difficulty is to be at first struck with the apparent hopelessness of the task, so far as the French themselves are concerned, and to feel rather forced to the conclusion that Frenchmen do not make good colonists. However this may be, it is impossible here to go very deeply into this part of the subject; we must rather be content to glance at some among the many efforts and experiments which have been made, and see with what success these have been attended.

Among the first were the grants to soldiers in the country who had completed three years' service with the colours, but it was very soon discovered that unmarried men were not those most likely to settle down to agricultural pursuits in a strange land; so we find that many of these earlier settlers were given "un congé de trois mois, au bout desquels ils étaient disciplinairement tenus de revenir en Algérie, munis chacun d'une épouse légitime." But the experiment, as may be imagined, was not altogether successful.

Between the years 1842-5 a certain number of centres were established by the creation of small villages in various parts of the country, but the greater proportion of these were in the neighbourhood of Algiers itself. In 1848-9 no less a sum than fifteen million francs was voted towards the expenses of emigration, the number of colonists whom it was proposed to send to the country as a first batch amounting to 13,500. Each colonist was entitled to a house built at the expense of the State, a grant of land varying from

¹ My notes on the colonisation question have been derived from local information; La Colonisation en Algérie; report of M. le Comte d'Haussonville, and M. Mercier's Algérie et les questions algériennes,

four to twelve hectares, according to the number in family, also seeds, implements, and a few head of cattle, and, besides these, provisions until such time as the land was in cultivation or had begun to make some return to the occupier. It was confidently expected that these means would be attended with the greatest success, and that a new era of happiness and prosperity was about to commence. by degrees these impressions were dispelled, and confidence in the experiment gradually grew weaker and weaker, until the closing months of 1849 showed that many of the colonists had already left their holdings and returned either to France or to the towns of the provinces. Good money, it appears, was thrown after bad, and a further sum was voted to defray the expenses of fresh emigrants as well as for the support of the colonists already established. Perhaps the most disastrous of all the experiments was that of offering grants of lands at low prices, or subject to merely nominal charges, for here the speculator stepped in, took up large tracts, and sold them again at a profit without ever having visited them himself.

Let us look at another instance of the expense to which the country was put in endeavouring to find suitable colonists.

After the disasters of 1870-1, special grants of land were offered to French families wishing to emigrate to Algeria from Alsace and Lorraine, and numbers availed themselves of the opportunity. cost was great, and in one estimate the expense of establishing 900 families has been assessed at no less a sum than 6,000,000 francs. or an average of little less than 7,000 francs per family of three, four, or five persons. If to this is added the approximate value of the land, it is estimated that each family emigrating from Alsace and Lorraine cost the country in round numbers no less than 10,000 And now what had become of these families a few years later? We are told that "malgré les efforts de l'administration et des comités, malgré les secours envoyés pendant plusieurs années de France, la réussite fut peu brillante comparativement aux effets et aux sacrifices faits. Quand on cessa de distribuer de l'argent et des vivres, un certain nombre d'Alsaciens rentrèrent chez eux ou se dispersèrent; d'autres attendirent l'expiration des cinq années du bail, vendirent leurs concessions depuis longtemps grevées et disparurent."

In the province of Constantine, again, the cost of establishing 4,032 families averaged 8,300 francs per family, including the value of the land conceded to them, and yet when the definite result obtained came to be inquired into in 1882 it was found that of the 2,487 families still living in the villages only 900 were employed in culti-

vating the land, the rest having all sold their holdings or gone into the towns.

It may appear as if the worst was being made of the case and nothing was being said on the other side of the question. It is, however, far from the writer's wish to convey a false impression, for it would be ridiculous to suppose that there is not in Algeria a considerable element of successful French colonists. The question is whether the enormous outlay made by the French Government during the last fifty years has really produced any adequate results, and whether the French-born subjects in the colony form any very material proportion of the population. To a stranger travelling in the country it seems difficult to answer these questions in the affirmative. To answer them at all, or to arrive at any just conclusion, would entail a far more careful study than our leisure would afford, as well as a due following up of those notes and scraps of information which may be picked up here and there by any traveller of an inquiring turn of mind. To follow it further now is alike beyond our province and our space. It is curious, however, to note the different way in which different people in Algeria attempt to explain the want of success which has attended the various schemes of colonisation. One will tell you that Frenchmen are altogether unfitted for colonists; a good many certainly come out fully intending to take up definite occupation as agriculturists, but after a short attempt they come back to the towns, many of them to do nothing, others to start small cafés, and most of them, sooner or later, to find their way back to their own country and to that town which occupies so large a corner in the heart of every Frenchman. Another will account for it by saying that there is a feeling of insecurity, or that the quality of the colonists is the wrong sort of quality for the work in hand. A third will tell you that it is chiefly owing to the difficulties experienced by the colonist at the first start; that it is the moral and physical difficulties which encounter him on his arrival that too often end in discouragement, and it is the hard struggle of the first year or two which too often breaks the man down and ends in his returning again with his unhappy family, sadder and poorer than when he first arrived. To some, no doubt, it will appear as if the question, one way or the other, was of little moment, but it must not be forgotten that France has a very considerable stake in the country, and that as long ago as twenty years she estimated Algeria to have cost her one hundred and twenty millions of money, and one hundred and fifty thousand lives. A mixed population in a colony must always be more or less a source of weakness to the holders of that colony, and when the population indigenous to the colony is foreign in manners, in customs, in religion, and in mode of life, to that of the nation ruling over it, so much the more is this weakness increased. If it is possible to infuse home blood into the land to such a degree that the native element shall in course of years gradually sink into a minority, so much the more does the source of weakness grow less, but if by reason of climate, of geographical conditions or position, this is hard, if not impossible, to attain, then there is but one way of holding that colony, viz. in the same way that we hold India—by the sword. To a certain degree there is a parallel between Algeria as connected with France and India as connected with ourselves, but in many ways the conditions of the two dependencies are widely different. Take, for instance, one point. We hold India by the sword, yet many of the hands that wield those swords have been more than once arrayed against us as most gallant foes, and the native troops outnumber our own in the proportion, say, of two to one. In Algeria the converse is the case, the purely French force outnumbering the native, in very much the same proportion, for France does not draw many recruits from the indigenous population of the colony. As to the troops in Algeria, so far as I have been able to arrive at the figures, the French troops average 28,000, and the native troops, including the Légion Étrangère, 14,000 more, but these totals are constantly subject to variation. Of actual native troops there are, I believe, eleven thousand, viz. 8,500 Turcos and 2,500 Spahis, all of whom enlist voluntarily, there being no such thing as compulsory service for the native inhabitants. difficulty in approximating to the actual strength of the army of Algeria arises from the fluctuations in the strength and number of battalions composing the Légion Étrangère. Properly speaking, the Legion consists of several battalions of voluntarily enlisted Europeans, Spaniards, Austrians, and Swiss, for the most part; but the nominal number of these battalions is largely exceeded, the French War Office having practically unlimited powers in the way of recruiting. For instance, the force composing the Tonquin expedition was largely made up of battalions taken from the Legion, but as soon as ever these had left for active service others were at once raised to fill their place. Most of the battalions of the Legion are relegated to service in the interior, and it is not uncommon to hear complaints of their being badly treated and poorly paid.

There is one feature in the country which I must not omit to refer to. Wherever in Algeria a few houses are found together, there you will most assuredly find also the eucalyptus—in the largest

towns and at the smallest station or commonest cabaret these trees have everywhere a place. They have been imported in millions, principally from Australia in seed form, both for hygienic reasons as well as for future use as timber. I heard of an Englishman who had purchased a large piece of land for the purpose of growing eucalyptus trees and in the hope of making a large profit on them, as in ten years, in the Algerian climate, the tree is said to give excellent timber; the enterprise, however, did not prove a success.

But I am nearing the end of my tether. It is, I conceive, beyond question that the French have effected vast and extended improvements in the colony during the last thirty years, for to travel over the country is to see this at a glance; the roads and railways, the quantity of land under cultivation, the land drainage and the husbanding of the water supply, the harbours, the improved condition of the native population, the activity, life, and improvements in the principal towns, and withal the rapidly increasing commercial prosperity so noticeable on all sides, are sufficient to convince, if, indeed, there were room for doubt. But there is still an ample field for future enterprise. Besides those places to which I have referred in the earlier pages of these notes, look at all that grand expanse of hill and vale, and those giant slopes of undulating country to the northward and westward of Constantine. The plough more than either the axe or the pick is all that is required in many parts hereabout; much of the land is untenanted, save by those flocks and herds which seem to roam at will around the few scattered Arab hutments; trees are scarce, here and there a wild olive or two serving as landmarks in a country where all is as open and as bare as our Dartmoor, only on ten times the scale; small streams and rivulets wind in and out among the hills, and at long intervals are villages, some large and some small. Then look again further inland at the mineral wealth of the country, untried to any great extent as yet: there is iron, lead, and copper here to be brought to bank, and other ores to be turned into money. The wine trade is capable still of far larger development, and besides this, if we make no mention of tobacco growing, with due care Algeria might become the chief among the olive producing countries of the Mediterranean sea-board, for the soil is in many parts admirably suited to the plant. The future prosperity of Algeria can, however, form no portion of these notes. The land is a marvellous land in many, many ways, endowed and blessed with some of the most priceless treasures of the habitable globe; it offers an ever-widening field for the employment of a nation's wealth and the enterprise and well-being of a nation's sons,

and it is a heritage of which France may well be proud. But we are looking at the present and the past, and not at the future, so let me turn the kaleidoscope once more and I have done.

Nature has lavished her choicest gifts on some parts of Algeria. There are places where the scenery rises to an exquisite and ideal loveliness, and there are parts of the country where the grandeur of the scene before your eyes holds you spell-bound. Stand, for instance, at the Falls of the Rummel: watch the river flowing out from the black darkness of those unexplored caves, and threading its way between precipitous cliffs, spanned high above by natural arches of solid rock: watch it again falling with a roar to a lower level and filling the air with its spray, and then see it winding peacefully away amidst cypresses and olives, poplars and plane trees. Look up from where you stand, and high above your head, crowning the very summit of an inland island there hangs 'Belad el Haowa,' the 'City of the Air,' the ancient Cirta, the modern Constantine; the town which has known the tread of Scipio Africanus, of Jugurtha, of Metellus, and of Marius, the place to which St. Cyprian was exiled, the home for a time of St. Augustine. Is this any common scene?

But leave Constantine and travel to quaint, quiet, secluded Bougie, the town whose history goes back two thousand years and more. It stands at the foot of the Goureya mountain, a rocky promontory, not unlike Gibraltar, which completely screens it from the Mediterranean. Its bay landlocked, except at one point, and protected from all but easterly winds, is surrounded by scenery which may have its equal in other parts of the world, but surely can be nowhere surpassed. To the southward a wild, rocky range of hills, whose slopes are covered with heaths, bracken, oleander, laurustinus, and wild olive, rises abruptly out of the sea, and behind, and so close as to appear as if almost the continuation of this same rocky range, a further line of snowy mountains, clad with pinsapos and cedars, tower peak above peak till they are capped at length by the clouds which hang about their glittering summits. To the westward is a fertile Vega bounded by glorious mountain scenery, through which wanders the broad Oued-bou-Messaout; the ground is here carpeted with rich turf, flecked with innumerable flowers, and shaded by giant olive trees. Yes, Bougie is quiet and secluded enough now, nestling in its gorgeous surroundings, but in a few years' time the Bougie of to-day will have passed away, and a busy, bustling town will have taken its place, for Bougie has a great future.

But I must close these notes and say good-bye to Algeria. On the evening of a very lovely day we weighed anchor and sailed away from the land. The moon was shining brightly, the wind was fair, and as we spread every available inch of canvas we were rocked by a gentle swell coming in from the westward and rolling onward towards the coast, where the cliffs stood up black in their sombre shadows, and the sea was all aglint with sparkling light.

E. GAMBIER PARRY.

THE ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD

THE blunders of unqualified investigators have considerably multiplied the difficulties surrounding that curious byway of history which is sacred to the memory of the most mysterious of all the secret societies. De Quincey, writing at the end of the last century, had no erudition beyond that of a German theorist, whose ponderous lucubrations were pruned and digested by our grand hierophant of inspired English prose, while Professor Buhle, the theorist in question, was a person of unsubdued imagination in matters of fact, though, as regards the heaviness of his style, he seems to have borne the world upon his shoulders. His Masonic hypothesis was dear to him as the apple of his eye, and his facts were most carefully prepared, modified, and otherwise manipulated, and were applied to it with all possible tenderness. The result is that, so far as English readers are concerned, there is no reliable information extant on the subject of the Rosicrucians. At the same time, everything which concerns this brotherhood is exceedingly curious and interesting, and the problem which it presents to specialists in history is eminently fitted to test their critical skill, and the nicety of their judgment in the appreciation of contradictory evidence. Like other subjects comprised within the magic circle of mysticism, it has recently fallen into the hands of charlatans, as the publication of several foolish and mischievous books and articles will sufficiently testify.

The belief in alchemy was very prevalent, particularly in Germany, at the end of the sixteenth century. What was called the *Magnum Opus*, the Grand Work and the Great Act, was frequently accomplished—so said the books and pamphlets of the period—within the laboratories and oratories of the "adepts," and the *modus operandi* was duly and intelligently set forth in the insoluble and barbaric enigmas which were dear to the heart of the alchemists. But as no one made gold in common life, however much they studied the writings of the "philosophers," and however much they followed the maxim *Labora et ora*, the later students of this inscrutable subject would appear to have split themselves into several sections, some

turning in disgust from the investigation of unprofitable mysteries, others following the advice of a certain Platonic philosopher, who tells us that where the literal significance is absurd or impossible we shall do well to interpret ancient writings in another sense. Thus rose a school of philosophical fabulists, who made use of the antiquated alchemical terminology in a transfigured or mystical sense, who were not in search of common gold, and who declared that the mysterious transmuting Stone could not be obtained by the chemical manipulation of common substances, whether animal, vegetable, or mineral. These speculators read their new meaning into the writings of the turba philosophorum, but what they understood by their spiritual gold they do not clearly inform us, nor do they seem to have accomplished more than an increased confusion in the minds of ordinary people.

It was at this period, namely, in the year 1612 or thereabouts, for the precise date is still a debatable point, that there appeared a minute German pamphlet, professing to emanate from certain Brethren R.C., or Brethren of the Rosy Cross, which briefly but circumstantially recounted how one C.R.C., supposed to be Christian Rosencreutz, had, some one hundred and sixty years previously, journeyed into an unknown city of Arabia, where he had been instructed by holy people of great learning in the art of invoking Elementary Spirits, in the various practices of lawful or celestial magic, "based on the essential truth or eternal sapience," and in the significance of the secret characters of Nature; that possessed, in consequence, of several tremendous powers, he had duly returned into Germany, "the which he heartily loved," and there devoted himself to healing the sick, and to laying secretly the foundations for the reformation of all arts and sciences. This stupendous task, being "painful, lusty, and unwearisome," he vigorously accomplished in certain joyous treatises, respectively intituled "Fra: C.R.C. his Book M."; "Fra: C.R.C. his Axiomata and Rota." Before his death he founded the society R.C., which was perpetuated in secret for about 140 years, after which time his concealed tomb, with the many miracles contained in it, was supernaturally and magically revealed to the initiates of the third generation. In accordance with the will and testament of the godly and high-illuminated father, brother C.R.C., whose incorruptible corpus had been manifested to them, they proceeded to make known their existence, and to invite the literati of Europe to combine with them for the reformation of philosophy, and the general redemption of society before the approaching end of the age. They solicited a response to their

appeal by means of printed letters, to be circulated after the manner of pamphlets, declining at the moment to reveal their names and addresses, but guaranteeing that no such communication would fail to reach them. They declared themselves to be orthodox Christians of the first and reformed church, and concluded by denouncing "the ungodly and accursed gold-making," whose vanities and deceptions had infatuated that credulous age.

The interest in this manifesto was immediate and general in Germany. The history of Christian Rosencreutz was palpably fabulous, and yet it was taken seriously. A chaos of conflicting opinions, the clamour of officious investigators, and the appeals of ardent postulants for the privilege of initiation, resounded on every side. Pamphlets and epistles without end were addressed to the mysterious brotherhood, but whether they met with that ready response which was promised to sincere seekers after "the truth as it is in Nature concealed," is perhaps impossible to determine on account of the secrecy which would naturally surround the whole The hostile criticism which followed the apparent reticence of the society suggests a negative decision, but, in either case, the "Fame of the Fraternity R.C." was something more than the vicious hoax which it has been frequently represented, for in 1615 it was followed by the Confessio Fraternitatis, which developed still further the principles and the promises of the previous tract. Here the Rosicrucians pose chiefly as an anti-papal sect of theosophical illuminati, or mystics, in possession of the Apocalyptic keys, and the mystery of the metallic transmutation, whose abuse they had denounced and despised. The "Confession of the Brotherhood" was supplemented by other pamphlets of similar claims. to them all it should be noticed that, in spite of searching investigations, and in spite of pretentious theorising, their author remains unknown. An impartial review of the evidence which attributes them to a certain Wirtemberg theologian, Johann Valentin Andreä, will result in its rejection—a point, however, which it is impossible to discuss here. There is no direct evidence to show that they did or did not emanate from a secret society in existence at the actual time of their publication; for if, on the one hand, the history of the supposed founder be fabulous, Rosicrucian associations, whatever their origin, are continually appearing like meteors on the historical horizon from a period which closely approaches the date of the two manifestoes. It seems reasonable, on the whole, to suppose that these documents were the work of some theosophical inquirers into natural secrets, who had banded themselves together in the pursuit

of curious investigations, and to profit by each other's discoveries, and who wished to notify the fact of their corporate existence to likeminded students.

The defence of the mysterious order was undertaken by numerous, and occasionally by able, writers. Michael Maier, an illustrious German physician, who was ennobled for his medical services, but who turned alchemist, wrote warmly and continually in defence of Rosicrucian principles. The society in recognition of his services published a curious pamphlet, hinting that he had received his reward by admission into the mystical sheepfold, and that others should bide their time. Thus manifestoes were periodically appearing, claiming to emanate directly from the brotherhood, or to be published by individual members, *mandato superiorum*.

That giant of theosophical literature, the Kentish mystic, Robert Fludd, who is supposed to have received initiation, and whose curious tomb may still be seen in the ancient church of Bersted, Kent,1 published a "Compendious Apology" for the Rosicrucian tenets, and laments therein the unparalleled decadence of all the arts and sciences. Music, for example, has visibly and incontestably degenerated because we have lost the divine power of Orpheus to move insensible stones, and that of Arion by which the fishes were charmed. Mathematics also are shown to be vain and futile, inasmuch as we are no longer acquainted with those true and vivific Pythagorean numerals whose sublime, harmonical progression composed the Cosmos, and do even at this day, by their mystical combination, produce that "music of the spheres" which is inaudible to the materialised senses of fallen humanity. But Robert Fludd was a great and good man, and these were the typosophical extravagances of his literary maidenhood. His ponderous folios, however disfigured by cabalistic obscurities, contain matter which cannot be prudently ignored in any history of philosophy.

¹ The church of the Holy Cross, Bersted, is small but exceedingly picturesque, with a tower in the Perpendicular style. The tomb of Fludd occupies a considerable space on the south side of the chancel. It is of slate-coloured marble, with a half-length figure of the mystic and two open books, inscribed Misterium Cabilisticum and Philosophia Sacra. There is also the following inscription:—"VIII. Die Mensis VII. A° D¹¹. M.D.C.XXXVII. Odoribus vrna vaporat crypta tegit cineres nec speciosa tuos qvod mortale minvs tibi. Te committimus vnum ingenii vivent hic monvmenta tvi nam tibi qvi similis scribit moritvrque sepvlchrvm pro tota eternvm posteritate facit. Hoc monvmentvm Thomas Flood, Gore Court, in oram apud Cantianos armiger infœlissimam in charissimi patrui sui memoriam erexit, die mensis Avgvsti, M.D. CXXXVII." This extraordinary specimen of Latinity is given in Hargrave Jennings's "Rosicrucians." The inscription appears to have been misread.

This remarkable thinker of the seventeenth century was born near Bersted, in the ancient manor-house of Milgate, during the year 1574. After graduating both in arts and medicine, he travelled extensively for the space of six years, and in 1616 he began his literary career by the publication of the apology just noticed. He became a voluminous author alike on physics and philosophy, and died at his house in Coleman Street, London, on September 8, 1637.

After the death of Michael Maier in 1622, the Rosicrucians appear to have migrated into France, where a single manuscript placard, posted on the walls of Paris, and notifying that they, the Illuminated and Invisible Fraternity, were sojourning in that town, produced an uproar of popular fury which was carefully fomented by representatives of the orthodox party in religion, who proclaimed in calumnious and scurrilous pamphlets that the so-called Invisibles had entered into "frightful compacts" with Satan. The mysterious brethren folded their tents "like the Arabs," and we next hear of them by report in Poland. Two individuals came one day in search of the alchemist Sendivogius, one of whom was a man of advanced age while the other was young. They presented him with letters which were sealed with twelve different seals, and addressed to himself. With the caution peculiar to his calling, and which had been taught by bitter experience, he declared that he was not Sendivogius, and declined to receive their communications, but in the end, overcome by their persuasions, he consented to read the letters. Seeing that he was required to join the Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross, he simulated complete ignorance of its existence and pretensions, but the deputation from the society succeeded in conferring with him on the subject of philosophy, wherewith they were satisfied, and took their leave, Sendivogius refusing to the last the initiation which was offered him.

Having been published abroad and in Latin, the *Apologia Compendiaria* of Robert Fludd can scarcely be said to have introduced the Rosicrucian pretensions to the knowledge of English readers. It was not till the year 1652 that "The Fame and Confession of the Fraternity of R.C., with a Preface annexed thereto, and a short declaration of their Physicall Work," was published in English by Thomas Vaughan, a native of Wales, who wrote under the name of Eugenius Philalethes, and is considered by competent judges a supreme and immortal hierophant, who, in his own person, had triumphantly and perfectly accomplished the colossal achievement of the *Magnum Opus*.¹ After the appearance of this work England was

¹ The proofs, whatever their value, are to be found in "Lumen de Lumine: a new Magicall Light discovered and communicated to the World," and, more espe-

to some extent a stronghold of Rosicrucianism. One calling himself $\Phi\iota\lambda\delta\nu\rho\mu$ os, "a Servant of God and a Secretary of Nature," became the self-constituted apostle of the order in this country, publishing methods of Rosicrucian physic; Rosicrucian axiomata, of course, of infallible truth and universal application; eloquent dissertations on the divine and immortal glories of the miraculous "ebony Cross, flourished and decked with Roses of Gold;" revelations of the "true calum terrae, or first matter of the philosophers;" lessons in the "astrobolismes of mettals Rosie Crucian;" and, more than all, certain faithful and particular accounts of "the Holy Household of Rosie Crucian Philosophers;" and of their "places, temples, castles, and invisible mountains," which the said $\Phi\iota\lambda\delta\nu\rho\mu$ os, otherwise John Heydon, of his free grace, founded on his sure, certain knowledge, had discovered to the curious and right worthy world of alchemists and geomancers.

It appears from this deponent that one Walfoord, and another, T. Williams, were Rosicrucians by election, and that they "did miracles" under the eyes of John Heydon. They were transported at will from place to place, perambulated the air, cured diseases, stilled tempests, and conducted themselves generally as benign and beneficent genii. It also appears that the fraternity inhabited at that time the West of England, where they renewed their youth like the eagle, inhabited "halls fair and rich to behold," having "pillars of red calcedoine," pavement of fine amber, lintels of emerald, and mantel trees of most excellent jasper. "The chambers are hanged with rich clothes, and the benches and bedsteads are all of white ivory, richly garnished with precious stones; the beds are richly covered; there are ivory presses, whereon are all manner of birds cunningly wrought; and in these presses are gowns and robes of most fine gold, most rich mantles furred with sables, and all manner of costly garments."

John Heydon was born at his father's house in Green-Arbour, London, and baptized at St. Sepulchre's in the fifth year of the reign of King Charles I. He was educated in Warwickshire, and before taking to literature is said to have "followed the armies of the King, and for his valour commanded in the troops." He informs us on his own truthful authority that he travelled in Spain, Italy, Arabia,

cially, in "The Open Entrance to the Closed Palace of the King," which treats of the metamorphosis of metals, the fons chymica veritatis, and, above all, contains a brevis manductio ad Rubrium Calestem. It is a book abounding with incomprehensible mystery, and is written with all the barbaric grandeur of alchemical nomenclature.

Egypt, and Persia, but he is proved by his books to have been, in his literary character, an unparalleled plagiarist, and it is to be feared that in this, as in his revelations of Rosicrucian mysteries, his statements should be cautiously received.

Exactly a century after the publication of the Fama Fraternitatis, the Rosicrucians reappeared in Germany, and at the end of a ponderous alchemical treatise, they published for the first time the laws which governed them, and which amount to a proof of the existence of such a society in the year 1710. These laws confined the number of the brethren to sixty-eight, admitted Catholics to initiation, forbade sectarian controversy, appointed an emperor as supreme ruler for life, and directed that periodical conventions should be held at Nuremberg and Ancona. The order was divided into the Brethren of the Rosy Cross and of the Golden Cross, but the nature of this distinction is not defined. With regard to their secret knowledge, it was to be discoursed of only in a well-closed room, as indiscriminate conversation had led to their discovery at Rome in the year 1620. It was forbidden to give the Stone to a woman in labour, and to use it at the chase; precious stones manufactured by art must not exceed the natural size; and if any member desired to renew his youth, he must proceed into another kingdom, and remain absent from his former abode after the renovation was accomplished. The marriage of initiated members was strongly discountenanced but not absolutely forbidden. A married man, however, was ineligible for admission.

Another long period of silence followed and then in the year 1790 there was put forth from Altona a thin folio on the "Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians," which undoubtedly belongs to the society, while its illuminated emblems cast unexpected light upon several obscure points in Rosicrucian history. They determine, for instance, that the term Rosicrucian was not derived from the fabulous founder, Rosencreutz, nor from the Latin terms Ros (dew) and Crux (cross), as suggested by Mosheim, nor from the rose as a symbol of silence and the cross as the emblem of patience, but from the cross-crowned heart in the centre of a full-blown rose, which was the monogram of Luther. This fact proves that the society was originally a theosophical offshoot of Lutheranism, and points to its connection with a band of enthusiasts, called the Militia Crucifera Evangelica, which, so early as 1586, was convened at Nuremberg, afterwards the headquarters of the Rosicrucians, by a mad alchemist, named Simon Studion. The

¹ The dew of the alchemists was their "universal dissolvent;" the cross symbolised light, "the seed of the red dragon," which is the base of gold.

members of this convention were all engrossed in the mysticism of the Rose Cross and in the study of Apocalyptic mysteries.

About the year 1780 the Rosicrucians appear to have developed into another association, mysteriously denominated "The Initiated Brothers of Asia." Under this name it is said that they attracted the attention of the police, and that a heavy blow was dealt them when their secrets were revealed by a treacherous member, called This was in the year 1785, but the locality of the catastrophe is not apparently known. The new name will perhaps account for the society moving eastward, and it finally disappears from our view in the island of Mauritius. It is recorded in certain very curious unpublished manuscripts, transcribed by the late Frederick Hockley, Esq., and bearing every evidence of authenticity, that, in the year 1794, a certain Comte de Chazal, by birth a Frenchman, accomplished the great and ineffable act in his own person in the district of Pampelavuso, Mauritius, and there initiated a promising neophyte into the Rosicrucian order, "in the name of the true and only God manifested in Trinity." This neophyte, by name, Dr. Sigismund Bacstrom, subscribed to fourteen singular articles, and was made a practical member and "brother above an apprentice."

These facts, hitherto unpublished, seem conclusive as to the existence of the society at the period in question. It should be borne in mind that the Rose-Cross degree in Freemasonry has no connection with the Rosicrucians. It pirated their symbols without comprehending them, and, in spite of all pretensions to the contrary, is untraceable before the middle of the eighteenth century. Rosicrucians, if they still exist, are, doubtless, in the present, as in the past, the most secret of all the secret societies, and members would be precluded by the nature of their pledges from admitting the fact of their initiation. Nevertheless, there are many persons at the present moment who call themselves Rosicrucians. "dabble in Babylonian numbers" have met with them or heard of They are not always prepossessing in appearance; they affect the mystic scowl. They are convened occasionally to enjoy a convivial evening, which they denominate "a banquet." They carry the menu in their pocket for some days after, and take a pride in showing it pour égarer les profanes. Sometimes they confess to have well-drunken. They are harmless people of ineffable pretence. If questioned on a matter of antiquarian interest, such as the two horns of Baphomet, a point in black magic, whether "the Stone in the sixth projection" may be given to strangers, or any other light and airy trifles gaily discoursed of in certain drawing-rooms of this

nineteenth century-they, being nothing if not mysterious, draw themselves up to their full height, and pronounce with a gruesome expression the following magical formula:---"I am a Rosicrucian and a Freemason! There are some matters of which I am permitted to speak, but on others I am enjoined a discreet and necessary silence;" then with a gesture equivalent to "Get thee behind me, Satan!" the master of the absolute moves with conscious majesty to the further end of the apartment, and partakes of afternoon tea with the quiet satisfaction of a man who feels he has "scored one."

These persons are members of the English Rosicrucian Society, which was established, or at any rate remodelled, about the year 1860, by one Robert Wentworth Little, who died in 1878. members are elected from the Masonic Order, but it is not otherwise connected with Masonry. Its objects are purely literary and antiquarian. The Metropolitan College consists of seventy-two members, who are divided into various grades, the following numbers being permitted in each grade:-

1. Magister Templi.

5. Philosophus. 2. Adeptus Exemptus. 6. Practicus.

7. Theoreticus. 3. Adeptus Major. 4. Adeptus Minor. 8. Zelator.

The officers of the society are dignified with various high-sounding titles, such as Supreme Magus, and are decorated with various symbolical badges, which are denominated "Jewels." The Jewel of the Supreme Magus is an ebony cross, with golden roses at its extremities and the Jewel of the Rosy Cross in the centre. It is surmounted by a crown of gold. The badge of the ordinary members is a lozenge-shaped plate of gold, enamelled white, with the Rosie Cross in the centre. For the grand officers it is surmounted by a golden mitre, on the rim of which the word Lux is enamelled in rose-coloured characters, and in the centre is a small cross of the same colour.

A belief in the fundamental principles of Christian doctrine and loyalty to the existing constitution are required of candidates, in addition to a good moral character. The association is, therefore, of an eminently harmless kind, but it is conspicuous for its complete futility. The original members, as appears from admissions in the quarterly "Organ" of twelve pages, knew absolutely nothing of Rosicrucianism in its history or its principles, nor did they sensibly advance during a period of fifteen years. The late Lord Lytton was elected Grand Patron of the Order, but he does not seem to have taken any part in its proceedings. Branches have been established in Yorkshire, Edinburgh, and other places, but the absence of raison

d'être must have prevented the spread of the association. As no special knowledge is required of aspirants, the esoteric erudition of the majority is open to question, and the modern Rosicrucian, stripped of his little garb of mystery and his prerogative of pretence, is a very commonplace personage, who is utterly devoid of the sublime associations and preternatural mental illumination which romance is accustomed to ascribe to those "masters of Nature," the mysterious hierophants of the Golden and Rosy Cross.

ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE.

MR. SWINBURNE'S "LOCRINE." 1

The subject of Mr. Swinburne's tragedy appears to have been a favourite one with the Elizabethan poets; and this fact has probably been the fortunate means of attracting and fascinating his attention to it. It is to be found in "The Mirror of Magistrates," in the Tenth Canto of the Second Book of Spenser's "Faërie Queene," and Drayton devotes fifty lines to it in his "Poly-Olbion." Moreover an old play exists, originally printed in 1594, founded upon the same legend, which on the strength of the initials on the title, was afterwards erroneously, and indeed absurdly, attributed to Shakespeare, and included in the Third Folio of his Works, published in 1664,—that folio which, on account of the destruction of a large part of the edition two years afterwards, in the Great Fire of London, is almost as rare a treasure as the First.

The Elizabethan play of "Locrine," which appears by the contemporary evidence of a manuscript note in the handwriting of Sir George Bucke, in a copy of the original edition, to have been really written by Edmund Tilney, bears the following title:—

"The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine, the eldest sonne of King Brutus, discoursing the warres of the Britaines and Hunnes, with their Discomfiture: The Britaines victorie, with their Accidents, and the death of Albanact. No lesse pleasant than profitable. Newly set foorth, ouerseene and corrected, by W. S. London, printed by Thomas Creede, 1595."

Like all the quarto plays of that period, this is of course a great rarity; a still greater rarity, in fact, than the Third Folio already alluded to as the origin of its luckless attribution to Shakespeare, a theory of authorship adopted by Tieck, who translated the play into German, and not altogether dismissed or rejected by Schlegel, but repudiated, and in fact demolished, by all the latest and best of the English editors of Shakespeare.

The Elizabethan tragedy, though (as perhaps may be said of almost every play, or of at least nine-tenths of the plays of that period,) not without a few scattered passages of redeeming merit and ¹Locrine. A Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London:

Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly, 1887.

even beauty, is throughout marred by bombast and fustian of the worst description, and in the very worst of taste. Its characters "are moved to passion," says one of the ablest of our Shakespearean commentators, "but first and last they speak out of books. The whole imagery of 'Locrine' is mythological. In a speech of twenty lines we have Rhadamanthus, Hercules, Eurydice, Erebus, Pluto, Mors, Tantalus, Pelops, Tithonus, Minos, Jupiter, Mars, and Tisiphone. The mythological pedantry is carried to such an extent, that the play, though unquestionably written in sober sadness, is a perfect travesty of this peculiarity of the early dramatists. Conventional as Greene and even Marlowe are in their imagery, a single act of 'Locrine' contains more of this tinsel than all their plays put together. We hopelessly look for any close parallel of the fustian of this play in the accredited works of Greene, or Marlowe, or Kyd, who redeemed their pedantry and their extravagance by occasional grandeur and sweetness. The dialogue of 'Locrine' from first to last, is inflated beyond all comparison with any contemporary performance with which we are acquainted. It was written unquestionably by one who had received a scholastic training, and who saw the whole world of poetry in the remembrance of what he had read; he looked not upon the heart of men; he looked not even upon the commonest features of external nature." These are the words of Charles Knight.1 Mr. Swinburne himself has not cared or condescended to invite or invoke invidious comparison with the work of his unfortunate Elizabethan predecessor; but that he would be prepared substantially to endorse them we have very little doubt, and that he has ventured on this new experiment seems in itself to prove that he thought there was sufficient room for it, and that the ground was not really occupied.

The new tragedy of "Locrine" is also partly founded on two passages in Milton (one, in verse, in "Comus," and the other in prose, in the almost forgotten "History of Britain"), to which Mr. Swinburne, as will presently be seen, gracefully alludes in the Dedicatory stanzas to his sister. The legend of Brutus is circumstantially related in Milton's "History of Britain," where the story of Locrine is thus told:—

After this, Brutus in a chosen place builds Troia nova, chang'd in time to Trinovantum, now London: and began to enact Laws... and having govern'd the whole Ile 24 years, dy'd, and was buried in his new Troy. His three sons Locrine, Albanact, and Camber divide the Land by consent. Locrine had the middle part Loëgria; Camber possess'd Cambria or Wales; Albanact Albania, now Scotland. But he in the end by Humber King of the Hunns, who

¹ Plays ascribed to Shakespeare.

with a Fleet invaded that Land, was slain in fight, and his people driv'n back into Loëgria. Loerine and his Brother goe out against Humber; who now marching onward, was by them defeated, and in a River drown'd, which to this day retains his name. Among the spoils of his Camp and Navy, were found certain young Maids, and Estrildis, above the rest, passing fair; the Daughter of a King in Germany; from whence Humber, as he went wasting the Sea-Coast, had led her Captive: whom Locrine, though before contracted to the Daughter of Corineus, resolvs to marry. But being forc'd and threatn'd by Corineus, whose Autority, and power he fear'd, Guendelen the Daughter he yeelds to marry, but in secret loves the other: and oft-times retiring as to som privat Sacrifice, through Vaults and passages made under ground; and seven years thus enjoying her, had by her a Daughter equally fair, whose name was Sabra. But when once his fear was off by the Death of Corineus, not content with secret enjoyment, divorcing Guendolen, he makes Estrildis now his Queen. Guendolen all in rage departs into Cornwall; where Madan, the Son she had by Locrine, was hitherto brought up by Corineus his Grandsather. And gathering an Army of her Fathers Freinds and Subjects, gives Battail to her Husband by the River Sture; wherein Locrine shot with an Arrowends his life. But not so ends the fury of Guendolen; for Estrildis and her Daughter Sabra, she throws into a River; and to leave a Monument of revenge, proclaims, that the stream be thenceforth call'd after the Damsels name; which by length of time is chang'd now to Sabrina or Severn.

In his youthful Mask of Comus, Milton had already treated the same legend poetically:—

"There is a gentle nymph not far from hence
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame, Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course."

From these slender outlines of material, and perhaps also to some extent from the old chronicler, to whom Milton alludes as "my author," Mr. Swinburne has constructed his drama, retaining for the most part names both of persons and places with minute exactness, but taking the poet's licence—the licence taken of old by Shake-speare in his plays, and in our own time by Tennyson in the *Idylls of the King*—of modifying, altering, or supplementing the details of the legendary history, where they were unsuitable or inadequate for the dramatic purposes of his work. Thus Locrine is not made as in the legend to depose Guendolen, and her retention of her rank and state is rightly urged as a plea in extenuation of the wrong done her. Estrild is not raised to queenly rank on the death of Guendolen's father (whatever Guendolen's groundless suspicions may have been as

to Locrine's ultimate intention or desire), but is jealously guarded in her seclusion, and nothing distresses Locrine more than his daughter's eager and childish desire, frequently expressed, to "see the towers of Troynovant." It is the empire of his heart alone that Estrild wants: that she has, and with that she is content. A seat on his throne Locrine is well content to leave to Guendolen; but not to yield her a seat in his bosom.

We have already alluded to the poet's beautiful dedication of his Tragedy. No tenderer or sweeter words of pure and delicate fraternal love have ever been, or could ever be, addressed to a sister by a brother—-

" love more deep than passion's deep desire, Clear and inviolable as the unsounded sea."

We would fain quote them in their entirety, but can only spare space for the last four stanzas:—

"A ninefold garland wrought of song-flowers nine
Wound each with each in chance-inwoven accord
Here at your feet I lay as on a shrine
Whereof the holiest love that lives is lord.
With faint strange hues their leaves are freak'd and scored:
The fable-flowering land wherein they grew
Hath dreams for stars, and grey romance for dew:
Perchance no flower thence pluck'd may flower anew.

No part have these wan legends in the sun
Whose glory lightens Greece and gleams on Rome.
Their elders live: but these—their day is done,
Their records written of the wind in foam
Fly down the wind, and darkness takes them home.
What Homer saw, what Virgil dream'd, was truth,
And dies not, being divine: but whence, in sooth,
Might shades that never lived win deathless youth?

The fields of fable, by the feet of faith
Untrodden, bloom not where such deep mist drives.
Dead fancy's ghost, not living fancy's wraith,
Is now the storied sorrow that survives
Faith in the record of these lifeless lives.
Yet Milton's sacred feet have linger'd there,
His lips have made august the fabulous air,
His hands have touch'd and left the wild weeds fair.

So, in some void and thought-untrammell'd hour,
Let these find grace, my sister, in your sight,
Whose glance but cast on casual things hath power
To do the sun's work, bidding all be bright
With comfort given of love: for love is light.
Were all the world of song made mine to give,
The best were yours of all its flowers that live:
Though least of all be this my gift, forgive."

If there is one thing more beautiful than any other in these exquisite lines, it is perhaps the reverential allusion of the younger to the elder poet. This reverential attitude towards his great compeers among the dead and the living, is one of Mr. Swinburne's most peculiar and most generous characteristics. From "our father Chaucer" to "glorious John," and from "glorious John" to Rossetti and Arnold and Morris, what illustrious name in English song has not received from him its frankincense and myrrh of praise?

Mr. Swinburne's tragedy of "Locrine" is full of power and passion, of tender and pathetic human interest, of love and hate and scorn, of loyalty and treachery, of strength and weakness, of hope and fear, of all the conflicting elements and emotions that make up our human history, since legend, or history, or time began. In dramatic unity and sustained interest of action, we think it approaches more nearly to "Chastelard" than any intermediate work of the author, while it has a riper and mellower power, and a certain cachet wanting to that brilliant production of his youth. Like "Chastelard," too, nay even more than "Chastelard," it has vital human life-blood in it, and is not too immeasurably long, with its five comparatively short Acts, each of two scenes only, for the stage. Though hitherto "never acted, with or without applause, at any of Her Majesty's theatres," we are not disinclined to think that in the right hands, with the right treatment, and above all things with the right audience, it might make a very effective and successful acting play, and become a new proof that the poetic drama is not yet dead in England.

Mr. Swinburne's "Locrine" is a rhymed tragedy, and the dexterity and variety of its metrical experiments would alone suffice to make it a very remarkable work. In the first scene of the first Act are two long pieces of dialogue carried on between Guendolen and Locrine, each speech in single lines, which are like the swift short thrusts of rapiers, or the attack and ward of two accomplished fencers, each on his guard lest a single slip prove fatal, each parrying his opponent's attack and then again assuming the offensive.

The characters of the drama, seven only in number (four male and three female), are clearly and firmly drawn, well-sustained and sharply contrasted; Locrine, the hero, the gallant warrior and gallant lover, whose

"eyes
Are liker seas that feel the summering skies
In concord of sweet colour,—"
"Eyes colour'd like the springtide sea, and hair
Bright as with fire of sundawn;"

his crafty and contemptible brother Camber, King of Wales, who wrings Locrine's love-secret by his cunning from poor old Debon, the Lord Chamberlain; but whose overtures are rejected with scorn and disgust by Guendolen and Madan, who successively spurn the loathsome reptile from them; the generous-souled Madan. short and emphatic in his speech, and consumed with a fiery love of justice, and right, and truth; poor old Debon, the Lord Chamberlain. wise in maxim like Polonius, and loyal in spirit, but vacillating and weak in action, and easily played upon by the crafty Camber; and, hungering and thirsting after the revenge of her slighted love, the stern, hard, and unrelenting figure of Guendolen, unrelenting at least in her husband's and rival's life-for what boots forgiveness in the grave?—the fair and sweet Estrild, and last the adorable Sabrina. with her happy childish prattle and innocent and artless abandon of enjoyment. But of all these figures perhaps the most intensely dramatic and highly wrought is the terrible tragic figure of Guendolen, watching for and springing on her vengeance, when the hour has ripened. It is not a figure that claims or wins our love, our worship, or even our regard; but it is superlatively fine in dramatic execution. After the death of her victims, she magnanimously forgives them and desires their forgiveness; but while they live she is implacable and inexorable. And yet, in this "lamentable tragedy," love too, like wisdom, is justified of her children. Not chastity only (as Guendolen apparently conceived), but charity also, is to be accounted as a womanly virtue. There is no hunger, not even of revenge, which gnaws more keenly, or needs more to be satisfied, than the hunger of the heart. And when love does come at last, the lover and the loved one will and should, in the fruition of each other's love, and locked in each other's embrace, defy fate to do its very worst, and welcome even death itself:

"To die were then to live, my love,
To die were then to live,"

So at least thought, and so acted, till death parted, if death did part them, Estrild and Locrine.

We would fain point out some of the more special beauties of Mr. Swinburne's latest song-gift, but have left ourselves little space to do so. The book is full of fine passages, both descriptive and gnomic. Here is the song that Estrild sings to her daughter, in the first scene of the second Act,—"the song that," in the words of Sabrina, "ripples round and round":

"Had I wist, quoth spring to the swallow
That earth could forget me, kissed
By summer, and lured to follow
Down ways that I know not, I,
My heart should have wax'd not high:
Mid March would have seen me die,
Had I wist.

Had I wist, O spring, said the swallow,
That hope was a sunlit mist
And the faint light heart of it hollow,
Thy woods had not heard me sing,
Thy winds had not known my wing;
It had falter'd ere thine did, spring,
Had I wist.

Against the sad spirit of this song Sabrina passionately protests:

"Such foolish words were more unmeet for spring Than snow for summer when his heart is high; And why should words be foolish when they sing? The song-birds are not.

ESTRILD.

Dost thou understand, Child, what the birds are singing?

SABRINA.

All the land

Knows that: the water tells it to the rushes Aloud, and lower and softlier to the sand: The flower-fays, lip to lip and hand in hand, Laugh and repeat it all till darkness hushes Their singing with a word that falls and crushes All song to silence down the river-strand And where the hawthorns hearken for the thrushes. And all the secret sense is sweet and wise That sings through all their singing, and replies When we would know if heaven be gay or grey And would not open all too soon our eyes To look perchance on no such happy skies As sleep brings close and waking blows away."

With this delicious utterance of the adorable Sabrina, almost equalling, if it does not surpass, in its rippling melody and jubilant dance of music, Coleridge's lovely "Answer to a Child's Question," which possibly may have suggested it, we must reluctantly close a notice which we trust will send every genuine lover of poetry to the book itself.

RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD,

SCIENCE NOTES.

HUMAN PROGRESS.

A PAPER read by Canon Isaac Taylor at the last meeting of the British Association, is suggestive of very practical reflections. It appears that philologists are now dethroning the Sanscrit as the primitive language of the Aryan race, and concluding that the Proto-Aryan came from Northern Europe, not from Central Asia.

I am quite incompetent to express any opinion on the merits of the disputed questions, but noting the conclusions of the ablest students of ethnology and ancient history, am struck with their convergence towards one great central fact, approaching in its generality to a natural law.

It is this, viz., that at all times down to the present, the conquering, prevailing, and dominant people, whether we call them races, tribes, or nations, have come from the North; that the flow of superior human energy has come from cold, bleak, inhospitable regions; that, in spite of the physiological fact that the bare skin, the teeth, and other elements of human structure, all indicate our tropical or subtropical origin, the story of tropical and sub-tropical man is a history of stagnant savages, or of energetic immigrants from higher latitudes, who made certain advances in civilisation at first, and then declined as they became fully acclimatised.

Why is this? The general reply is, of course, that it is directly due to the enervating influence of climate. I doubt this. I believe it is due to the fact that the stagnant aborigines of the South obtained their livelihood too easily, became sensual, self-indulgent, and lazy, owing to the abundant supplies of easily-obtainable food; that the energetic invaders presently became an aristocracy, and, therefore, degenerated into a still more sensual, still more self-indulgent, and still lazier condition.

Here in our temperate or rather rigorous, climate, we have two well-marked varieties living side by side. We have an aristocracy and a democracy, people with titles and vaunted lineage, and the vulgar herd of Smiths, Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons.

Now, mark the difference of the vitality of these. The latter increase and multiply so vigorously that they are overspreading the earth. The aristocracy, on the other hand, are dying out like petted poodle-dogs, and those breeds of fancy poultry, the hens of which cannot hatch their own eggs.

The British House of Lords, in spite of the artificial efforts to drag in collateral branches to the family titles, cannot maintain its numbers without continual reinforcement from picked specimens of the most energetic of the democracy. There are some exceptions of course, some very energetic peers descended from a long line of peers; but a curiously large proportion of these are of mixed blood, owing to ancestral marriage with an actress, or the daughter of a wealthy self-made citizen, or other so-called "mésalliance." The rest really belong to the working classes, in spite of their titles. Their fathers have been hard-working politicians or working sportsmen, or, in a few rare cases, hard students.

Ergo. Every human being should earn his or her daily bread by daily work; the inheritance of such an amount of wealth as shall render a man or a woman a mere purposeless pleasure-seeker is a most degrading curse. The unemployed of Belgravia and May Fair are more to be pitied than those of Whitechapel. The latter may get work presently; the poodles are hopeless.

The Anglo-Saxon race is now the richest in the world. This great wealth will become a blessing or a curse, according to its distribution. All legislation should be based on this fundamental theorem.

THE DEGENERATION OF TOWNS-PEOPLE.

PAPER by J. Milner Fothergill, M.D., read, like that referred to in the last note, in the Anthropological Section of the Association, on "The Effect of Town Life upon the Human Body," is closely connected with the above. Dr. Fothergill describes the effects of a few generations of town life, and tells us that "pulmonary phthisis and Bright's disease seem Dame Nature's means of weeding out degenerating town dwellers. The offspring of urban residents are another race from their cousins who remain in the country. The latter are large-limbed, stalwart, fair-haired Anglo-Danes, while their urban cousins are smaller, slighter, darker beings, of an earlier and lowlier ethnic form, and resembling the Celto-Iberian race. And amidst

this general reversion we can recognise a distinct liver-reversion to the early primitive uric acid formation of the bird and the reptile."

This is serious. It does not, of course, apply to the middleclasses of London and other great towns, as they, for the most part, have suburban or country residences, and many of their sons are athletes; but in all the crowded districts, where the inhabitants work and sleep in crowds, the description is too true, and the numbers of these are becoming so great as to constitute a great national calamity.

I have no hesitation in affirming that we have too much trade, too much commerce, too much manufacturing supremacy. In order to obtain our ordinary food we import raw cotton from America or India, card it, spin it, weave it into fabrics, and then send it over the seas again in exchange for agricultural produce, much of which might, and would be, grown at home if our home land were cultivated like that of the countries from which we thus obtain such food.

Farming, as I explained in this Magazine in April 1886, has become a lost art here. Our so-called farmers are, for the most part, mere graziers. Eggs, butter, cheese, fruit, bacon, and everything else demanding high farming, such farming as yields the greatest produce from the land by employing the greatest amount of labour, are disgracefully neglected.

In the essay above referred to, I predicted more and more trouble from town mobs, from both unemployed and ill-employed, *i.e.*, from the men who by our ruinous system of big tenant farming are driven from the country to the slums, and these become the "roughs" whose roughness is just proportionate to their original rural vigour.

The egg and poultry business alone, if carried out to the extent of putting an end to the absurdity of importing such produce, would occupy the whole of the really unemployed of London, and all our other great towns, but it never has and never will succeed on large farms. Small freehold or very long leasehold labouring farmers are the only farmers who will attend personally to the petty details of this most productive of all farming, which gives employment and remuneration acre for acre to about ten times as many hands as mutton and beef growing on permanent pastures. England, which should develop into a garden, is reverting to the condition of a prairie.

M. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

REALISM IN ART.

I N a recent lecture on the Real and the Ideal in Modern Fiction Mr. Justin McCarthy, who is well entitled to speak on the subject, made a good if obvious point in asserting that to the narrator who is an artist, absolute realism is impossible. In modern days realism is made an excuse for showing people what they are very properly indisposed to see. It was different when the words realism and idealism were first discussed by Hegel and the German writers on Æstheticism. Since that time literature has stooped in the name of realism to pick up the vilest language of the gutter and to depict the actions which humanity has the instinct to veil. pleasant to see that the so-called realism is already falling into evil odour and is disclaimed and resented even in the land of its origin. Meanwhile, as regards art, its influence is demonstrably deleterious. Take the art of dramatic exposition. The action on the stage is after "We do but poison in jest," as Hamlet says, and while this is so, the farther back the feeling that all is unreal is carried the easier is it to win the acceptance of a cultivated audience. In favour, in the case of tragedy, of the old curtain with the legend "A Street in Verona," much may be urged. Where by the talent of scene painters and an employment of the various resources of the stage a scene in a foreign town is reproduced to the life, a further burden is thrown upon the actors who do not fit the dresses they wear nor the scenes amid which they move. In the framework of the stage the sign that the whole action is unreal is, of course, shown to the observer. Observers are few, and the mimic action has before now been interrupted by a too imaginative spectator who has supposed that the murder of Desdemona is being actually accomplished, or that the William of Black-Eyed Susan is really in danger from the law. combination of the real and the ideal men will wrangle for centuries to come, unless, as some scientists surmise, a change of physical condition may relegate man, with all his aspirations and his opinions, to nothingness and glacialize not only the planet on which he moves but

the sun from which the system draws its warmth. The temporary ascendancy of realism in art is already, however, over and analysis of realism moral and physical is not to be the sole occupation of the novelist of the future.

MR. IRVING AND M. COQUELIN.

TT is not often that the opportunity is afforded of contemplating in the same character two actors of different nationalities, each of whom stands in his own country at the top of his profession. Such an opportunity has, however, been afforded the London playgoer by the appearance of M. Coquelin in "Le Juif Polonais" of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, the original of "The Bells." Mr. Irving's position in the front of his art is now no longer disputed. Since the withdrawal from the Comédie Française of MM. Regnier and Bressant, M. Coquelin disputes in comedy the supremacy with M. Got. Upon seeing these two actors playing the character of Mathias, or Mathis, in the play of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the personality of an actor pervades his work to such an extent as almost to overpower that of the author. How, otherwise, could two actors present the same character under aspects diametrically opposite? Mathias, with Mr. Irving, is little lower than Macbeth: Mathis, with M. Coquelin, is little, from the moral stand-point, higher than Robert Macaire. Both have committed a murder, and both have stopped short at one. Here are the only points in common. Brooding over his solitary crime Mathias finds life one prolonged sorrow, and, with all the affection and respect in which he is held, is a moody man, consumed by fruitless penitence and pursued, with unrelenting steps, by the Fates. Mathis, on the contrary, is a cheerful and humorous, if sordid, ruffian, who rubs his hands over the manner in which he has gulled his dolts of neighbours, and chuckles gleefully as he counts his ill-gotten gains. He is afraid of being found out, though he regards such a calamity as improbable; his pleasures are animal, and, at best, social, and his very violence is that of a low and furtive nature.

Two Opposite Schools for Acting.

DIFFERENCES such as these point, of course, to essentially opposite views of art. Mr. Irving thus, whether the character be Shylock, or Mathias, or Eugene Aram, treats the whole from an imaginative stand-point and attaches to himself all the sympathy it

can possibly claim. M. Coquelin, on the contrary, is a realist. and with justifiable reliance upon his own consummate art dispenses with sympathy altogether. Always happiest when he presents insolence and vulgarity in alliance, it may be with sagacity he assigns Mathis no humanising trait. It is wholly for his own sake and in no wise for his daughter's that he selects Christian as her spouse. He has no superfluous geniality towards his neighbours, no excessive warmth towards his own belongings. He is most enamoured of his own ability and his conscience leaves him free from trouble. Upon the relative merits of these conceptions it is bootless to speak. Their reception, moreover, in England is a matter of no consequence. When M. Coquelin appeared as Mathis the ground was occupied. Used to the glowing performances of Mr. Irving, the public had no taste for the subtleties of his successor. What is wanting, perhaps, to give the experiment full interest is that Mr. Irving should play Mathias in Paris, and see if, after the presentations of MM. Tallien, Paulin Ménier, Dumaine, and Coquelin, his reading would find acceptance. As to the opinion of the authors of the play that is a foregone conclusion. The character they conceived, though it may not be exactly that presented by M. Coquelin, is at least wholly unlike the conception of Mr. Irving. This does not in the least detract from the right of Mr: Irving to form a view of his own, nor from the merit of the exposition he affords.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

ESSRS. HILDESHEIMER & FAULKNER send me some specimens of their various artistic works for the coming Christmas season, including dainty Christmas cards of novel design, autograph cards in boxes, illustrated books in prose and verse, some printed in colours and some in monochrome, &c. All are good, and most of them very good indeed. Notwithstanding their high quality, the majority are far from dear, and the most exacting of present-buyers cannot fail to find something to suit him in this varied collection.—Mr. Bennet, of Queen Street, Cheapside, also sends some hand-painted cards, which are both novel and attractive.

SYLVANUS URBAN.







